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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

THE BIG BEAT TODAY'S KIDS GO FOR!

Never mind the decayed molars, bondage suits and sneers, here comes the toothpaste generation ...

CENTRE PAGES

The Pleasers 1978. Left: Gerry & The Pacemakers circa 1964.

The Boyfriends 1978. Above: The Big Three circa 1963.

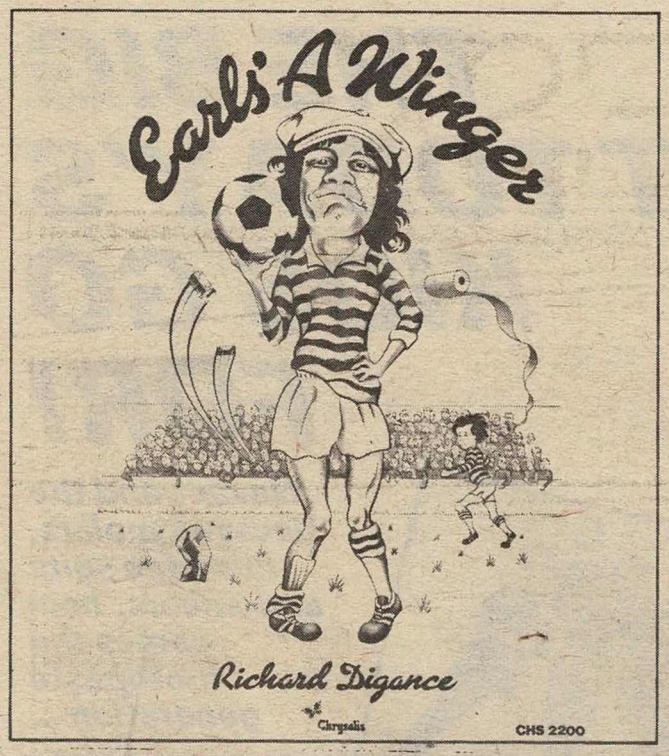
The Stukas 1978. Right: The Zombies circa 1965.

But for you nostalgia freaks ...

RICH KIDS, PISTOLS, BETHNAL

and usual boring old punks inside.

CHALKIE DAVIES



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MON 6 // STAFFORD // TOP OF THE WORLD
THU 9 // MANCHESTER // RAFTERS
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ISLAND

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending January 16th, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	THE JEAN GENIE	David Bowie (RCA)
1	2	LONG HAIRED LOVER FROM LIVERPOOL	Little Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
4	3	HI HI HI	Wings (Parlophone)
7	4	YOU'RE SO VAIN	Carly Simon (Elektra)
5	5	BALL PARK INCIDENT	Wizzard (Harvest)
19	6	BLOCKBUSTER	Sweet (RCA)
3	7	SOLID GOLD EASY ACTION	T. Rex (T. Rex)
9	8	CRAZY HORSES	Osmonds (MGM)
14	9	BIG SEVEN	Judge Dread (Big Shot)
6	10	GUDBUY T'JANE	Slade (Polydor)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending January 17th, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
5	1	THE BALLAD OF BONNIE AND CLYDE	Georgie Fame (CBS)
3	2	WALK AWAY RENEE	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
2	3	DAYDREAM BELIEVER	Monkees (RCA-Victor)
1	4	HELLO GOODBYE	Beatles (Parlophone)
20	5	EVERLASTING LOVE	Love Affair (CBS)
4	6	MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR	Beatles (Parlophone)
16	7	AM I THAT EASY TO FORGET	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
6	8	I'M COMING HOME	Tom Jones (Decca)
8	9	WORLD	Bee Gees (Polydor)
7	10	THANK U VERY MUCH	Scaffold (Parlophone)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending January 18th, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	DANCE ON	Shadows (Columbia)
2	2	RETURN TO SENDER	Elvis Presley (RCA)
3	3	THE NEXT TIME	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	4	BACHELOR BOY	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
20	5	DIAMONDS	Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca)
15	6	GLOBETROTTER	Tornados (Decca)
11	7	LIKE I DO	Maureen Evans (Oriole)
16	8	COMIN' HOME BABY	Mel Torme (London)
6	9	LOVESICK BLUES	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
5	10	GUITAR MAN	Duane Eddy (RCA)

NME CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending January 21, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	MULL OF KINTYRE ..... Wings (EMI)	8	1
2	(2)	LOVE'S UNKIND — Donna Summer (GTO)	6	2
3	(5)	IT'S A HEARTACHE — Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	7	3
4	(8)	UP TOWN TOP RANKING — Althia & Donna (Lightning)	3	4
5	(7)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE ..... Crystal Gayle (United Artists)	9	5
6	(10)	DANCE, DANCE, DANCE — Chic (Atlantic)	7	6
7	(3)	FLORAL DANCE — Brighouse Rastrick Band (Logo)	9	2
8	(6)	LET'S HAVE A QUIET NIGHT IN — David Soul (Private Stock)	4	6
9	(16)	NATIVE NEW YORKER Odyssey (RCA)	2	9
10	(4)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE — Bee Gees (RSO)	11	2
11	(15)	JAMMING/PUNKY REGGAE PARTY — Bob Marley and the Wailers (Island)	5	11
12	(14)	ONLY WOMEN BLEED — Julie Covington (Virgin)	6	12
13	(27)	I LOVE YOU — Donna Summer (Casablanca)	5	13
14	(9)	I WILL ..... Ruby Winters (Creole)	10	4
15	(—)	ON FIRE ..... T Connection (TK)	1	15
16	(—)	LOVELY DAY ..... Bill Withers (CBS)	1	16
17	(12)	WHO PAYS THE FERRYMAN — Yannis Markopoulos (BBC)	4	12
18	(—)	GALAXY ..... War (MCA)	1	18
19	(18)	DADDY COOL ..... Darts (Magnet)	9	6
20	(30)	AS TIME GOES BY — Dooley Wilson (United Artists)	5	14
21	(13)	MY WAY ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)	5	13
22	(20)	RUN BACK ..... Carl Douglas (Pye)	2	20
23	(—)	THE GROOVE LINE .... Heatwave (GTO)	1	23
24	(—)	COCOMOTION ..... El Coco (Pye)	1	24
25	(—)	WHO'S GONNA LOVE ME — Imperials (Power Exchange)	1	25
26	(—)	REALLY FREE ..... John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett (Polydor)	4	20
27	(—)	IF I HAD WORDS ..... Scott Fitzgerald & Yvonne Keely (Pepper)	1	27
28	(—)	FIGARO ..... Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	1	28
29	(—)	SORRY I'M A LADY ..... Baccara (RCA)	1	29
30	(11)	BELFAST ..... Boney M (Atlantic)	10	11

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
WISHING ON A STAR — Rose Royce (Warner Brothers); CHOOSING YOU — Lenny Williams (ABC); I DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOUR LOVE — Emotions (CBS); HEART-SONG — Gordon Giltrap (Electric).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending January 21, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	BABY COME BACK ..... Player	
2	(4)	SHORT PEOPLE ..... Randy Newman	
3	(5)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS ..... Queen	
4	(3)	YOU'RE IN MY HEART ..... Rod Stewart	
5	(2)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE ..... Bee Gees	
6	(6)	SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY ..... Paul Simon	
7	(8)	HERE YOU COME AGAIN ..... Dolly Parton	
8	(10)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE ..... Billy Joel	
9	(9)	COME SAIL AWAY ..... Styx	
10	(13)	DESIREE ..... Neil Diamond	
11	(15)	TURN TO STONE ..... Electric Light Orchestra	
12	(16)	DANCE, DANCE, DANCE ..... Chic	
13	(20)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH ..... Dan Hill	
14	(26)	STAYIN' ALIVE ..... Bee Gees	
15	(11)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE ..... Debby Boone	
16	(7)	(EVERY TIME I TURN AROUND) BACK IN LOVE AGAIN ..... L.T.D.	
17	(12)	YOU CAN'T TURN ME OFF (IN THE MIDDLE OF TURNING ME ON) ..... High Inergy	
18	(22)	(LOVE IS) THICKER THAN WATER ... Andy Gibb	
19	(23)	EMOTION ..... Samantha Sang	
20	(18)	RUNAROUND SUE ..... Leif Garrett	
21	(24)	DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD — Santa Esmeralda/Leroy Gomez	
22	(25)	SERPENTINE FIRE ..... Earth, Wind & Fire	
23	(14)	BLUE BAYOU ..... Linda Ronstadt	
24	(17)	THE POINT OF KNOW RETURN ..... Kansas	
25	(28)	NATIVE NEW YORKER ..... Odyssey	
26	(30)	WHAT'S YOUR NAME ..... Lynyrd Skynyrd	
27	(21)	HEY DEANIE ..... Shaun Cassidy	
28	(19)	THE WAY I FEEL TONIGHT ..... Bay City Rollers	
29	(—)	PEG ..... Steely Dan	
30	(—)	LOVELY DAY ..... Bill Withers	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending January 21, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(3)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	47	1
2	(2)	SOUND OF BREAD ..... Bread (WEA)	11	1
3	(1)	DISCO FEVER ..... Various (K-Tel)	10	1
4	(7)	GREATEST HITS — Donna Summer (GTO)	2	4
4	(13)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS — Sex Pistols (Virgin)	11	2
6	(5)	20 COUNTRY CLASSICS — Tammy Wynette (CBS)	4	5
7	(11)	FEELINGS ..... Various (K-Tel)	10	3
8	(13)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2 — Elton John (DJM)	13	8
9	(4)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE — Rod Stewart (Riva)	10	2
10	(9)	OUT OF THE BLUE — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	11	5
11	(15)	20 GOLDEN GREATS ..... Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	19	1
12	(10)	GREATEST HITS, etc — Paul Simon (CBS)	6	6
13	(6)	30 GREATEST HITS — Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	10	3
13	(8)	NEWS OF THE WORLD ..... Queen (EMI)	9	4
15	(16)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS .. Abba (Epic)	81	1
15	(19)	MOONFLOWER ..... Santana (CBS)	10	6
17	(23)	EXODUS — Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	21	9
18	(22)	ARRIVAL ..... Abba (Epic)	53	1
19	(20)	RED STAR .... Showaddywaddy (Arista)	7	17
20	(17)	GET STONED Rolling Stones (Arcade)	9	10
21	(12)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD — Status Quo (Vertigo)	9	4
22	(24)	DEREK & CLIVE: COME AGAIN — Peter Cook & Dudley Moore (Virgin)	4	13
23	(29)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES — Ian Dury (Stiff)	2	22
24	(—)	ALL 'N' ALL ..... Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	1	24
25	(28)	BY REQUEST — Salvation Army (Warwick)	2	25
26	(—)	THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS — Beatles (Parlophone)	1	26
27	(25)	ELVIS IN CONCERT — Elvis Presley (RCA)	5	16
28	(—)	40 GOLDEN GREATS — Cliff Richard (EMI)	13	2
29	(—)	SECONDS OUT ..... Genesis (Charisma)	9	8
30	(—)	DARTS ..... Darts (Magnet)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
ABBA — The Album (Epic); STAR WARS — Soundtrack (Pye); SPECTRES — Blue Oyster Cult (CBS); RUNNING ON EMPTY — Jackson Browne (Asylum).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending January 21, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(9)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER ..... Various Artists	
2	(1)	RUMOURS ..... Fleetwood Mac	
3	(3)	FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE ... Rod Stewart	
4	(7)	NEWS OF THE WORLD ..... Queen	
5	(5)	OUT OF THE BLUE ..... Electric Light Orchestra	
6	(6)	BORN LATE ..... Shaun Cassidy	
7	(4)	ALL 'N' ALL ..... Earth Wind & Fire	
8	(2)	SIMPLE DREAMS ..... Linda Rondstadt	
9	(8)	ALIVE II ..... Kiss	
10	(10)	I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT — Neil Diamond	
11	(16)	RUNNING ON EMPTY ..... Jackson Browne	
12	(14)	THE STRANGER ..... Billy Joel	
13	(15)	DRAW THE LINE ..... Aerosmith	
14	(11)	DOWN TWO THEN LEFT ..... Boz Scaggs	
15	(12)	AJA ..... Steely Dan	
16	(17)	THE GRAND ILLUSION ..... Styx	
17	(13)	SHAUN CASSIDY ..... Shaun Cassidy	
18	(25)	THE STORY OF STAR WARS	
19	(20)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN ..... Kansas	
20	(22)	SLOWHAND ..... Eric Clapton	
21	(21)	LIVE! ..... The Commodores	
22	(18)	GREATEST HITS, ETC ..... Paul Simon	
23	(28)	DON JUAN'S RECKLESS DAUGHTER — Joni Mitchell	
24	(19)	STREET SURVIVORS ..... Lynyrd Skynyrd	
25	(26)	FRENCH KISS ..... Bob Welch	
26	(30)	HERE YOU COME AGAIN ..... Dolly Parton	
27	(23)	ELVIS IN CONCERT ..... Elvis Presley	
28	(—)	GALAXY ..... War	
29	(—)	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND — Original Motion Picture Soundtrack	
30	(—)	LITTLE CRIMINALS ..... Randy Newman	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS Edited: Derek Johnson DESK

Blondie London shows

BLONDIE, fronted as usual by the delectable Debbie Harry (above), return to Britain at the end of the month for another headlining tour. Their U.K. dates come at the tail end of a European tour opening at the end of next week — but before they start work on the Continent, they stop briefly in London to play a one-off gig at Camden Dingwalls next Tuesday (24).

Their British tour proper begins at Blackburn King George's Hall on February 23, and cliamxes at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, March 5. Other dates include Sheffield University (February 24) and Glasgow Strathclyde University (25).

The band have a new three-track single issued by Chrysalis on February 3. The main title is "Denis," and the B-side features "Kung Fu Girls" and "Contact In Red Square." The first 20,000 copies are being marketed in 12-inch form. All three songs are taken from their upcoming album "Plastic Letters."

Costello: free gig tomorrow

ELVIS COSTELLO and The Attractions are headlining a free concert at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse tomorrow (Friday) evening. They have slotted in the gig at short notice, as a warm-up for their extensive two-month American tour starting next week, and they are supported on the bill by Whirlwind and the Soft Boys.

Tickets are being allocated on a first-come, first-served basis. The first 800 will be given away at the Roundhouse box-office at 1 pm tomorrow, and the remaining thousand are being handed out at 7.30 pm, just before the show starts. In both cases, queues are likely to form well before the specified times — so if you want a free ticket, get there early!

As previously reported, Elvis is being lined up for a nationwide British tour in the early spring, opening soon after he returns from the States.

Pistols—Biggs in Rio project

IT WAS STILL uncertain, as NME closed for press on Tuesday, if the Sex Pistols were resting in San Francisco — or if they had flown to Brazil for a one-off concert in Rio de Janeiro last night (Wednesday). They were offered the Rio gig at the weekend, and there was a plan for Great Train Robber Ronald Biggs to make a guest appearance with them in his own poetry-reading spot! Even if they can't make it this week, they hope to be able to accept the invitation later in the year.

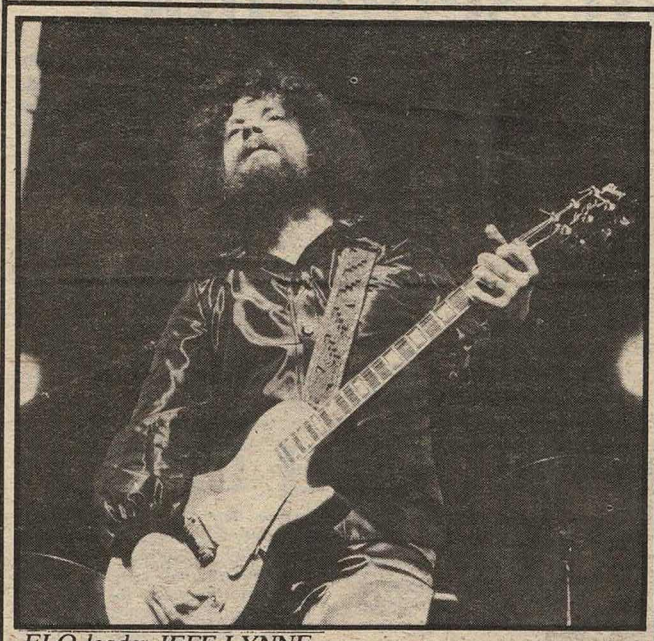
The band completed their debut U.S. tour in 'Frisco on Saturday, and the Brazil project came up because the start of their European tour has been delayed. They were originally due to open in Helsinki yesterday, but they've now been banned from entering Finland, so they will pick up their European dates in Stockholm on Friday — flying direct to Sweden from across the Atlantic.

The Finnish ban was imposed by that country's equivalent of the Home Office, after they had received complaints from nine different youth organisations, most of them political. The issue was sparked when, early this month, an article on the Pistols appeared in Finland's biggest daily paper couched in sensational "shock horror" terms. The complainants then petitioned the ministry, asking that the Pistols should not be granted work permits.

Hearing of these developments, the Pistols announced that they would play in Helsinki free of charge, which meant they would not need permits. The ministry blocked this move by declaring the band "unwanted visitors", so preventing them from entering the country, even on holiday! It's the first time any musicians have been barred from entering Finland.

Official reason given is that "three of the group have criminal records, including drug charges", and it was stated that the appeals by the youth organisations had heavily influenced the verdict. Our correspondent told us by phone from Helsinki: "Police are on stand-by at the airport in case the group try to sneak in".

Despite the controversy stimulated by the Pistols in America, their U.S. tour has been hailed as an unqualified success, and it was favourably received by the majority of critics. As a result, plans are already being laid for the Pistols to return to the States later in the year for a more comprehensive tour.



ELO leader JEFF LYNNE

ELO for Wembley?

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA — who now spend much of their time in the United States, where they've built up an enormous following — have at last decided to meet public demand here at home by undertaking a major British concert tour in the late spring. And their schedule will include a string of dates at the giant Wembley Empire Pool.

NME understands that five nights have been set aside for ELO at the Pool, from June 7 to 11 inclusive, though it's not yet clear if they would play all five. The common practice in such cases is to announce, say, three dates — and hold another two in reserve in case ticket demand necessitates further shows being added. The band will also be playing at leading provincial venues including, it's believed, Stafford Bingley Hall on June 17 and 18.

ELO, who were placed at No. 15 in NME's 1977 Singles Points Table, have their latest single out this weekend on the Jet label. Titled "Mr. Blue Sky", it's taken from their current hit album "Out Of The Blue" and is pressed in blue vinyl, and marketed in a picture sleeve.

The band's "A New World Record" was one of the Top Ten best-selling albums in Britain last year, and their current LP "Out Of The Blue" — which has already sold over four million copies worldwide and is high in the NME Chart — looks like emulating that achievement.

Adverts tour starts

THE ADVERTS embark on another British tour this weekend, coinciding with the release by Anchor tomorrow (Friday) of their first 1978 single — titled "No Time To Be 21", it was written by lead singer Tim Smith and is one of their most popular live numbers. As reported last week, the band headline a new-wave bill at Leicester De Montfort Hall this Sunday (22), and their other dates — including gigs in Ulster and Eire — are:

Cardiff University (tomorrow, Friday), Crawley Sports Centre (Saturday), Blackburn King George's Hall (January 31), Belfast's Queen's University (February 2,) Dublin Trinity College (3), Cork Arcadia (4), Galway Leisureland (5), Derby Kings Hall (9), Brighton New Regent (10), Colchester Essex University (11), Coventry Locarno (16), Lancaster University (17), Manchester University (18), Redcar Coatham Bowl (19), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (20) and Birmingham Barbarella's (21).

The band will also be headlining a major London concert on Sunday, February 12. The venue has not yet been announced, but it could well prove to be at the Chalk Farm Roundhouse.

THE ADVERTS

THE CLASH, currently busy in the studios, will be touring again in mid-spring. A spokesman said they'll be on the road from late April into May, playing a series of dates at large non-seated venues and exhibition halls. He added: "But we still don't know what will happen about London — we're in a bit of a dilemma after the recent Rainbow fiasco."

THE CORTINAS have gigs at London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (this Saturday), London Wardour St. Vortex (January 23), Newport Stowaway Club (25), London Deptford Albany Empire (26) and London Kensington Nashville (27). They also guest in the big new-wave concert, topped by The Adverts, at Leicester De Montford Hall this Sunday (22).

THE DAMNED are playing a few more selected dates, following their gig at Croydon Greyhound last Sunday. First two confirmed are at Loughborough Technical College (this Saturday) and Plymouth Castaways (next Monday, 23).

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USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

TUBES AT POMPEY?

A MOVE TO stage a concert by The Tubes at Portsmouth Guildhall, where they were banned in November, was revealed this week. Their projected show at the venue in the autumn was blocked by the local council, after all tickets had been sold.

But it's felt that, although the council clearly disapproved of the group, the gig was vetoed mainly because it coincided with Remembrance Sunday.

Now a fresh attempt is being made to book The Tubes into the Guildhall when they return to Britain in May, and it's hoped that Portsmouth councillors won't again isolate themselves from the rest of the country.

THE KILLJOYS, the fast-rising new-wave band handled by the same agency at The Clash, are set for a nine-venue tour of top London club venues. They play Islington Hope & Anchor (January 29), Marquee (30), Covent Garden Rock Garden (31), Speakeasy (February 2), Kensington Nashville (3), Camden Music Machine (4), Croydon Greyhound (5), West Hampstead Railway Hotel (6) and Oxford St. 100 Club (7). They also guest in John Peel's Radio 1 show on February 1.

Rods: another eight venues

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS have slotted in another eight dates at the beginning of their British tour, announced last week. Reason is that they were originally planning to be in America during this period, but they have now decided to remain in this country and play the extra dates, which are:

Brighton Top Rank (February 15), Bournemouth The Village (16), Canterbury Odeon (17), Aylesbury Friars (18), Bristol Locarno (19), Exeter University (20), Cardiff University (21) and Swansea Top Rank (22). The tour then picks up the schedule reported a week ago, starting at Salford University on February 24.

Their venue in Edinbrugh is now confirmed for the Usher Hall on March 5 (tickets £2.50, £2 and £1.50). And they have brought forward their gig at Sheffield City Hall by one day to March 8, to enable a new date to be brought in on March 9 at Derby Kings Hall.

Tickets at Brighton, Bournemouth, Bristol, Cardiff, Swansea and Derby are priced £1.70 in advance, and £1.90 on the night. At Canterbury they are all £2 and at Aylesbury all £1.95. Exeter prices are £1.20 in advance and £1.40 on the night.

MUSIC BY POST

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'TICKETS ALL GONE' SHOCK

Sinatra week in September

FRANK SINATRA returns to Britain in the late summer to headline a week of concerts at London Royal Festival Hall, the first time in the venue's history that a solo artist has played there for a full week. He opens with a gala performance on Monday, September 11, and continues through to the following Saturday, giving a total of eight shows.

But although this is the first official announcement of his engagement, the general public has no chance of getting tickets, as the whole week is already sold out! This is because both the promoters, the MAM Organisation, and the Festival Hall have their own priority mailing lists — and all 24,000 tickets have been snapped up in advance by regular subscribers.

As part compensation, it's understood there's a good chance of one of his shows being filmed for television. Sinatra was last here in February, 1977, when he played a week-long season at London Royal Albert Hall.

JUDD WITH ENZ

SPLIT ENZ have been re-joined by founder member Phil Judd (guitar and vocals) in time for their British tour, opening tomorrow (Friday). He places saxist Robert Gillies in the line-up. And the band's major London concert has now been confirmed for Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, February 5.

New dates: **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (January 23), **Aberdeen** University (24), **Hull** University (28), **Aylesbury** Friars (February 4), **Southampton** University (6) and **Liverpool** Mountford Hall (8).

Cancellations: **York** University (January 28), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (29), **Reading** Bulmershe College (February 4), **Plymouth** Castaways (9), **Cardiff** Top Rank (10) and **Exeter** University (13).

It's goodbye to Steeleye

IT IS NOW officially confirmed that Steeleye Span's extensive British tour, opening in Harrogate on February 4, will be their last. This will, in fact, be their farewell tour — and they will not be going on the road again. But a spokesman said they may reunite occasionally in the future for special events, such as Christmas concerts or summer festivals.

As reported by NME last week, rumours of a Steeleye split have been rife for some time, but a week ago they were still being denied officially. Even now, it's stressed that they're not splitting irrevocably.

After the tour, Maddy Prior (above) starts a solo album, to be followed by a solo tour. The band's recent newcomers, John Kirkpatrick and Martin Carthy, will resume their individual careers. And the other Span members will concentrate on writing, producing and other behind-the-scenes work.

RECORD NEWS

Island finger on the Pulse

● Seven-piece reggae band **Steel Pulse** have signed a long-term worldwide deal with Island Records. Their first single "Ku Klux Klan" will be out in a few weeks, with the first 5000 copies in a specially extended 12-inch version, and their debut album follows in the spring.

● **Dead Fingers Talk** and **Cyanide** have both been signed by the Pye label, and will shortly be cutting their first tracks.

● Issued by 20th Century this weekend, the album "The Story Of Star Wars" features **John Williams'** original soundtrack music and soundtrack dialogue sequences. Priced £4.50, it comes with a colour booklet.

● **Meri Wilson's** follow-up to her hit "Telephone Man", issued by Pye International on January 27, is "Rub-A-Dub-Dub".

● Virgin Records re-introduce the ten-inch album on February 3 with the release of "Guillotine" — a compilation of recent single and EP tracks by **The Motors, The Table, Penetration, Avant Gardner, Roky Erikson, X-Ray Spex** and **Poet & The Roots.** Also included is "Traffic Light Rock" by **XTC,** which is unavailable in any other form. The LP retails at £2.99.

● **The Stranglers'** new single "5 Minutes" is now confirmed for January 27 release by United Artists, coupled with "Rok It To The Moon". The band are currently working on their third album.

● The **Bee Gees'** follow-up to their smash hit "How Deep Is Your Love" comes out on RSO this weekend, titled "Stayin' Alive". The same label issues "On The Strip" by **Paul Nicholas** on January 27.

● **Lulu** has signed with GTO Records and her first single for the label, out tomorrow (Friday), is "Your Love Is Everywhere".

● **Allan Clarke** of the Hollies has a solo single out on Polydor tomorrow, titled "I Don't Know When I'm Beat". Out on the same day and label are "Daughter Of The Night" by **Jim Capaldi** and "Move It On Up" by **Lee Kosmin.** January 27 singles from Polydor include "Harder Than A Rock" by the **Cimarons** and "Soul And Inspiration" by **Donny & Marie Osmond.**

● To coincide with her British concerts at the end of this month, the Spring label is reactivating the **Millie Jackson** single "If You're Not Back In Love By Monday".

● **David Bowie** has recorded the narration to the Prokofiev classic "Peter And The Wolf" with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. British release is expected in the late spring.

● **Wayne County** and the Electric Chairs have signed to the new Safari Records company, and will have a single and album issued next month via their new outlet.

● The new **Neil Young** album "Gone With The Wind", originally planned for February release by Reprise, has been put back to April because of a delay on the sleeve.

● **Judas Priest's** new single is "Better By You, Better By Me", for January 27 release by CBS. Their previously announced album "Stained Glass" has been delayed until February 10.

● **Showaddywaddy's** new single, for early February release by Arista, is another revival. It's "(You've Got) Personality", which was a 1959 hit for both Lloyd Price and Anthony Newley. It comes from their album 'Red Star'.

● Former chart-toppers **The Equals** re-surface next month with the release on February 10 of an album titled "Mystic Syster" on lead singer and guitarist **Eddie Grant's** own Ice Records label. It's the first LP for 18 months by the band, who now function solely as a studio unit. Grant's own solo album "Message Man" is due out in mid-March.

● Latest album to benefit from a massive TV advertising campaign is "25 Thumping Hits" by the **Dave Clarke 5,** released by Polydor on January 30. It features 20 tracks from the period 1963-73, one of them being the six-song medley "Good Old Rock'n'Roll — hence the album's title!

● **Lonnie Donegan** is back on the scene with a new LP on the Chrysalis label titled "Puttin' On The Style", issued on February 3. It features up-dated versions of many of his old hits, and the all-star backing includes Ringo Starr, Leo Sayer, Elton John, Rory Gallagher, Ron Wood, Brian May, Mick Ralphs and Albert Lee.

● More singles out on January 27: "Yes He Lives" by **Cliff Richard** (EMI), "Twilley Don't Mind" by the **Dwight Twilley Band** (Island) and "Shout It Out" by **B T Express** (EMI International).

FAITHFULL'S 'FAITHLESS'

● **Marianne Faithfull's** debut album for Nems Records is issued on February 17 — it's titled "Faithless" and marks a positive move into the country-rock market with songs by Waylon Jennings, Chuck Berry and Jackie De Shannon, as well as two of her own songs. It's preceded on February 3 by her new single "The Way You Want Me To Be".

● **The Gorillas** are back in action this weekend with the release of their first single for Raw Records, titled "It's My Life." It's followed on February 24 by their album "Message To The World."

● State Records launch a new mid-price album series in February, retailing at £2.49. First two releases are "The **Mac & Katie Kissoon** Story" and "The **Gary Benson** Story". They are followed in March by "Disco Hits Story", featuring such groups as **Rokotto** and **Delegation.**

● Radar Records release the **Iggy Pop-James Williamson** album "Kill City", recorded in 1974, on February 3.

States mull it over!

DESPITE the worldwide success of Wings' single "Mull Of Kintyre," America — in its infinite wisdom — has opted for the other side of the record! Originally issued as a double A-side single, the lesser-known flip "Girls School" is currently climbing the U.S. charts.

Meanwhile, "Kintyre" is rapidly approaching the two-million sales mark in this country, making it the best-selling single of all time in the U.K. It has already beaten the previous record of 1,600,000 set by the Beatles' "She Loves You." The song is also at No. 1 in Holland (where it has gone platinum), Australia (the country's biggest seller ever), New Zealand, Belgium and Germany.

Wings are currently putting the finishing touches to their new studio album, for early spring release. But they have not yet formulated any plans for live work, nor are they likely to do so until they have filled the two vacancies in the band.

MATHIS IN FOR GALA

JOHNNY MATHIS and humorist Bob Newhart fly into London to headline a Royal Gala Show at the Palladium on Sunday, April 9, in aid of World United Colleges. There are two performances at 6.15 and 9.15 pm, and the Prince of Wales — who has just become president of the International Council of World United Colleges — will attend the second show.

ROXY CONCERTS SET

Supremes' Mary picks new girls

THE SUPREMES' Mary Wilson returns to Britain shortly for an extensive concert and club tour, joined on this occasion by two new girls, Kaaren Ragland and Karen Jackson. And the highlight of their tour comes on February 6 and 7, when they play two London concerts at the new Roxy Theatre in Harlesden.

After touring Britain last summer, Mary announced she was leaving the Supremes, who duly played a "farewell" London gig — because a split seemed inevitable with the departure of the last remaining founder member. But now Mary is back with a new group — and in fact, her visit is much sooner than the spring tour forecast by NME two weeks ago.

Other dates are St. Agnes Talk Of The West (February 1-4), Luton Cesar's (5 and 27), Middlesbrough Town Hall (8), Blackburn Cavendish (9-11), Blackpool Imperial Hotel (12), Newport Stardust Club (13-14), Derby Bailey's (16-18), Manchester Golden Garter (20-25), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (March 4), Batley Variety Club (6-11), Nottingham Commodore (12), Stoke Jollees (13-18) and Newport Stardust again (22-23). More dates are being set through into April.

● Among other concerts now confirmed for London Roxy Theatre are Martha Reeves and the Vandellas (February 15), Jr. Walker and the All Stars (March 1), the Three Degrees (29), the Fatback Band (April 7) and the Platters (28).

Sweet play London gig

SWEET are set for their first British concert appearance in four years, headlining at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday, February 24. The show comes at the end of an extensive European tour, opening next week, and is their only date in this country. As well as familiar older material, the band will be featuring tracks from their new album "Level Headed," just released by Polydor.

RADIATORS

RADIATORS FROM SPACE return from their native Ireland to play their first comprehensive headlining tour of this country. More dates are being finalised, but those confirmed already are:

Birmingham Barbarella's (this Friday and Saturday), **London Camden** Music Machine (January 23), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (27), **Liverpool** Eric's (28), **Coventry** Mr. George's (February 2), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (3), **Harrogate** P.G.'s (4), **Keighley** Nikkers Club (7), **Doncaster** Outlook (9), **Dudley** J.B.'s (11), **Stafford** Top Of The World (13), **Sheffield** Polytechnic (15), **Manchester** Rafters (16), **London Regents Park** Bedford College (17), **London Kensington** Nashville (19), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (23), **London** Middlesex Polytechnic (24), **St. Alban's** City Hall (25) and **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall (26).

NEWS BRIEFS

ROBERT GORDON and Link Wray have interchanged two of the dates in their British tour, reported last week. They now play Birmingham Barbarella's on February 3 and Sheffield Polytechnic the following day.

TRAPEZE have extra dates at Blackpool Jenkinson's (January 23), Sutton-in-Ashfield Golden Diamond (24) and Darlington Incognito (25). Their gig on January 28 is switched from Wigan Casino to Plymouth Polytechnic.

TINA TURNER has now been confirmed officially for two British dates — two shows at London Hammersmith Odeon (February 11) and Sheffield Fiesta (12), as exclusively revealed by NME early last month.

STEEL PULSE have extra gigs at Newcastle Guildhall (this Saturday), Portsmouth Polytechnic (January 28), London Camden Music Machine (February 2), Brighton Technical College (3) and Lancaster University (4).

NEW HEARTS have named the replacement for drummer Matt MacIntyre, who left the group last week. He is 19-year-old Jamie Crompton, from Hertfordshire, who has played with several local outfits. He makes his debut with the band at London Marquee next Monday (23).

THE SURPRISE SISTERS represent Britain in the opening gala at the Midem Festival in Cannes tomorrow (Friday), then return to play London Southgate Royalty (January 27), Uxbridge Brunel University (28), Reading University (February 1), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (11), London Stepney York Hall (14) and Scarborough Penthouse (24).

DOCTORS OF MADNESS have parted company with guitarist and violinist Urban Blitz, and they are currently touring Germany as a trio — Kid Strange, Stoner and Peter DiLemma. Blitz is featured on the band's new album "Sons Of Survival," due out in March, and he now plans a solo career. It's not yet known if the Doctors will replace him.

EARTH, WIND & FIRE, Aerosmith and Billy Preston have been added to the guest list for the film adaptation of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band," now in production in Los Angeles, with location sequences in Germany to follow. The movie — featuring over 30 Beatles songs — stars Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees, and other guests include Alice Cooper and Paul Nicholas.

CRYSTAL GAYLE has cancelled her appearnce in the Country Music Festival at Wembley Empire Pool during Easter weekend, though she's now planning a British tour later in the year. She is replaced at Wembley by Dottie West.

ON THE ROAD

Radio Stars massive tour

RADIO STARS, for whom ten January gigs were announced last week, have extended their itinerary through to mid-March by adding another 22 gigs —so transforming their schedule into an extensive tour! The band, who will be promoting their current single "Nervous Wreck", also appear in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" (industrial action permitting) on February 14. Their extra dates are:

Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (January 29), **Leeds** Polytechnic (February 9), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (10), **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse (12), **Doncaster** Outlook (16), **Crawley** College of Further Education (17), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (18), **Hemel Hempstead** Pavilion (19), **Colwyn Bay** Dixieland Showbar (22), **Bristol** Granary (23), **Ormskirk** Edgehill College (24), **Harrogate** P.G.'s (25), **London Kensington** Nashville (26), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (March 1), **Stoke** North Staffs Polytechnic (3), **Manchester** University (4), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (5), **Reading** Wantage Hall (10), **London Twickenham** Queen Mary College (11), **London** Marquee (13), **Wakefield** Unity Hall (16) and **Retford** Porterhouse (17).

CHRIS DE BURGH

CHRIS DE BURGH — who previously toured Britain as support to Joan Armatrading, Gallagher & Lyle and Supertramp — undertakes his first headlining concert series next month. He has spent the last 18 months touring the world, and has notched chart successes in Canada, South Africa, Ireland, Germany and Brazil. Now, backed by his Flying Fist Band, he plays:

Dublin Stadium (February 8), **Cork** City Hall (9), **Exeter** University (11), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (12), **Brighton** Dome (13), **Birmingham** Town Hall (15), **Newcastle** City Hall (17), **Glasgow** Pavilion (19), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (21), **Manchester** University (22), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (24), **Coventry** Theatre (25), **London Drury Lane** Theatre Royal (26), **Guildford** Civic Hall (27) and **Bristol** Colston Hall (28). Promoter is Andrew Miller.

To coincide with the tour, he has a double A-side single issued by A&M on February 3, comprising "Round And Round" and "Discovery". Both tracks are taken from his recently-released third album "At The End Of A Perfect Day".

ULTRAVOX TREK

ULTRAVOX begin a 17-date British tour this weekend, climaxing in a string of three gigs at London Marquee Club. The band also have a four-track live EP issued by Island on February 10 comprising "The Wild, The Beautiful And The Damned", "The Man Who Dies Every Day", "My Sex" and "Young Savage". Support act on all dates is The Doll, whose new single "Don't Tango My Heart" is just out on the Beggars Banquet label.

The schedule is **Newcastle** Mayfair (tomorrow, Friday), **Aberdeen** Music Hall (Saturday), **Glasgow** Apollo (Sunday), **Edinburgh** Clouds (January 23), **Carlisle** Market Hall (24), **Manchester** Middleton Town Hall (27), **Norwich** Lads Club (28), **Croydon** Greyhound (29), **Coventry** Locarno (31), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (February 4), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (5), **Stafford** Top Of The World (6), **Manchester** Rafters (9), **Liverpool** Eric's (10) and **London** Marquee (11, 12 and 13).

DILLINGER

REGGAE ARTIST Dillinger plays a short eight-venue British tour, starting at the end of this month. Dates are London Central Polytechnic (January 27), Birmingham Rebecca's (30), Sheffield Top Rank (31), Liverpool Eric's (February 1), Manchester Rafters (3), Leicester Queen's Hall (4), London Southgate Royalty (7) and Brighton Top Rank (8). Support band are Zabandis, who will also back Dillinger. He has two albums available here on Island, "Bionic Dread" and "C.B.200", and his 12-inch single "Cokane In My Brain" was issued just before Christmas.

KRAZY KAT

KRAZY KAT, who recently toured Europe with Peter Gabriel, are now preparing for their own lengthy British tour starting early next month. They are also having to cope with a personal change, and hope to announce the name of their new member next week. The band, now into playing raunchy rock 'n' roll, have set the first 16 dates in their itinerary as follows.

Wolverhampton Lafayette (February 3), **Bristol** Granary (4), **London Finchley** Torrington (5), **Newcastle** Union (8), **Edinburgh** Astoria (9) **Dundee** Technical College (10), **Glasgow** Queen Margaret Union (11), **Whitley Bay** Rex Hotel (12), **Peterborough** Technical College (17), **Bedford** College of Education (18), **Sheffield** Top Rank (19), **Swansea** Circles Club (23), **Burton** 76 Club (24), **Newbridge** Club and Institute (26), **Bournemouth** The Village (27) and **London** Marquee (March 1).

HENRY COW go back on the road next month, headlining one of their rare British outings. Their ten-venue tour takes in **Birmingham** Aston University (February 3), **Sheffield** Hurlfield Campus (4), **Manchester** Royal Exchange Theatre (5), **Liverpool** Christ's College (6), **Huddersfield** Town Hall (7), **Scunthorpe** Foxhills School (8), **Bristol** Arnolfini (10), **Bridgwater** Arts Centre (11), **Coventry** Warwick University (13) and **London Brixton** Town Hall (14).

CADO BELLE are playing occasional dates during the next four weeks. The Scottish band are at **London Camden** Music Machine (this Saturday), **Sheffield** Top Rank (Sunday), **Glasgow** Tiffany's (January 24), **Maidstone** Technical College (February 3), **London** Upstairs at the Rainbow (4), **London Camden** Dingwalls (9), **London** Central Polytechnic (10), **Oxford** College of Further Education (11), **Sheffield** University (17) and **Newcastle** University (18).

WIRE headline a 30-date tour from late January to early March. First nine confirmed gigs are **London** College of Fashion with Siouxsie & the Banshees (January 27), **Coventry** Mr. George's (28), **Plymouth** Fiesta (31), **Bristol** Granary (February 1), **London** Marquee (2), **Liverpool** Eric's (3), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall Crypt (5), and **Doncaster** Outlook Club (6).

TYLA GANG

THE TYLA GANG are to support Candian band Rush in their major British tour, announced last week, opening on February 12. Prior to this, they have gigs in their own right at Kingston Polytechnic (this Saturday), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (Sunday), Ilford Oscar's (January 25), Wellington Town House (26), Kirklevington Country Club (27), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (28), Birkenhead Hamilton's (30), Keighley Nikkers Club (31), Nottingham Katie's (February 1), London Middlesex Polytechnic (2), Winchester King Alfred College (3), Northampton County Ground (4), London Strand Lyceum (8), Portsmouth Polytechnic (9), Birmingham Barbarella's (10) and Wigan Casino (11).

Zappa extra

FRANK ZAPPA has now been confirmed for a fourth night at London Hammersmith Odeon later this month. As previously reported, he visits this country briefly at the outset of a European tour and is already set for three Hammersmith gigs on January 24, 25 and 26. These have now practically sold out, so promoter Frederick Bannister has slotted in an extra gig on Friday, January 27, for which tickets are now on sale. Zappa will be playing the entire show with his new eight-piece backing band, but without any support act.

RICH KIDS

THE RICH KIDS — the band launched by Sex Pistols member Glen Matlock, and featuring former Slik guitarist and singer Midge Ure — heve extended their current tour through to mid-February. And John Cooper Clarke joins them as support act later this month, starting with previously announced gigs at London Nashville (January 26), Brighton Sussex University (27) and Canterbury Kent University (28). Newly booked dates for the Kids and Clarke are:

High Wycombe Town Hall (January 30), **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (31), **Leeds** Ace of Clubs (February 2), **Lancaster** University (3), **Exeter** University (6), **Cardiff** Top Rank (7), **Bristol** venue to be set (8), **Rugby** Town Hall (9), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (10), **Malvern** Winter Gardens (11), **Shrewsbury** Tiffany's (12) and **Stafford** Top Of The World (13). More are being finalised.

Wainwright: Palladium

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT II returns to Britain to headline a one-off concert at the London Palladium on Sunday, February 19, promoted by John Martin in association with Capital Radio who will be broadcasting it in March as part of their "Sundays At The Palladium" series. Tickets are on sale now priced £3.75, £3.50, £3 and £2.50. Arista are bringing out his new album "Final Exam" to coincide with his visit, and he is now being lined up for a major British tour in May and June.

SEEGER RETURN

PETE SEEGER returns to Britain after a 12-year absence to play just two concerts — at London Royal Albert Hall (March 7) and Newcastle City Hall (8) — to raise money for Chile. CBS will be issuing a new album to coincide with this visit, which also includes several TV and radio appearances.

Seeger was one of the first great figures of the American folk revival, along with Woodie Guthrie, and gained fame in Britain through such hits as "Little Boxes" and "Where Have All The Flowers Gone?".

Capaldi extra

JIM CAPALDI, who last week opened an extensive British tour with his band The Contenders, has added another six dates to his schedule. They are at Reading University (January 25), Swansea Nutz Club (26), York University (28), Birmingham Barbarella's (February 1), St. Andrew's University (5) and Keele University (9).

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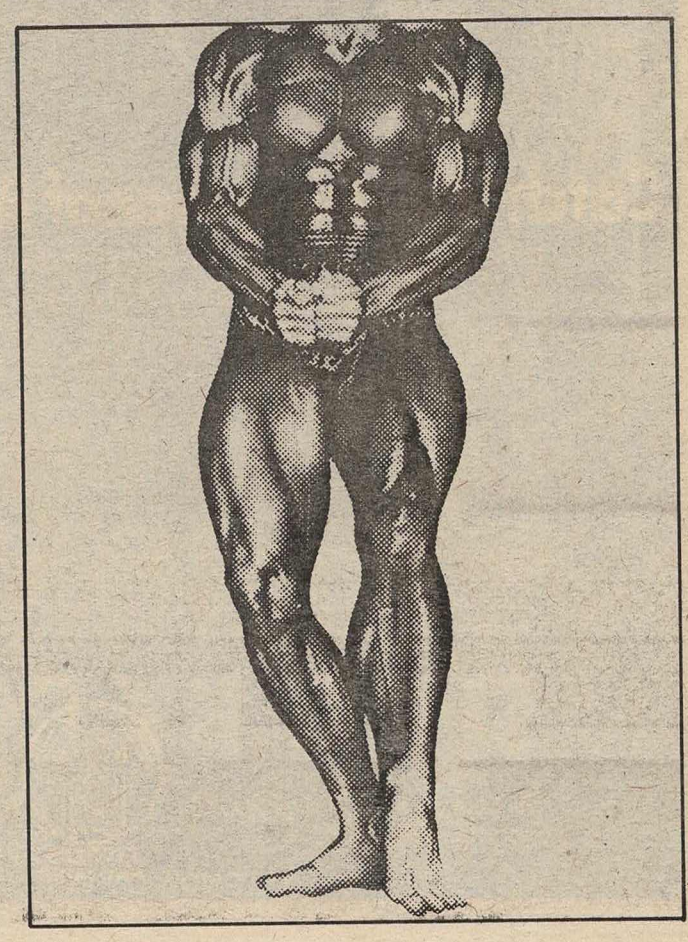
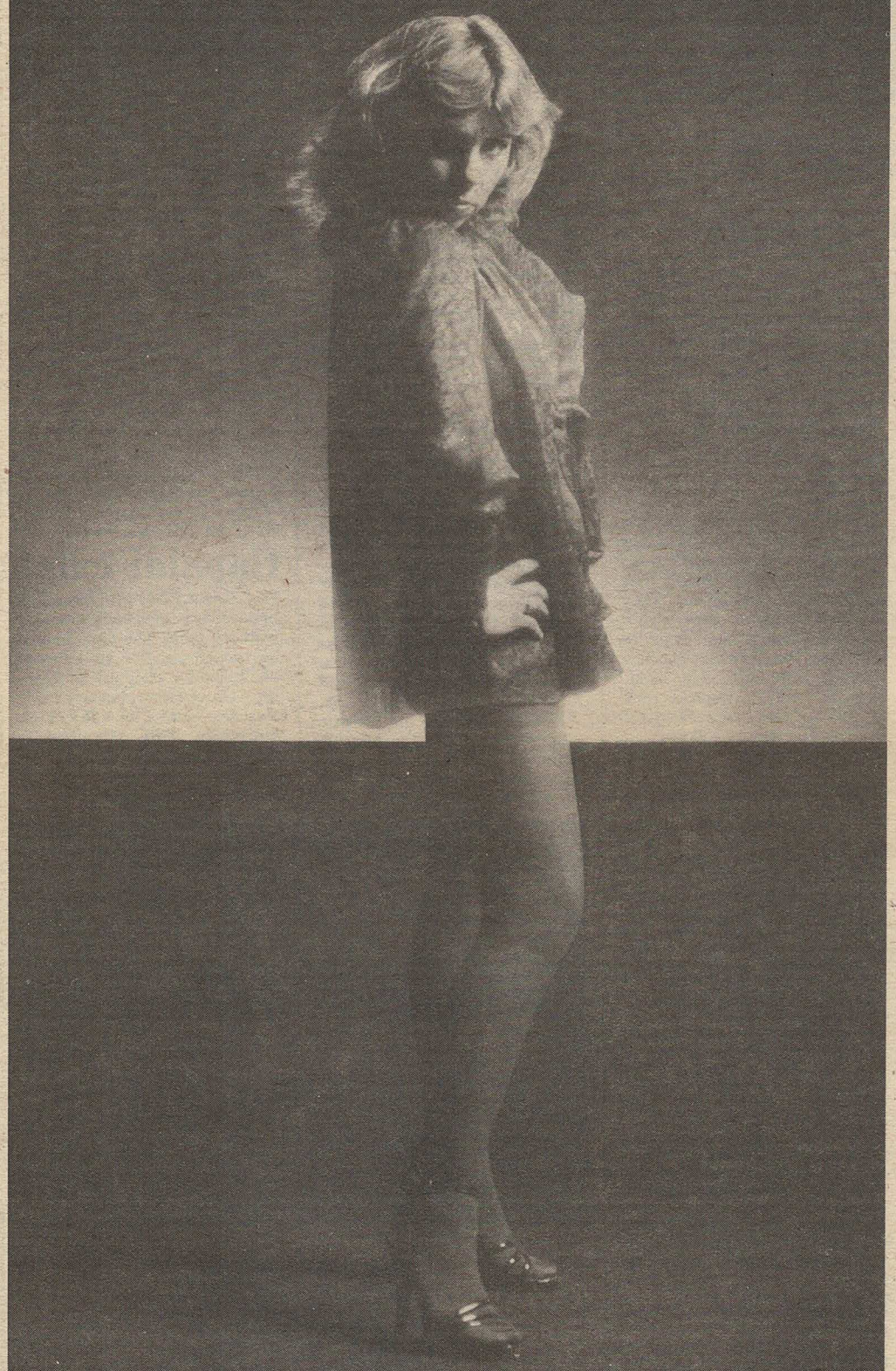


JENNY DARREN



Catch the rising star of British Rock!

Don't miss Jenny Darren this time around. Book now if you can. Get there early if you can't!

JANUARY
12th Barrow In Furness – Maxims
14th Bristol – Old Granary
18th London – Dingwalls
21st Bolton – Institute of Technology
25th Evesham – Marine Ballroom
26th Swansea – Circles
27th Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks – Newlands Park
28th Crediton, Devon – Bow Inn

FEBRUARY
3rd Bangor – University
4th Ebbw Vale – Leisure Centre
5th Leeds – Ford Green Hotel
6th Shipley, Nottingham – Boat Inn
10th Carmarthen – Civic Hall
11th Glastonbury – Town Hall
13th Plymouth – Top Rank
14th Cardiff – Top Rank
15th Weston Super Mare – Winter Gardens
16th Penzance – Winter Gardens
17th London – Southbank Polytechnic
18th Bradford – University
19th Chelmsford – Chancellor Hall
21st Birmingham – Town Hall
23rd Middlesbrough – Town Hall
24th Aberdeen – University

MARCH
1st Brighton – Top Rank

New album "Jenny Darren" roars out on Jan. 27! (DJF 20523. Cassette – DJH 40523.)

DJM RECORDS AND TAPES

DJM Records Limited, 5 Theobalds Rd, London. WC1X 8SE

We're so

A BEAMING, diminutive figure sits opposite me in this neo-Baroque schlock hotel restaurant in downtown Birmingham. Yes it's him . . . the one who said being a Sex Pistol was like playing in The Monkees, the melodic craftsman behind such timeless old favourites as "Anarchy In The UK" ("I had an idea for like a marching tune, an anthem"),the man who bears no grudge, the one yanking derisively at the skin under the chin of Midge Ure.

"Ravioli will getcha well caloried," warns the laconic Ure, his advice delivered in broad Glaswegian as he retaliates by tugging at Matlock's boat-race for any sign of a double chin. Idols must be weight-watchers, too, pop-kids.

"It's all hanging down over y'shirt!" chides Ure.

"You look like a turkey," quips Glen Matlock.

So where did Pete Best go wrong, Glen?

"Who's Pete Best?"

Geezer that left The Beatles.

"Oh, yeah . . . uh, well maybe he didn't like being in a band, I dunno . . . see, I'm a lazy sod," quoth Glen. "After I left the Pistols all I did was write songs and lay about and try to get a band together . . . there was no chance of me getting a day job because I'm too lazy. Pete Best probably got a day job." Wholesome beam. "That's fatal . . ."

Suspicion filters into his trusting eyes and Matlock enquires the purpose of my line of questioning. I inform him that numerous alleged authorities on the wonderful world of show-business had nodded knowingly when the contemporary mop-top had his final rift with the spike-head reprobates and predicted with the utmost condifidence / jealous spite that EX-SEX PISTOL Glen Matlock was destined for a swift return back to the giddy depths of obscurity. Mister Nice Guy is livid with rage.

"I'll fucking show 'em! Who said that? Who *said* it? I'll show 'em!

"I-will-fucking-*show*-them!"

And if I didn't agree with him . . . well, I wouldn't be out here a thousand miles from home in sodding concrete nightmare Brum City, now would I?

The nostalgia freaks can spit / pogo / invade stages for reflected glory and generally piss in the winter winds until their scrap-metal-chic goes rusty from Turd's-Eye frozen Urine.

The Year Of Bottle-Pop is upon us bringing with it shiny, shiny, shiny 45rpm vinyl to replace the copies of "Lazy Sunday", "All Or Nothing", "Tin Soldier" and "Itchycoo Park" that you blew your dinner-money on way back when you was a little mitt smoking crushed-down aspirin mixed with Dad's Old Holborn behind locked toilet doors to shake off your pharmaceutical cherry.

And Bottle-Pop is the logical next step after the completion of the commercial assimilation of pun£-roc£; the very nature of its inherent superficiality means that there'll be no rationalisation / retraction / defensive re-assessment of initial bullshit polemics. It's another palliative and one that doesn't pretend to be anything else; Gary Glitter never sold out because his soul was in hock right from the start.

Bottle-Pop is Saturday nite at the Mecca as opposed to *unk *ock's preening behind papier-mache barricades, sodding old hippies all over again. Change WILL come but music will have as much to do with it as gardening.

"There was a massive fight at the first Barbarella's date last night," sighs 17-year-old guitarist Steve New. "All the football fans came down for a punch-up and we ended up in the audience. They wouldn't let us play, wouldn't give us a chance . . . they were fighting us, they were fighting each other, and they do that *all the time*, that's their idea of a night out."

He shakes his head sadly.

"I saw their faces; they were beating the living shit out of each other and LOVING EVERY MINUTE OF IT! I felt sorry for the pathetic bastards."

"Boy's Night Out," Steve's girlfriend Rose sneers contemptuously.

That's THE major difference between punk musicians and the Rich Kids; this shower have got *girlfriends*. Innovators!

"WHAT ROTTEN says about me refusing to play 'God Save The Queen' live is bullshit, just bullshit," testifies Glen Matlock as he sits on the floor of his hotel room polishing a pair of white leather shoes.

"I played it on the 'Anarchy" tour, played it loads of times . . ."

So why does Rotten say it then?

"Because, on the last date I played with The Sex Pistols, a year back at The Paradiso in Amsterdam, Rotten wanted to go back at the end of the set and do it for an encore, and I just didn't wanna know, I was sick of the band and they were sick of me . . . it was all right at first, we weren't playing like fast Heavy Metal, which is what it became . . . I can't stand all that shit. I mean, The Ramones . . . I've *never* liked the fuckin' Ramones!"

Matlock says the Rich Kids play rock'n'roll with a songsmith's eye for *hook* and *chorus* and, the integral part of his contribution to the Pistols' classics, that arrangement of single notes into musucally expressive succession, *melody*.

Same as Paul Weller's stuff with The Jam, right?

"Yeah," he grins and discloses the fact that he tried to get Weller to join the Rich Kids.

"I was pissed one night so I asked him. I'd always liked The Jam, always gone to their gigs in the early days when we were all starting off, but by the time I started getting Rich Kids together—which is right after I split from the Pistols — The Jam were taking off, getting a good deal with a record company an' all that, so I guess that he didn't want to chuck all that away as it took so long to get it off the ground."

Matlock reveals another potential Rich Kid who decided to stick to his own backyard but — unlike Weller — who actually got as far as treading the planks live with the Rich Kids on some of their early gigs. Your humble hero reels

That's the major difference between punk musicians and the Rich Kids; this shower have girlfriends.

Days of future (of rock and roll) passed: left: Midge Ure in former occupation as shoe salesman with Slik. Right; Glen Matlock as the smiling Sex Pistol.

pretty, oh so pretty . . .

And we're all there!

Some RICH KIDS are alright after all decides TONY PARSONS after a jaunt or two with Glen, Midge and the not-so-poor boys.

Rich Kids l. to r. Steve New, Glen Matlock, Midge Ure, Rusty Egan.

"Do you think the under 15's will go for this one?"

Pix PENNIE SMITH

"I was sick of the band and they were sick of me . . . it was alright at first, we weren't playing like fast Heavy Metal, which is what it became."

with stunned incredulity when the name is dropped.

Gasp!

"Yeah, Mick Jones of The Clash," nods Matlock. "He was pissed off with the way things were going — Mick loves to play live, right? — and *also* he didn't have no money . . . Mick was really pissed off so he did some gigs with us and at one point I thought he was going to come in with us and Rich Kids." Matlock smiles. "But it didn't work out . . ."

How did you get on with your replacement in the Pistols before you left the band?

Matlock shrugs. "I got on with him all right."

Rich Kids' effusive drummer Rusty Egan (a musician friend / associate of Matlock's from way back and the first recruit to Glen's embryo Rich Kids line-up) looks up from his copy of *The Sex Pistols* biography and cackles with mirth.

"'Ere, Glen," chortles the exuberant Rusty, "they ask Sid Vicious how the Pistols changed after he joined them and Vicious says, *'Well, for a start the band is much more handsome now that I'm in it.'*" Rusty falls off the table, his ribs-tickled to almost unbearable proportions.

Matlock chuckles warmly. "Bleedin' cheek . . . well, like when I first met Vicious was when John was still deciding whether he was gonna join the Pistols' or not, just after we slung out Wally, and Rotten and Vicious were very close at that point . . . Rotten used to bring him along when we met him in some boozer to talk about the band.

"They were really close mates, and then after John joined the band and we were rehearsing and getting ready for our first gig, Rotten didn't see so much of Vicious because now he had the Pistols.

"Vicious used to be ringing him up all the time and Rotten, well, he just used to take the piss outa Vicious, really put him down and I think that Sid felt a bit left out as the Pistols' started to take off and John looked as though he had something good going for himself . . . and that's when Sid started beating up people, Nick Kent and all that caper."

THE REMAINING half of The Rich Kids stroll into the hotel room — Midge Ure (who was offered full-time work with the Sex Pistols and turned it down because Slik looked a better prospect) and Steve New (who auditioned for the Sex Pistols 30 months ago when he was just turned 15 and didn't join the band because he refused to get his hair cut). The two of them combine with Matlock to show how the germs of what was to grow into the Rich Kids were being sown all those moons ago through their early dealings with the late-Swankers/early-Pistols.

"Is my hair alright in the back?"

"It's that new hairdresser."

Ure tells how he was walking out of a music shop in Glasgow circa mid-'75 when he was approached by a short, devious-looking character who asked him if he wanted to be in a band. Bernie Rhodes — for it was he — then told him to go round the corner to where a curly redhead was waiting for him in a parked car. Midge told Malcolm McLaren — for it was he — that he was already in a band called Salvation, who later changed their name to Slik, the teen ideols with dirty monk habits who lost the fickle favour of the pre-puberty market to the like of heavy-breathing disco ladies and Ultrabright ad refugees with their own TV show.

"They were up in Glasgow flogging equipment," says Ure. "I bought an amp off 'em . . ."

"I see Slik on telly and it was obvious to me they should be doing rock 'n' roll," swoons Glen. "So I gave Midge a call but he said, 'nae, ah thunk ah'll stick ta Slik; ah thunk they're ganner be birg!'"

Ure split from Slik when the bottom dropped out of the *Pink* market and it became apparent after they released the impressive jock-rock "Put You In The Picture" triple-A-sided single under the name of PVC2 but still to critical indifference ("Ahhh, but they're still *Slik!*") that further progress would have to be made elsewhere.

"A kid came up to me and asked me if I played on 'Put You In The Picture'," remembers Ure. "I told him that I had, that it was just Slik under another name and the kid said that he'd really loved the single until I told him that! To me that attitude is just so stupid, and yet you see it everywhere."

"Steve came looking for me after he read the interview you did in *NME* with me up at The Clash's Harlesden gig," Matlock says.

"I'd met him years ago," he smiles at the crumpled figure of New sprawled on the floor next to him dressed in white pointed shoes, no socks, pink imitation leopard skin strides from 'Kitsch-22' via Kensington market, old 'Sex' tee-shirt and his bedraggled barnet tucked up inside a French artist's beret, blowing solid smoke rings and complaining about a nervous rash as his entire body s–h–a–k–e–s; this boy is a must for *TOTP*.

"What happened was Paul Cook was threatening to leave the Pistols unless we got a second guitarist to fill in the gaps that Steve Jones was leaving . . ." Matlock recalls. "And this flash 15 year old kid come along who was a brilliant guitarist *but who wouldn't get his hair cut!*" Matlock guffaws. "He was much more into being a guitarist than Steve Jones was, but Malcolm said that if he wouldn't get his hair cut then he couldn't join the band."

"I liked all West Coast American bands," Steve explains. "The Doors, Love, The Alpha Band and all that, all old stuff . . . I hate the ones that are around now, I hate *all* the American influence in this country . . . it's like we feel the need to import truck-loads of shit."

NEW AND Egan's raw, wide-eyed vitality meshes perfectly with the respective track-records of Matlock and Ure, one out of cataclysmic notoriety who wanted pure-pop, and the other a truly shit-hot guitarist/vocalist who sold his bottle out for the temporary trappings of transient teen pin-up mass-worship.

"Shit Kids," says Rusty Egan. "That's what Rotten called the Rich Kids when I see him at a gig. Had a punch-up with him, didn't I?"

Matlock takes a toke and grins.

"Because we got an ex-Sex Pistol we bin getting stick at some places," frowns Rusty. "Last night somebody grabbed his mike stand and was hitting him in the face with it . . ."

"And people shout out for Slik," snarls Ure. "You just have to make 'em choke on it . . ."

"We do a great version of 'Pretty Vacant', shudders New. "Much longer than the Pistols version, we do much more with it. It's better . . ."

"Shall we play *quieter* tonight?" asks Rusty. "I was still playing for *ages* after the three of ya jumped out into the crowd?"

"Play quieter?" Ure grimaces. "Shall we *fight* quieter?" he jeers. "This has got nothing to do with music tonight. THIS IS REVENGE!"

Matlock chuckles proudly and reaches for his stage clothes. His Rich Kids are psyched-up and ready.

● *Continued over page*

RICH KIDS* CONTD.

● *From previous page*

"Never mind the Sex Pistols," he tells me.

Whatcha think of the three new songs on the album that they wrote without you?

"Maybe they're sitting on some good songs that I ain't heard," he shrugs. "I honestly got no grudge against them, you know that. I see Steve and Paul now and again, told Steve that I thought 'Holidays In The Sun' sounded the same as 'In The City'." Matlock's grin beams with amusement. "Steve said, 'Yeah, I suppose it does, I hadn't heard 'In The City' when I wrote the music for it, I suppose it does a bit . . .

"I really like their new song, 'Bodies', though. That's good. But as for 'Belsen Was A Gas' . . ." Matlock shakes his head. "A Sid Vicious song."

He checks his watch. "We go on stage at Barbarella's at midnight."

"You got a hole in yer velvet trousers," Midge tells Glen.

"Part of the act."

"P. J. Proby?"

"Right."

How old are you geezers?

"HERE WE go," Midge Ure tells the crowd as they shriek reminders of his previous incarnation at him. "Round two . . ."

Steve New and Ure strike the opening chords to the finest amphetamine song ever written, "Here Come The Nice", a Small Faces opus done better than the Marriot / Jones / Lane / McLagan version that wins over the sardine-packed feet of the crowd and stifles the EX-SEX PISTOLS and EX-SLIK jeers of all but the totally pig-ignorant minority (who eventually — Karma Komeback — get sorted out by their pissed-off-with-distraction neighbours in the audience).

Egan is as mercilessly relentless as a building-site Buddy Rich Kid; Steve New looks like a frail, fast, flash Charlie Chaplin if the late, lamented Commie Genius had been born 60 years on and stole his moves off ex-*NME* writer Pete Erskine.

Matlock sings straining up for the mike same as when he was with the Pistols (reminding me once again how badly the Pistols suffered live when they lost Glen's vocals leaving just Steve Jones as support for Rotten's howl), deft fingers ringing out faultless voluble bass-lines as the spit flies around his face.

Midge Ure out front bawls a drug celebration paen, playing with vengeful well-balanced fluidity (a chip on *both* shoulders), and mustering enough *chi* from within to live down the albatros-flavour dead-weight that most crowds — there principally to see an ex-Sex Etcetera — would just *love* to burden him with, when the JEALOUS shit-heads would rather see him paralysed, why don't they just come out once and scream it? *(last two phrases courtesy Bob Dylan — Ed.)*

"Here comes the nice/looking so good/Make me feel like no-one else could/Knows what I want/Got what I need/ALWAAAAYS THERE WHEN AH NEEED SUUMMM SPEEEEEEED . . ."

Ure and Matlock trade limelight chores all through the set, Ure doing the PVC2 gem "Put You In The Picture" and a brace of new songs, "Lovers And Fools" and "Young Girls", the latter sounding totally lame this time out as Ure's guitar was unbelievably out of tune. Put it down to neophyte excitement.

Matlock, Ure and New are a three-pronged audio-visual experience as much as The Clash were around the time of the Harlesden gig the week that Glen left the Pistols . . . Four Matlock/New compositions — "Strange One", "Burning Sounds", "Ghosts" and "Empty Words" and then it's time for . . . the big one.

"Glen wrote this one with his friends," Ure deadpans, and New hits what Matlock calls "that dumb riff".

"Pretty Vacant" is performed half-way through the Rich Kids' set, musically extended and superior to the original while lyrically the changes made (and without Rotten's patented sinus) inevitably cause it to suffer. But the Rich Kids' willingness to even dare perform the song, let alone experiment with the arrangement, shows the combo's positive attitude in transcending the stigma of their previous employment.

"Why you fuckin' singing 'Pretty Vacant'?" a heckler demands.

"Because I fucking *wrote* it!" retorts Matlock.

It's like the very best Rich Kids' song says, "(I Ain't) Hung On You". Even if their single/anthem *does* sound amazingly like "The Monkees Theme". Matlock's a sentimental nostalgia freak at heart.

URE AND Matlock are still counting the calories in the hotel restuarant and tut-tut as I stuff my face with some right lairy cake purchased for my consumption by an EMI press-officer.

Should try some of this gat-oh, Glen.

"Gat-oh?"

Yeah, lovely cake, this gat-oh.

"Gat-oh? Gat-oh? Ohhhh, GATEAU! I thought you said *gat-oh.*"

Maybe Rotten had a point. Maybe he just had a sweet tooth.

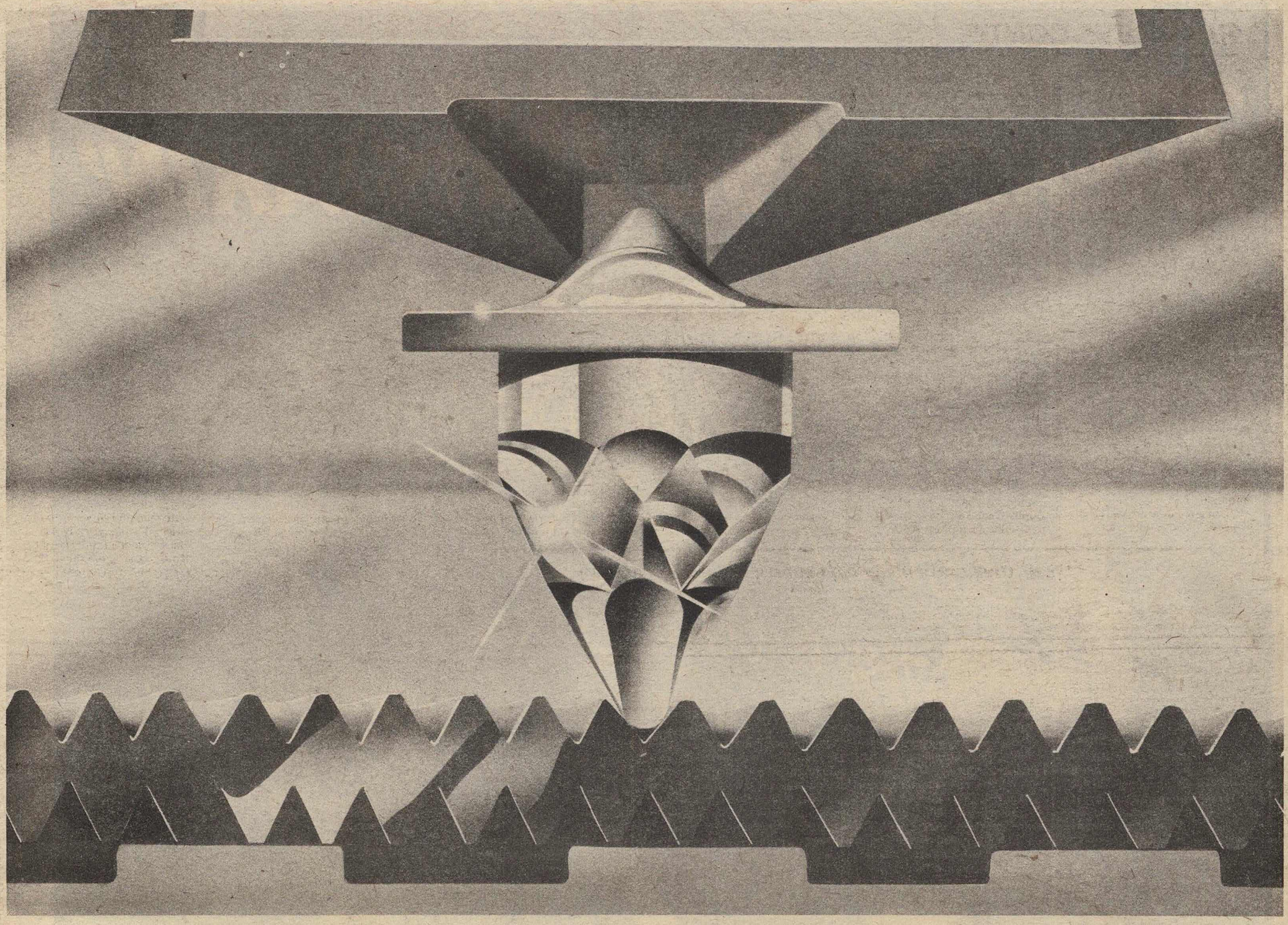
"Oooh"

"Aaah"

"Ohhh"

**Well, they probably will be soon if they're not already.*

"Bye duckie."



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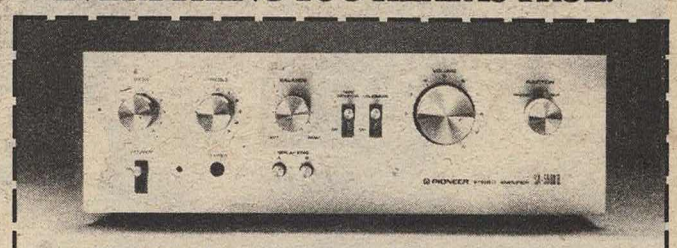

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THERE'S NO MISTAKIN'

SWEET

Edited by PHIL McNEILL and KATE PHILLIPS

THRILLS

TRACIE O'KEEFE at the Sex Pistols boat trip

Pic: DAVID WAINWRIGHT

PISTOLS FAN IMPRISONED

THE SEX PISTOLS' Jubilee Boat Trip trials took an astonishing turn last Tuesday when Tracie O'Keefe, who works in Seditionaries, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment for assaulting a police officer. Her solicitor, Julian Lee, immediately appealed against both the conviction and the sentence, and Tracie is now out on bail until her appeal comes up in about six weeks' time.

The case is still *sub judice*, so Tracie can't comment, but her fellow Seditionaries worker Debbie Wilson reckoned she was "obviously not very pleased" with the harsh sentence meted out by Bow St. Magistrate Mr Robbins. Julian Lee told *Thrills* that they are still looking for witnesses to Tracie's arrest to testify at the appeal.

This is actually the fifth of six cases arising out of the boat trip. By uncanny coincidence, the police managed to round up most of the Pistols' closest associates — several of whom were initially held for a full 12 hours.

Debbie Wilson herself was acquitted on September 13 of obstructing a police officer, while Sophie Richmond, McLaren's office manager, was fined £10 the same day for obstruction.

Next up was Viv Westwood, fined £15 on November 17 for obstructing a police officer (see *Thrills* 26.11.77), while Pistols art director Jamie Reid was acquitted of an assault charge the next day.

The one case still to be heard is Malcolm McLaren's, which comes up on February 3.

PHIL McNEILL.

THRILLS

INSIDE INFORMATION

P.12: Robert Gordon . . . the bloke what used to sing with Tuff Darts . . . plus Buzzcocks under the (back)lash from EMI.

P.13: Phil Manzanera . . . the bloke what used to play guitar with Roxy Music . . . plus Bob Dylan's first words to the press for 256 years.

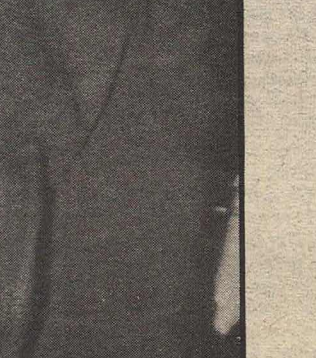
P.14: Ben Sidran . . .the bloke what used to play piano with Stevie Guitar Miller . . . plus the scam on Richard Dreyfuss's encounters with the aliens.

P.15: Robert Stigwood . . . the bloke what used to manage Cream, John Mayall and that lot . . . and the rise of the rock movie in '78.

P.16: Bob Welch . . . the bloke what used to play guitar for Fleetwood Mac . . . plus close encounters twixt two well-known R&B bands and the might of officialdom in far-flung parts.

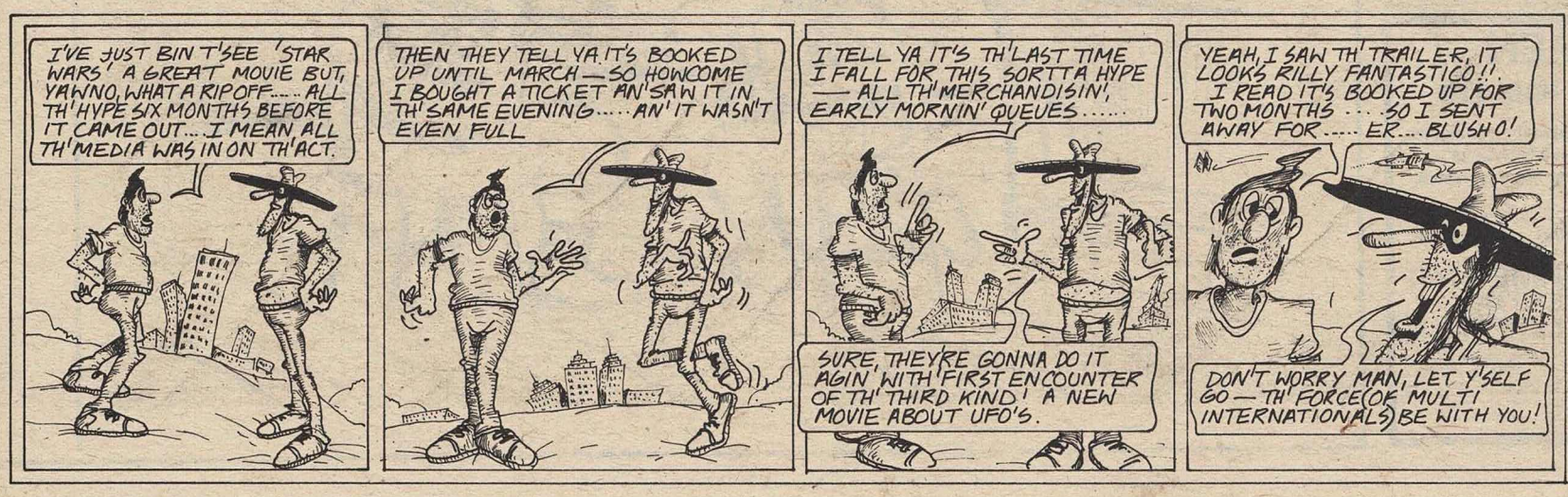
BLACKMAIL CORNER

A self-portrait from Nick Lowe of Kippington Lodge especially for you.



Blackmail Corner returns from holiday to bring you this delightful entry from the 1969 Fabulous 208 annual, brought to our attention by Mark Holding of Guildford. Quite a stiff, huh?

The Lone Groover — BENYON


I'VE JUST BIN T'SEE 'STAR WARS' A GREAT MOVIE BUT, YAWNO, WHAT A RIPOFF..... ALL TH' HYPE SIX MONTHS BEFORE IT CAME OUT... I MEAN ALL TH' MEDIA WAS IN ON TH' ACT.
THEN THEY TELL YA IT'S BOOKED UP UNTIL MARCH — SO HOWCOME I BOUGHT A TICKET AN' SAW IT IN TH' SAME EVENING..... AN' IT WASN'T EVEN FULL
I TELL YA IT'S TH' LAST TIME I FALL FOR THIS SORTTA HYPE — ALL TH' MERCHANDISIN', EARLY MORNIN' QUEUES.....
SURE, THEY'RE GONNA DO IT AGIN' WITH 'FIRST ENCOUNTER OF TH' THIRD KIND' A NEW MOVIE ABOUT UFO'S.
YEAH, I SAW TH' TRAILER, IT LOOKS RILLY FANTASTICO!!. I READ IT'S BOOKED UP FOR TWO MONTHS .... SO I SENT AWAY FOR..... ER.... BLUSH O!
DON'T WORRY MAN, LET Y'SELF GO — TH' FORCE (OR MULTI INTERNATIONALS) BE WITH YOU!

NOSTALGIA NEWS

EMI CENSOR BUZZCOCKS SINGLE

BUZZCOCKS COMPLETED their debut album last week (scheduled for United Artists release on March 3) and excited bleary-eyed and shagged-out from the studio to discover that their next single, the instant classic "What Do I Get?" b/w "Oh Shit", has been blackballed by EMI — who press UA's records — because they find "Oh Shit" offensive.

Elder punks will recall EMI as the happy-go-lucky people who withdrew the Pistols' first single many moons ago. They had actually been in possession of Buzzcocks' single for several weeks before they informed UA of their decision.

UA chief Cliff Busby was naturally well-choked at this wanton suppression of classic vinyl, and telephoned EMI from America in the hope of getting the decision changed and to express his anger that EMI had left it so late in the day to break the news (that they got no credibility to lose).

But to no avail, possums. Buzzcocks themselves are rather nonplussed over EMI's decision, because as far as they're concerned "Oh Shit" is a love song.

Comments the trenchant Shelley: "It's basically a love song split into three chapters. The first part describes a shock reaction to the breaking up of a relationship. The second phase covers the relationship having reached the point where there is no chance of a reconciliation, and you've got to the self-pity stage — i.e., I've blown it. The third reaction is more forceful, by this time you're blaming it all on someone else . . . I regard "Oh Shit" as a very reflective phase in the development of my songwriting."

"We're disgusted," says Buzzcocks guitarist Steve Diggle. "We thought that EMI's social conscience was last year's thing."

" 'Oh Shit' documents what goes through people's minds when a relationship finishes," opines Shelley.

"Nowadays love doesn't make the world go round," growls Diggle. "All I can say is: Oh Shit!"

"It's sad that EMI are setting themselves up as censors again," reflects Buzzcocks manager Richard Boon. "It seems that nothing has changed over the last year . . ."

The single — two of Buzzcocks' most popular live numbers — will have to be pressed elsewhere, although where, when and how long it's gonna take is, as yet, uncertain.

"It's good to know that the nation's health inspectors are hard at work and force-feeding massive doses of moral fibre to keep everybody regular," Richard Boon spits cynically. "Otherwise it's the same old fried egg in yesterday's stale bread; unpalatable."

Meanwhile, the perennial *oeuf* is once more on the faces of EMI and — hey, guys! — looks like you got another song written aboutcha . . .

"Oh shit, I thought you and I were friends/Oh shit, I guess this is where our love ends/Oh shit, I thought things were going well/But things haven't turned out so swell, has it?/Oh shit! Oh shit, pride comes before a fall/Oh shit, and when you lose one you've lost them all/Oh shit, I guess this time's the time/Oh shit, it seems you're no longer mine, don't it?/Oh shit!/Oh shit, I wish I'd known before now/Oh shit, that you were such a cow/Oh shit, I wouldn't have wasted my time/Oh shit, chasing someone who wasn't mine/Face it, oh shit!/Oh shit, I wish I'd known before now/Oh shit, that you were such a fucking cow/Oh shit, I wouldn't have wasted my time/Oh shit, chasing someone who could never be mine/Admit, you're shit?You're shit!/You're shit!/You're shit!"

TONY PARSONS THRILLS

ROBERT GORDON, who just pipped Willie De Ville to the post for this year's New York Tonsorial Sculptures Award.

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

PRESERVATION ON A PUNK CITY STREET

FIRST THING THAT HITS YOU about this geezer, he isn't faking. His barnet is late '50s Greasy Joe but heaped that way through habit, not by some modern specialist in period hair-styling. His clothes are common street togs from the era, not artful recreations of the same. Overall he looks more like he's just stepped out of a time-warp than a rock'n'roll boutique. Which isn't too far from the truth.

At 30 years of age Robert Gordon is young enough to have missed his opportunity to join the original rock'n'roll rebels but old enough to have seen a lot of them in action and never be more impressed. Disgusted with the American Tin Pan Alley teen idols and British groups who superceded the original rockers, he spent the early '60s watching black acts at the Howard Theatre in Washington when he wasn't singing rock'n'roll in less salubrious venues with The Confidentials and The Newports.

A stint in the army in the late '60s took him even further away from the wayward trips of contemporary rock. On his release, several mundane years as a leather-working family man kept him just as secluded. If it hadn't been for the break-up of his marriage he'd probably still be a scuffling homebody whose only connection with music was playing his old rock'n'roll records.

"When I split with my family it was a nightmare at first," Gordon admitted during a recent promotional sprint through London to pave the way for the British tours which he and the legendary Link Wray begin next week. "But that split was really the best thing that ever happened. I immediately got back into music."

Although he'd spent most of his life in and around Maryland, D.C. and Virginia, he'd dropped out of the army in New York City, where his return to music drew him straight into the clique of acts that included The New York Dolls, The Heartbreakers, Richard Hell, Television . . . and Tuff Darts, whom he eventually sang with for a couple of years.

"That was a kinda funny band. Although I was immediately accepted among all those guys and I'm still friends with many of them, it wasn't really what I wanted. It wasn't my kind of music.

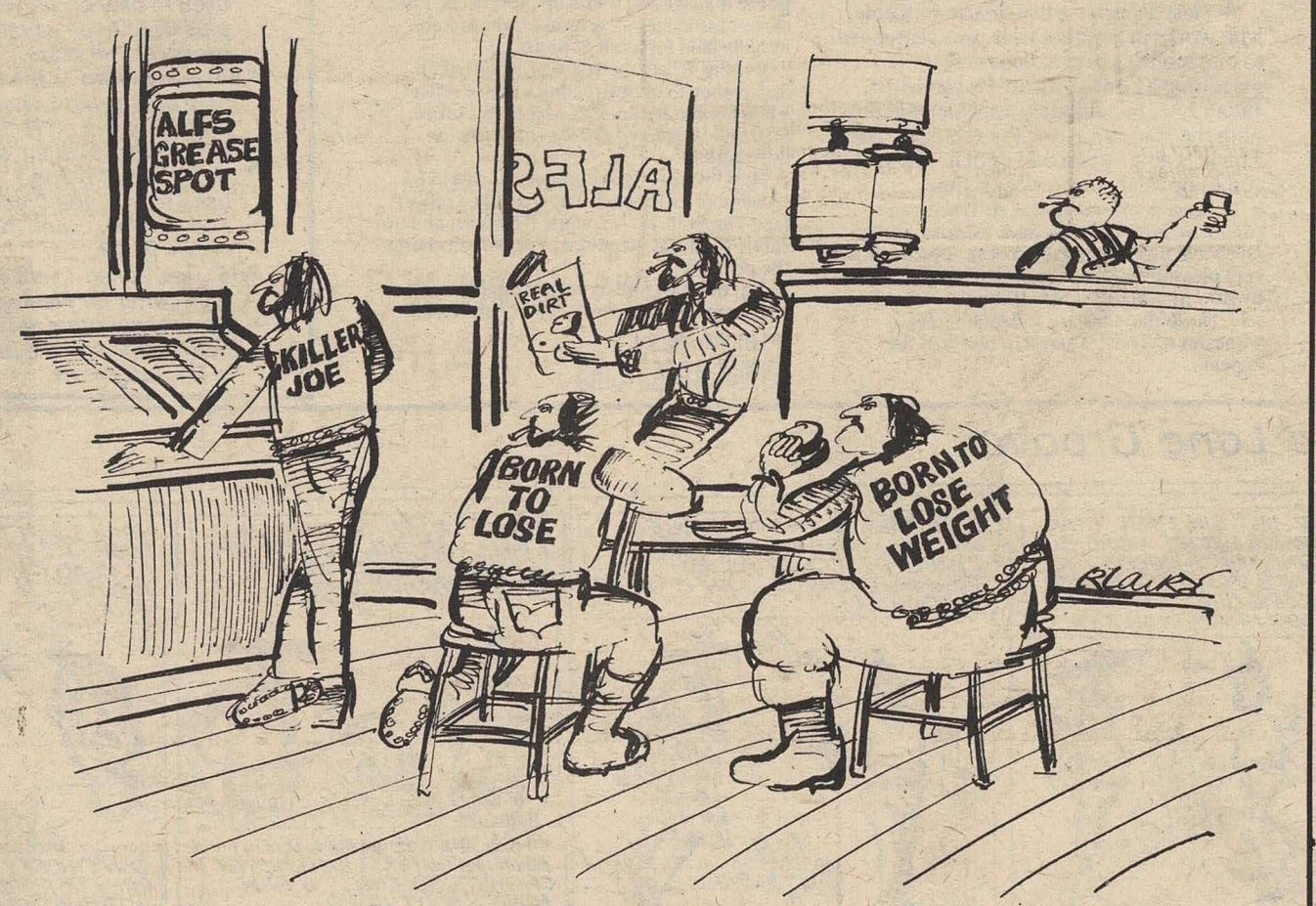
"I used to sing one or two rock'n'roll things with Tuff Darts but the band was more of a heavy guitar-orientated punk thing and I wasn't happy with a lot of the material. In the end I just couldn't keep doing their fucking songs, it was a negative trip, so I left. We didn't split on a very cool note. We were on the verge of a pretty decent deal so I guess they had some cause for complaint when I walked out."

Left to his own devices he contacted Richard Gottehrer, a writer / producer who'd been involved in a fair number of New York pop R&B hits (for Dean Parrish, The Chiffons, Bobby Comstock, Bobby Lewis and the like) and who produced Gordon's recent debut album on Private Stock.

"Richard had come down to see me when I was with Tuff Darts. At the time he wasn't impressed with the songs but he liked my singing so I got in touch with him and cut some demos. I used The Heartbreakers; we did Eddie Cochran's 'Somethin' Else' and two Gene Vincent tunes, 'Lotta Lovin' and 'Blues Stay Away From Me.' He liked them and we hooked up together.

"It was Richard who was instrumental in getting me and Link (Wray) together. I was reminiscing about when I first saw Link at various record hops so Richard got in touch with him where he was living on the West Coast. Link just said: 'Send me a ticket and I'll come over'; he did and we immediately hit it off.

LOWRY



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"Now he has re-located to the East and will soon have his own album out. He's one of a kind — an exceptional person — and I'm really flattered that he accompanied me on the album 'cause Link does not normally do back-up work."

Wray's minor but secure niche in the history of rock begs a story unto itself, but time enough for that to be updated when his own album hits the streets. Meanwhile Gordon is off and running at the head of a resurgence of American interest in rock'n'roll roots (which, typically, have been better appreciated by Europeans for the past couple of decades) with an album of rockabilly raunch and greasy crooning.

"I think the album is pretty decent," Gordon deadpanned, without false modesty or inflated ego, "but the next one will be better. Although this one was natural — we did nine cuts in four days, most of them worked out in the studio as we recorded — some of the tracks ended up a bit too cluttered for my taste.

"Now I've got my own band and we're going out with Link and his band as a self-contained revue" — though when Gordon and Wray hit the U.K. circuit next week they'll just have one band — "so when I go in the studio again we'll be tight and keep it simple.

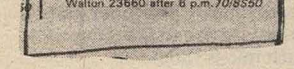
"Material? Well, it'll probably be the same mixture of old and new. Bruce Springsteen has just given us a song that I'd like to record, the other tracks'll come together after we've been on the road for a couple of months. In the meantime we've released 'The Fool' off the album coupled with 'Endless Sleep', the old Jody Reynolds thing. That was another one of the demos I did that didn't get on the album.

"I'm looking forward to performing in Europe — I understand there's a strong following for rock'n'roll over here. That's great ya know, 'cause I tell ya, we're not goofing."

European rockers look to your laurels; your reign as successors to the '50s American originators is about to be challenged from home base. Time, I suggest, for an enterprising promoter to think about organising an international battle-of-the-bands. Crazy times we'll have, for you and me. I promise.

CLIFF WHITE

THRILLS


Beaufort riding hat, size 6¾ £8
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Dylan must be hard up! Spotted in the Staines & Egham News by M J McDonnell.

801 (L-R): Phil Manzanera, Dave Skinner, Paul Thompson, Simon Ainley, Bill MacCormick. *Pic: PENNIE SMITH*

ROXY MUSIC TO 1984 IN JUST 18 MONTHS

ANYONE who sits bemused through the BBC's weekly glance at the world of pop music might fairly recently have seen something that jogged the senses into reflecting just how far we have, or haven't, come in the past five years.

The occasion was a re-run, to coincide with its re-release, of the film clip of Roxy Music doing "Virginia Plain", and it caused in this viewer at least some curious emotions.

The ultimate manifestation of the glam and futurism era, what then seemed like the first real band for the '70s — I was faintly relieved to find it not the acutely embarrassing spectacle I had expected.

Which, it turned out, was a similar reaction to that of the bug-eyed guitarist in the film.

"I was surprised," says Phil Manzanera with a fond smile. "I thought it would look silly and pretentious, but it didn't. It didn't even seem very dated."

Phil Manzanera auditioned for Roxy Music, failed, did the sound mixing for their early live shows, then joined them on guitar when original member Dave O'List left. The band made that *TOTP* film soon afterwards.

In the ensuing five years Bryan Ferry's dreams of a more elegant world have proved eminently marketable, if increasingly tedious. The original flashpoint of egos in Roxy Music dissolved under the dominant ambition of the ringleader.

"I think," says Manzanera, in the opulence of an EG Records office, "what would be incredibly interesting would be to do an album with Bryan, Andy McKay, Eno, Paul Thompson and myself, but there are no plans at the moment. It's possible, but it's not probable. Bryan, in his last few interviews, has said there's no chance. Sometimes I wonder if he knows what's best for him . . . "

As the roles of the other members of Roxy became ever more subservient to Ferry's, it was inevitable that they would branch out individually. First Eno, then Andy McKay with his "Eddie Riff" album and the *Rock Follies* series, and then Manzanera.

In '75 he recorded two albums, "Diamond Head" and "Quiet Sun". Quiet Sun was the introspective jazz-rock orientated band he was in with school-mate Bill MacCormick before joining Roxy, and during a break in Roxy's work schedules he reformed them for a one-off album.

"I did 'Diamond Head' and 'Quiet Sun' at exactly the same time. I did twelve-till-six 'Diamond Head' and six-till-twelve 'Quiet Sun', round the clock with different musicians at Island studios. I collapsed at the end.

Manzanera's other extra-curricular activities were mainly guitar chores for Eno, John Cale and Nico, and a foray as producer for Antipodean wierdos Split Enz. It was at the end of 1976, when Roxy's demise was almost complete, that he and Bill MacCormick formed the embryo 801. They played only a few gigs, but recorded one of these for a live album.

Interestingly, despite the presence of Eno, the music owed more to Quiet Sun than Roxy Music, and it was at about that time that Manzanera began work on what would be his first 'real' post-Roxy album, "Listen Now".

"I did 'Listen Now' over a period of about 18 months, and a lot of my ideas changed. When I began I had Bill Bruford on drums, Eddie Jobson on keyboards, Bill, myself and Eno. Over the 18 months I had all this material recorded but it didn't seem to make any sense. This is the same problem Eno has: you record a lot of material, but it's difficult tying it all together into an album.

"I had gone up to Strawberry North studio to see Kevin (Godley) and Lol (Creme) and have a play on a Gizmo. I couldn't get to sleep that night, so I organised a few of the tracks mentally and I got this loose idea for some sort of concept.

"I rang up Bill" — who, with his brother Ian, is responsible for Manzanera's lyrics — "and told him about this idea of future situations — what life might be like. I didn't want to have some heavy concept, just everyday scenes. That sparked off Bill and he wrote the lyrics for 'City Of Light', and in turn 'Law And Order'. I see the album as a series of situations within this future world and a series of tracks that seem to relate together."

And so it is — but it's an oppressed, bleak world, its citizens too soothed to feel safe, too scared to ask why . . . a foreboding future, set to a sombre music that is redolent mostly of, surprisingly, Pink Floyd. A disquieting juxtaposition of pleasant music and pessimistic words.

"I do feel strongly about the lyrics, although they're not my lyrics," Manzanera admits. "But I feel a terrible frustration at not being able to really do anything positive about the problems the lyrics deal with.

"I'm worried that the whole system of choosing people for political parties is such that when candidates arrive — the people that in ten years time will be MPs — they will have been conditioned by the tedium of the bureaucracy you have to go through to reach that position, and we'll be in the same position. I know because Bill has told me about all the intricacies of when he stood as a candidate.

"I think, though, that half the problem is admitting there *is* a problem, so there *is* a justification for everybody writing lyrics that say something's wrong."

Manzanera's not your average musician. His honesty about his aims and limitations and his modesty about his achievements will see him through.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

ARCHIVE FUN

*Back in the dark days of 1975, the questing lens of JOE STEVENS captured the original HEARTBREAKERS IN (ahem) **action** at — where else? — CBGB. The geezer on the right with the ridiculous barnet and the big Gretsch is — of course — JOHNNY THUNDERS and that commanding central figure behind the Gibson violin bass is — o'mon, if you haven't recognised him yet, deduct six credibility points from your final score — none offer that RICHARD HELL **lui-meme**. Makes us feel all young and sentimental again, dunnit . . .*

Pic: LYNN GOLDSMITH

DYLAN TALKS IN BID TO MAINTAIN WEEKLY THRILLS RECORD

*SURPRISE, SURPRISE, a forthcoming issue of **Rolling Stone** contains an interview with the world's most reclusive superstar, Bob Dylan — the frist time he's spoken to the press of his own volition since the early '70s.*

*The interview coincides with the New York and Los Angeles premieres of Dylan's new film, **Renaldo And Clara,** which stars Dylan as Renaldo, Sara Dylan (his ex-wife) as Clara, Ronnie Hawkins as Bob Dylan, Ronee Blakley as Mrs Dylan and Joan Baez as the Woman in White. (No one has as yet acquired the rights for UK distribution.)*

Dylan discourses about the film's themes, its illusions and allusions and the interchangeability of the main personalities. "I'll tell you what the film reveals," says Dylan, in one of his less opaque moments, "it reveals that there's a whole lot to reveal beneath the surface of the soul, but it's unthinkable."

*The film lasts over four hours ("To me, it's not long enough") and hardly seems likely to out-gross **Star Wars.** "We may be kicked right out of Hollywood after this film is released and have to go to Bolivia."*

Dylan only rarely allows himself to be diverted from the subject at hand. He agrees that he is divorced, and says his favourite singer is Om Kalsoum. (Yes, you may well ask . . .) "And I like Ry Cooder. New wave groups? No, I'm not interested in them."

The interview concludes with Dylan saying: "I don't really live in the actual world." No kidding!

FRANK BANK

THRILLS

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CLOSER ENCOUNTERS

MID-MARCH is the date set for the British unveiling of the second multi-million dollar special effects extravaganza of the year — *Close Encounters Of A Third Kind.*

The story of mankind's first encounter with an alien species, it features the acting talents of Richard Dreyfuss *(Jaws/American Graffiti)*, the special effects skills of Douglas Trumbull *(2001/Silent Running)* and the firm directorial hand of 29-year-old *Jaws* director Steven Spielberg.

Dreyfuss plays a John Doe power worker whose mind is invaded by aliens who lead him to a rendezvous with them at the spectacular natural formation, Devil's Tower in Wyoming. American reviewers have all called attention to the movie's soft centre, but are all equally agreed that the 40-minute confrontation sequence ranks up there alongside the best SF footage ever screened.

Initial punter reaction Stateside has earned the movie $11 million in its first week of release, but pundits reckon it will still need to gross $30-45 million worldwide just to break even.

***Close Encounters* cost $19 million to make, the most expensive film that Columbia Pictures have ever made. The picture's launch was surrounded with secrecy and paranoia — so much so that when an early trade review slated the movie, Columbia's shares fell on the New York Stock Exchange.**

Confidence is now returning, however, as *Close Encounters* begins to shape up as one of this year's box office blockbusters. Perhaps as part of his reward for pulling this giant movie together, Columbia have just spent some £7,000 buying Steven Spielberg a seat on the Space Shuttle. Let's hope he takes a camera with him.

DICK TRACY THRILLS

RICHARD DREYFUSS clutters up his living room by fashioning a model of the image aliens have implanted in his brain.

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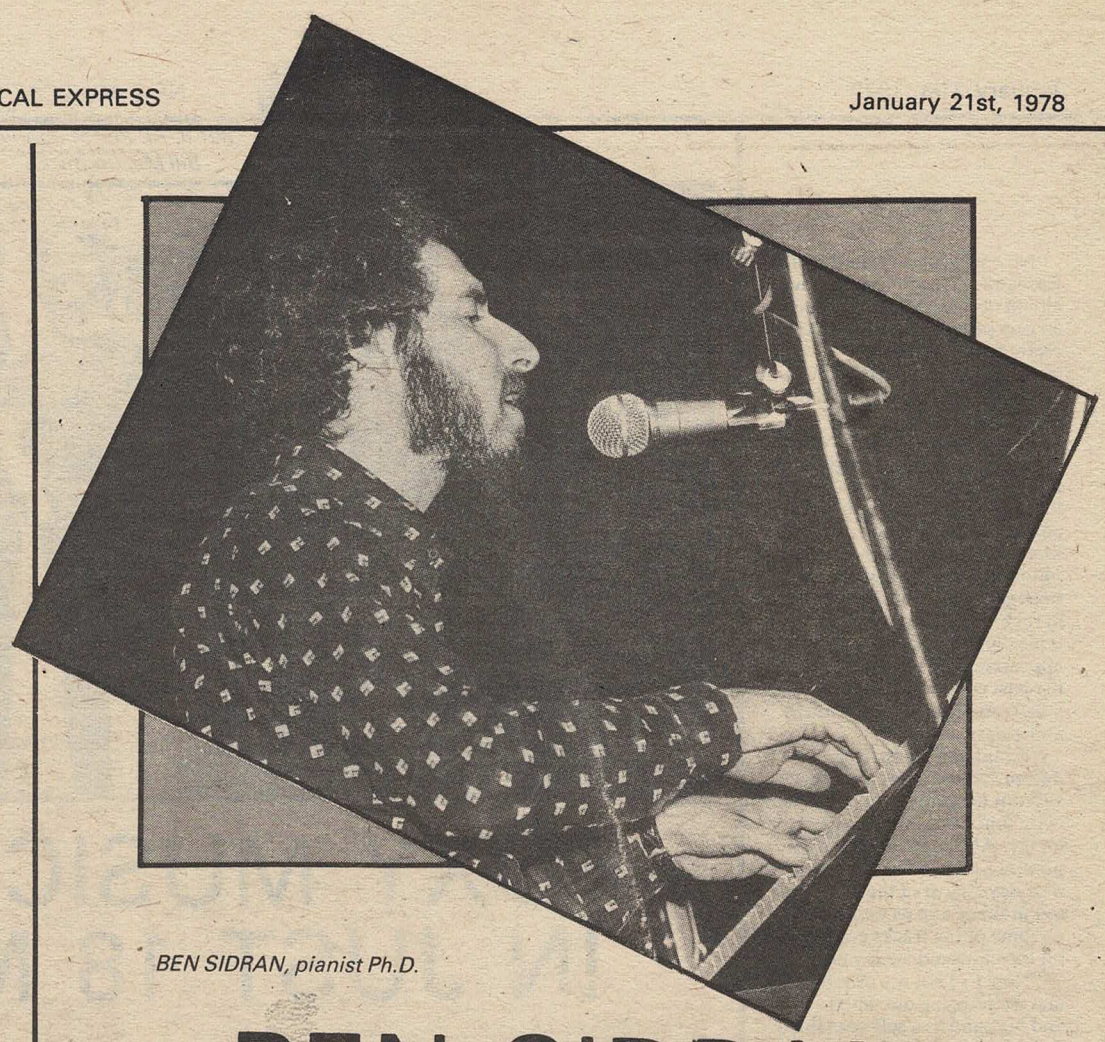


BEN SIDRAN, pianist Ph.D.

BEN SIDRAN HEDGES

(Actually, he answers all the questions most helpfully. . .)

BEN SIDRAN, DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY, ex-Steve Miller keyboardsman, *Rolling Stone* columnist and author of *Black Talk*, a cultural history of American black music, is jet-lagged but ready to talk. He picks at his Arista-bought meal with his fingers — it seems Clive forgot to order forks when decking out his London office — and explains why he's one of the few purely acoustic pianists still left in the game.

"It's all very intentional. Three years ago I just said: That's it — I'm never playing electric piano ever again. Y'see, the only reason people started playing electric piano in the first place was to get above the guitars in rock bands — that's why Ray Charles used a Wurlitzer piano initially. You couldn't trust acoustic pianos at that time. If you tried to mike them up, they would just feedback because of the acoustic situation — but now because of such devices as the Countryman pickup, you can take the instrument and play as loudly as anybody else..

"Playing electric, I had started to lose my technique — technique that I had spent years developing. And as I had never been attracted to synthesizers, I decided to make my stand as an acoustic piano player."

He seems an amiable sort of guy. I decide to chance my arm and declare that while his piano style might possibly fit into the early '60s, his vocal approach is even more dated and akin to that of such singing pianists as Bobby Troup and Freddie Slack, both of whom made their mark in the late '40s and early '50s. Surprisingly, Sidran agrees.

"Yeah, I guess it's fair to call me a throwback, because one of my main vocal influences is Hoagy Carmichael, while on piano I've been influenced by Bud Powell and Sonny Clark — people who are definitely *not* figures of the '70s."

Though Sidran's debut album, "Feel Your Groove", featured him in the company of such rock-celebs as Charlie Watts, Boz Scaggs and Peter Frampton, subsequent offerings have generally found him hanging out with a number of upper-crust but middle-aged jazzers, people like Frank Rosolino and Bill Perkins, both of whom helped to spark the Stan Kenton big band back in the early '50s; Richard Davis, a 47-year-old bassist; and Blue Mitchell, a trumpeter who also made his first squawk back in '30. In this respect, Sidran would seem to correlate with Tom Waits, another singer-pianist whose roots are in the '50s, both men working with a bassist, drummer and horn-player.

Here Doc Sidran disagrees.

"I don't see any parallel between myself and Tom — though other people do. He's one of those rare people who is exactly who he purports to be — and that's very hard to grasp in the context of the record business, because most people in this industry are manufactured.

"But Tom's quite a person. He can get up and walk away from his piano and still hold his audience — and that's something I can't do. I guess that's a testament to the power of his music, his presence and lyrical concept. So he's a very strong performer — but I don't see the parallel.

"One day I'd like to be on a show with Tom, Mose Allison, Michael Franks and Kenny Rankin, primarily because the difference between us all would emerge, as opposed to the similarities. The only *real* similarity is that we all sing like musicians rather than like vocalists."

He describes himself as a pop performer, and there's little doubt that his membership of the Steve Miller/Boz Scaggs fraternity, during which period he helped pen such Miller anthems as "Going To The Country" and "Space Cowboy", endeared him to *Zigzag* and other West Coast freaks. But beneath skin level, he's still a Lighthouse All-Star, plugged into the kind of music that filled Californian jazz haunts in the days when the term "West Coast" meant jazz at its coolest.

"I'd like to go into a studio with maybe Richard Davis and Tony Williams, or say, Dave Holland and Louis Hayes, and record all those Bud Powell, Horace Silver and Sonny Clark tunes that have meant so much to me. I'd like to file them away because I think such things should be documented before they slip into the background. I mean, the way people die nowdays. . .Wynton Kelly. . .Hamp Hawes. . .all these people going away. It's just scary."

One track on "The Doctor Is In", Sidran's sixth and current album, contains a lyric which states: *"Jim Dandy to the rescue, he ain't gonna come/Space Cowboy he never was/Gangster of Love, gonna see about you."* A sign of a split in the Miller-Sidran relationship perhaps?

Nope, says the Doc.

"A lot of people have come up and told me that they wondered if it indicated a rift between Steve and me. But Jim Dandy, Space Cowboy and the Gangster of Love are all rock and roll archetypes who are gonna ride in and help the average Joe through his life. And the meaning of that bridge to the song is that rock'n'roll isn't gonna do a thing for you. The song is called 'You've Got To Make It On Your Own' — which is what it's all about."

FRED DELLAR THRILLS

Radio 1

10.0 The Kinks *Stereo*
Direct from the Hammersmith Odeon in a Simultaneous Broadcast with BBC2, followed by an hour of album requests
Introduced by Alan Freeman
Producers JEFF GRIFFIN and TONY WILSON

BBC 2

10.0 The Old Grey Whistle Test
presents
The Kinks' Christmas Concert
A live broadcast from the stage of the Rainbow Theatre in London.
Introduced by **Bob Harris**

From Radio Times 24.12.77. Auntie's left hand evidently doesn't know what her right one's up to. . .Sent by Graham Percival of Burnham, Bucks.

1978 — THE YEAR OF THE ROCK MOVIE

NINETEEN SEVENTY EIGHT, it seems, will see the consummation of the marriage between the New Hollywood and the music business, resulting in a flood of feature films in the immediate future and opening up new possibilities for the years ahead.

The push for this alliance has come from both sides, with film and music corporations seeking — what else? — increased profits. After all, records and movies share the same 13-35 year-old audience, and the recent huge success of soundtrack albums has shown that not only do they mean money in record company coffers, they're also the best film advertising you can have. And obviously entertainment conglomerates with film *and* record arms cash in with both hands.

One of the leading rock movie tycoons is Robert Stigwood who, in the past, scooped "grand rights" to *Jesus Christ, Superstar* (earning his company $35 million from live productions alone), put his toe in the water with *Tommy,* and now has three rock musicals in the works with more to follow. Frederic Gershon, president of the Robert Stigwood Group, says of him: "He believes a music star has replaced what the film star was . . . The only one who can compare to a Clark Gable now is a Peter Frampton."

This view is echoed by Walter Yetnikoff, president of the CBS Record Group who, when asked by the *Hollywood Reporter* whether music is becoming increasingly important to motion pictures, replied: "Definitely. And the reverse is also true, that films are becoming more important to the music world . . . I think we are going to find many more music artists involved in films in the future, not only in connection with the score, but as actors, writers, directors, and possibly even producers . . . My kids tell me they would rather see the Eagles in films than a lot of the current Hollywood stars."

The main musical movies line up as follows:

Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. Starring Peter Frampton as Billy Shears, The Bee Gees as the Lonely Hearts Club Band, Frankie Howerd as Mean Mr Mustard and Aerosmith as the "Future Villains" singing "Come Together". Also featuring Paul Nicholas, Alice Cooper, Chicago, Earth, Wind and Fire, Nils Lofgren, Linda Ronstadt and Eric Clapton.

Director Michael Schultz of *Car Wash* fame says of the film: "It's a fantasy about the power of music to change people. Or at least to give them a better understanding of each other. That may sound banal, but the film hopefully won't be. It's time we got away from old screen musical forms or just the rock concert idea."

Produced by Robert Stigwood with George Martin as musical director, RSO Records will release a double album package of 30 Beatles songs to coincide with the film's release. They are already predicting it will outdo the 15 million sale of "Sound Of Music" to become the biggest selling soundtrack album of all time.

Incidentally, Northern Songs, the former Lennon-McCartney firm which holds most of

the Beatles' song copyrights, is now owned by Sir Lew Grade and . . . Robert Stigwood.

Two other Beatles'-based movies are *I Want To Hold Your Hand* (Universal), the story of a group of New Jersey teenagers trying to meet the group during their 1964 visit to New York. Cast of unknowns with cameo appearance from famed deejay Murray the "K" playing himself.

Paramount are fielding *Growing Up With The Beatles.*

Disco movies. Leader in the field is *Saturday Night Fever,* another Stigwood production starring John Travolta as Tony Manero, the New York kid who only comes to life when he's inside a disco. Based on a magazine feature by Nik Cohn (*Awopbopaloobop* and *Rock Dreams*), the movie features music by Bee Gees, Yvonne Elliman and Tavares.

Lower budget items include *Disco 9000,* the story of a Hollywood disco owner, and Dimension Pictures' *Disco Dolls,* standard exploitation fare.

Also in the pipeline is *Thank God It's Friday!* — a multi-corporation disco comedy with music. Casablanca Records and Filmworks are supplying Donna Summer, Motown The Commodores, and Columbia will make the picture.

Radio movies: Linda Ronstadt makes her film debut in *FM,* a behind-the-scenes look at an American radio station. The movie's executive producer is Irving Azoff, manager of Ronstadt and The Eagles, the film co-stars Joe Smith (chairman of WEA Records), and the soundtrack album (due out from MCA) features a title song written by Steely Dan.

American Hot Wax is the story of the 1950s New York disc jockey Alan Freed when he was at the height of his success and before the New York payola scandals of 1959. A soundtrack album featuring songs from that period is due from A&M.

Biopics of musical greats include the *Buddy Holly Story,* plus the lives of Janis Joplin, Bessie Smith, Jellyroll Morton, Louis Armstrong and Nat King Cole. Neil Diamond is rumoured to be considering the role of Al Jolson in a remake of *The Jazz Singer.*

Broadway shows are a prime source of film material. The movie version of *Hair* is currently shooting, directed by Milos Forman of *Cuckoo's Nest* fame.

The MOR Broadway smash *Grease,* another Stigwood production, offers nostalgia and bobby sox starring John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

Motown Industries have budgeted $12 million on *The Wiz,* an all-black musical version of *The Wizard of Oz,* toplining Diana Ross with Michael Jackson as the Scarecrow. Also featured are Richard Pryor, Lena Horne and Red Foxx. A floor-covering manufacturer has produced a special Yellow Brick Road linoleum which, in the film, will be unrolled across the Brooklyn Bridge all the way to the New York World Trade Centre, the location of the Wizard's Emerald City. Motown anticipates the film being an international box-office smash.

The rock concert, the traditional approach

to handling rock music on film, will be led by *The Last Waltz,* a documentary record of The Band's farewell concert directed by Martin Scorsese, who previously handled editing chores for Michael Wadleigh on *Woodstock.*

Also due out this year is *ABBA — The Movie,* a record of the group's Australian tour with a slight storyline.

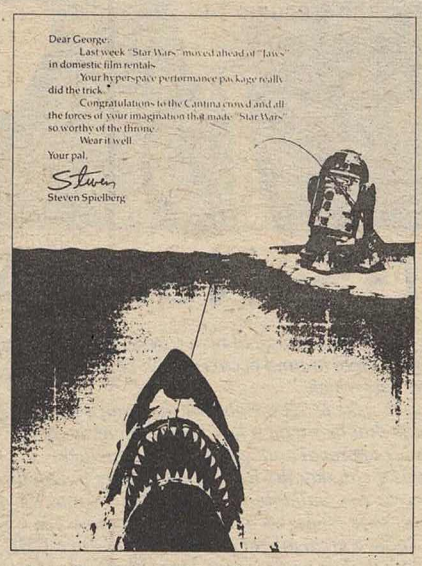
All of which is likely to be only the tip of the iceberg. There will no doubt be various punk films, the rights to *Rock Follies* have been sold to British producers, *Evita* will be filmed — and how long is it before the life of Elvis Presley gets the full screen treatment?

Socially, of course, the rock and film elite

have been mixing for years, with odd movie appearances by rock stars are becoming increasingly common. Mae West's new film *Sextette,* for example, features Ringo Starr, Alice Cooper and Keith Moon alongside the likes of Tony Curtis and George Raft. Whether these collaborations will bear any artistic fruit, or whether they'll turn out as just another corporate manouevre to part us from our money, remains to be seen.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS


Dear George,
Last week "Star Wars" moved ahead of "Jaws" in domestic film rentals.
Your hyperspace performance package really did the trick.
Congratulations to the Cantina crowd and all the forces of your imagination that made "Star Wars" so worthy of the throne.
Wear it well.
Your pal,
Steven
Steven Spielberg

And finally ... a friendly full-page greeting from one hotshot director to another in The Hollywood Reporter, 2.12.77.

Rock movie stars (from top): Barry Gibb and Alice Cooper slug it out in ***Sgt. Pepper,*** *Donna Summer double-takes for* ***Thank God It's Friday,*** *Michal Jackson signs an advance autograph for his* ***The Wiz*** *audience, Robbie Robertson ponders* ***The Last Waltz,*** *and Diana Ross look over the rainbow about the news that she's got the Garland slot in* ***The Wiz.***

TOP TEN ALBUMS

(Courtesy Preslands, High Street)

1 Sound of Bread—Bread
2 20 Country Classics—Tammy Wynette
3 20 Golden Greats—Diana Ross and the Supremes
4 Never Mind the Naughty Bits—Sex Pistols
5 Rumours—Fleetwood Mac

COUNTRY MUSIC AT THE HORSE & JOCKEY Mill Street, Old Basford
Nottingham Country Music Club presents
JOHN LYDON

Left: The Stevenage Midweek Gazette displays its version of the Pistols' album No.4 in their charts (sent by Shaun Keogh and L. Turner), while (below) Thrills' favourite rag-out spotter, Eggy of Stapleford, draws our attention to the latest pursuit of the Pistols' venerable leader—singing country and western!?? Incidentally, we hear that Coventry Woolworths are listing an album called "Never Mind The Knick Knacks"...

How many people do you have to listen to before you listen to Café Jacques

"I'm not proud, I'll pick 'em for '78"
Hugh Fielder–Sounds

"Phil Collins of Genesis has sung their praises. Listening to this album I am sure you'll agree. If things go the right way they'll probably be as big as Genesis."
Robin Smith–Record Mirror

"Café Jacques will soon be slipping into the shoes of established bands like Genesis and 10 c.c. An irrevocably classy album."
Martyn Sutton–Radio & Record News

"Scotland seems to have the knack of producing some of the grittiest rock bands around... Alex Harvey's band and Nazareth are immediate examples... Café Jacques doesn't seem to fit easily into this company, but any outfit capable of producing a debut album of the immediate and pungent power of "Round The Back" will not be kept waiting."
John Orme–Melody Maker

The band is CAFÉ Jacques

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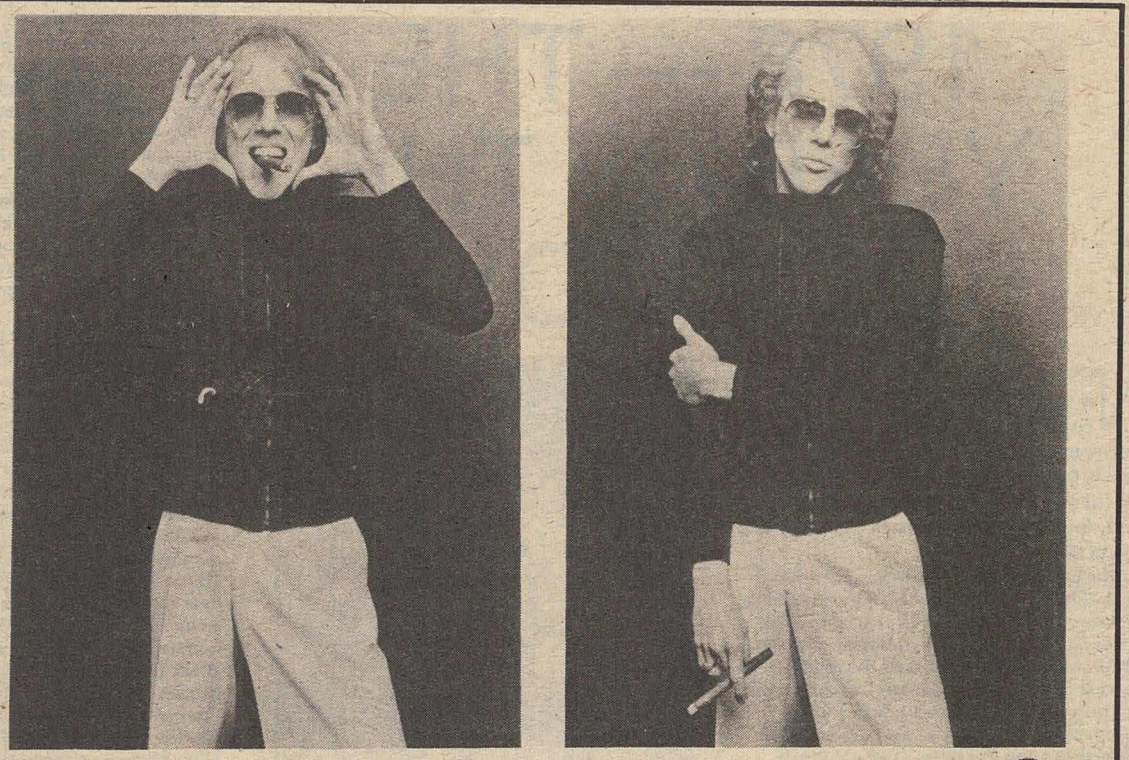
Records & Tapes

THIS BLOKE MAY LOOK LIKE A DORK, BUT HE'S GOT SOME TRULY FASCINATING TALES TO TELL . . .

The only axeman ever to quit Fleetwood Mac and survive to tell the tale . . .



BOB WELCH

Photo: Olivier Ferrand

Capitol

AS CAN BE GLEANED from the contents of his new solo album, "French Kiss", Bob Welch, by his own admission, is a late developer.

In just a few short months, "French Kiss" and the Stateside single "Sentimental Lady" have virtually outsold the combined returns of the five albums — and Lord knows how many singles — to which he contributed between April '71 and December '74 as one of a long line of star-crossed guitarists to work with Fleetwood Mac.

A native of California, Welch joined Mac as replacement for Jeremy Spencer — Mac's ribald parody merchant who, without notice, suddenly decamped with the Children Of God. At that juncture, Fleetwood Mac's fortunes were at a pretty low ebb. Welch was to quit when they were even worse.

When the guitarist originally auditioned, his expectation was that he'd be called upon to perform Mac's Greatest Hits and blow a little blues. To his surprise, however, the group's founder-members had no intention of attempting to cover either Peter Green's or Jeremy Spencer's act.

"They really didn't know what they were gonna do," says a cigar-chomping Welch who, in his soppy cap, comes across as Woody Allen's idea of a smooth West Coast rock musician, but without the attendant overt neurosis. "Mac were wide open to any suggestions," he recalls — and they immediately started raiding Welch's stash of self-penned songs.

Then, after recording "Future Games" and "Bare Trees", guitarist Danny Kirwan was asked by the group to tender his resignation — "He was coming apart at the seams" is all that Welch will say of his former cohort. Throughout his stay with Mac (a band notorious for its axemen fleeing under harrowing headlines), Welch admits never feeling complete security of tenure.

"Truthfully for the first couple of years, I really didn't know what I was supposed to be doing!" By the time he did, Fleetwood Mac was in the throes of protracted litigation with their now ex-manager Clifford Davis.

In October '73, personal problems within Mac were close to tearing the group apart. Mick Fleetwood, his wife Jenny (sister of Patti Boyd) and another Mac guitarist (for one album only — "Penguin") Bob Weston were involved in an eternal triangle. Having reached an intolerable situation — "Fleetwood and Weston couldn't go on the same stage as one another" — it was mutually agreed that the rest of their US tour should be cancelled and that they should regroup if and when the Fleetwoods had resolved their marital dilemma.

A three-month lay-off was suggested.

Around Christmas of that year, Welch received numerous phone calls from American promoters saying they were looking forward to seeing Mac very shortly as concert dates had already been confirmed. It transpired that during the interim, Clifford Davis had, according to Welch, booked-out another bunch of musicians masquerading under the Fleetwood Mac banner.

There are innumerable stories concerning what happened.

Members of the bogus Fleetwood Mac (who later re-emerged as Stretch) allege that Mick Fleetwood had instructed Davis to form a new band which the drummer would front, but that two weeks before the first dates Fleetwood opted out. Bob Welch claims the story to be without foundation. His version is that Davis wrote to each member of the band stating that *he* had control of the name Fleetwood Mac, and was offering them a position in the new line-up — and whether they accepted or not, Fleetwood Mac *would* tour.

As soon as the bogus band hit the road, injunctions were served by Welch, Fleetwood and Mr. and Mrs. McVie (Weston having been ousted), and for the next nine months they were engaged in attempting to win back their name, record a new album ("Heroes Are Hard To Find") and move to Los Angeles to re-negotiate their recording contract with Warner Brothers.

Prevented from touring, legal fees and subsistence all but bankrupted Mac. According to Welch. there was also a time when they feared the court decision would go against them. It didn't, but by the time "Heroes Are Hard To Find" was released Welch was "Emotionally frustrated". Worse still, "I didn't have another song in me left to write."

Optimistic about the immediate future, Fleetwood Mac set out on a promotion tour of the States — only to discover that their new album had failed to set the charts on fire. "We'd anticipated a smash comeback," Welch recollects, "and when that didn't happen . . ."

Before the year was over, Welch quit. "I was now going downhill very very fast."

With ex-Jethro Tull bassist Glenn Cornick and Nazz skinman Thom Mooney (later to be replaced by Iggy sidekick Hunt Sales), Bob Welch formed his glitzy power trio, Paris. Falling between stools, Paris died after cutting two albums. "With a whimper," says Welch, "not a bang!"

By the time the second Paris album was released, they'd parted with four managers and were without representation or work. A new manager appeared, declared the trio redundant, and suggested that Welch disband Paris and move to New York, where plans were being drawn up for him to front a much larger rock'n'boogie showband.

"At the time, I was so deep in debt and with no prospects that I agreed." The project was stillborn.

Nevertheless, Welch had no trouble persuading Capitol Records to spring for a solo album and, picking up Mick Fleetwood along the way as manager, "French Kiss" resulted.

Much stronger than anything Welch contributed to the Fleetwood Mac songbook, "French Kiss" could be said to fall perfectly into the current highly lucrative Hip Easy Listening category. Yet it transcends much of the one-dimensional gloss that genre evokes.

Basically, "French Kiss" is a quality pop-rock album which sounds just fine on either stereo or a car radio. The production (courtesy John Carter), the classy material, and the performance (apart from a drummer, Welch plays all the instruments, except for on "Sentimental Lady"), are all of equal importance to the album's success.

To Capitol's credit, the album hasn't been marketed as a surrogate Fleetwood Mac set. "Funnily enough, the only Fleetwood Mac song that people associate the name Bob Welch with," confesses Welch, "is 'Hypnotized'. Almost all the FM stations spin it around 11 o'clock every Saturday night for the stoners. I think that with this new album I've developed into being a far better *songwriter* . . . It's taken me long enough!"

Welch claims that he's never had any real regrets about leaving Fleetwood Mac when he did. "Perhaps if I'd stayed with the group," he says philosophically, "Mick might not have met Lindsey Buckingham and Stevie Nicks, and as a result might not have become as successful as they are right now. I suppose that it all worked out for the best."

Certainly, as far as Bob Welch is concerned it has. Not only has he an American Top 20 album, but he's also the only guitarist ever to have quit Fleetwood Mac and survived to tell the tale.

ROY CARR

THRILLS

BOOMTOWN RATS (l-r): Bob Geldof, Johnny Fingers, Gerry Cott, Garry Roberts, Simon Crowe, Pete Briquette, and Jack Lynch (with tie and short hair).

HISTORIC MEETINGS No.476a

SO THERE'S THESE SIX Irish fellas, see, who're in some sort of pop group or other called The Boomtown Rats or something loike dat, and they're sittin' in this restaurant in Cork, see, when in walks Jack Lynch, who's only the Prime Minister of Eire.

So Jack Lynch walks up to Modest Bob Geldof — he's the leader of the band, see — and he says to Modest Bob, he says, "You're Bob Geldof of The Boomtown Rats, aren't you?"

Modest Bob being Modest Bob, see, he says, "Yes."

And Jack Lynch says to Modest Bob, "I used to know your old man — we went sailing a lot together. In fact, at one time we took out identical twin sisters. For laughs, we used to swap them around occasionally. Nobody knew which one was which."

Then Jack asks Modest Bob how the band's career's going and he says that he's read a lot about them in the press, expresses his approval and wishes them lotsa luck.

Does this mean that the Rats can now play in Dublin?

Next week: Jim Callaghan runs into Sid Vicious down the Speakeasy, says, "Sid, we at Number Ten think you and the boys are doing a great job for Britain," gives Sid a CBE, Sid hits Jim with broken bottle, Steve Jones knighted, Malcolm McLaren made Chancellor of the Exchequer, etc, etc.

BLECHTNA O'HOOLIGAN

THRILLS

ROCK'N'ROLL FUN — SPENDING XMAS IN A SPANISH GAOL

ONE THING YOU CAN SAY about the rock and roll business: it's a great way to have Fun. Lots and lots of pure, unalloyed, untainted fun. Yes, friends, rock and roll could get you locked up in a Spanish jail over Christmas. It could also get all the money earned by you and your band during a tour confiscated. What happened to Chris Fenwick could happen to you!!

Here's the picture. Chris Fenwick and the band he manages — called Dr Feelgood or something like that — have just finished gigging in Spain and the promoter has paid them off in pesetas.

This is contrary to Spanish regulations, since the peseta is in such a rickety condition that the government doesn't want any taken out of the country. The fates are against the Doctor and his colleagues, and Fenwick, the Feelgoods and tour manager Fred Munt get busted at Barcelona Airport.

Deadlock. The band have a gig the following night, and Fenwick produces a contract to prove it, so Munt and the Feelgoods fly on out, and Fenwick goes into clink the day before Christmas Eve.

In a Madrid court, the judge demands £2000 bail. "I said, 'Listen, bruvver'," Fenwick relates. " 'All the money we got in the world is what you're asking for . . .' "

Over the festive season, Fenwick's in jail, sustained by food and wine provided for the unhappy prisoners by the local nuns. The day after Boxing Day they let him out, but he has to stay in Spain for another fortnight, waiting to come back to court. Luckily, he had a mate who lived in Spain who was willing to put him up for the duration. So it was a 14-hour train ride into the heartland before he got back into court, where they wanted to fine him all the money he was caught with.

"In Franco's time they'd have put the band and the crew in jail, confiscated all the gear . . . but they're a lot more liberated now. Spain's a very good market for us and we'll be going back there. We'll have to, to make up the loss."

The case is now pending an appeal, and Fenwick reckons that it should be back in court sometime in 1980.

"But I don't think I'll be going back for that . . ."

Hey Chris, don't take any wooden pesetas . . .

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

THE END

'Quarter Moon
In A Ten Cent Town'

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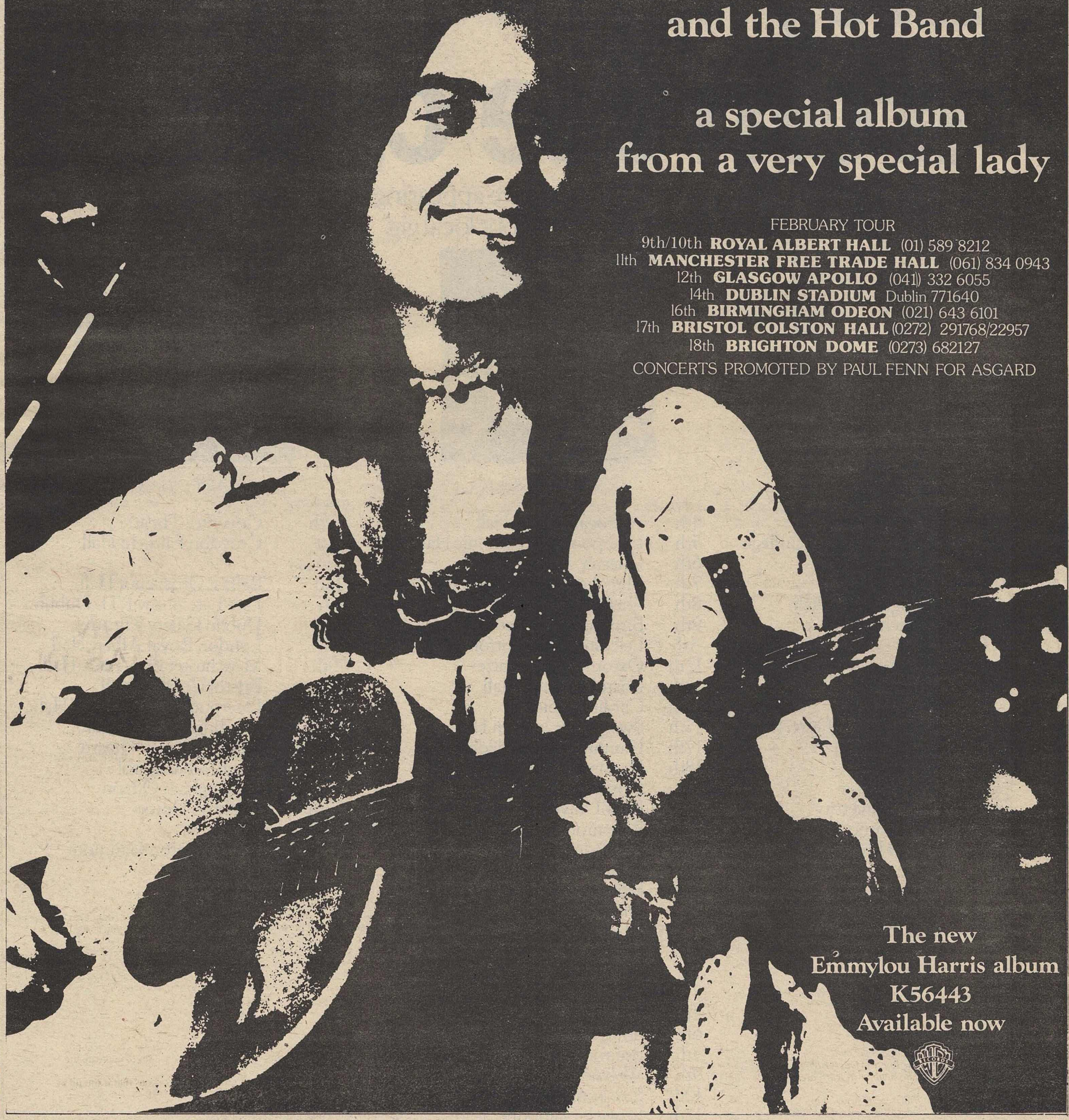
HARRIS

and the Hot Band

a special album
from a very special lady



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11th **MANCHESTER FREE TRADE HALL** (061) 834 0943
12th **GLASGOW APOLLO** (041) 332 6055
14th **DUBLIN STADIUM** Dublin 771640
16th **BIRMINGHAM ODEON** (021) 643 6101
17th **BRISTOL COLSTON HALL** (0272) 291768/22957
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CHR 1145 DIZRYTHMIA

SPLIT ENZ

JANUARY
20th Huddersfield Polytechnic
21st Glasgow Queen Margaret College
23rd Tiffanys Edinburgh
24th Aberdeen University
26th Middlesborough Town Hall
27th Preston Polytechnic (at Guild Hall)
28th Hull University
31st Bristol Locarno

FEBRUARY
1st Essex University (Colchester)
3rd West Runton Pavillion
4th Friars Aylesbury
5th London Roundhouse
6th Southampton University
7th Portsmouth Locarno
8th The Mountford Liverpool

CHR 1151 STORM FORCE TEN

STEELEYE SPAN

FEBRUARY
4th Harrogate Royal Hall
5th Liverpool Philharmonic Hall
6th Chester ABC
7th Manchester Free Trade Hall
8th Sheffield City Hall
9th Birmingham Odeon
11th Leicester De Montfort Hall
12th Oxford New Theatre
13th Bristol Colston Hall
14th Cardiff Capitol
15th Swansea Brangwyn Hall
17th Hammersmith Odeon
18th Hammersmith Odeon
19th Coventry Theatre
20th Kent University
21st Portsmouth Guildhall
22nd Brighton Dome
24th Newcastle City Hall
25th Edinburgh Usher Hall
26th Glasgow Apollo
27th Aberdeen Capitol

MARCH
1st Middlesborough Town Hall
2nd Bradford St. George's Hall
4th Peterborough ABC
6th Southampton Gaumont
7th Bournemouth Winter Gardens
9th Wolverhampton Civic Hall
10th Stockport Davenport Theatre
12th Ipswich Gaumont

CHR 1159 MARY O'HARA AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

MARY O'HARA

JANUARY
29th Coventry Theatre
31st Croydon Fairfield Hall

FEBRUARY
2nd Belfast Grosvenor Hall
4th Late Late Show-RTE Dublin
5th Dublin Gaiety Theatre
8th London Royal Albert Hall
10th Manchester Free Trade Hall
12th Bristol Colston Hall
15th Liverpool Philharmonic Hall
18th Edinburgh Usher Hall
19th Glasgow Kings Theatre
21st Aberdeen Capitol
23rd Birmingham Odeon
27th Brighton Dome

MARCH
1st Southampton Gaumont

SINGLES

REVIEWED By PAUL MORLEY

AT THE CROSSROADS

IGGY AND THE STOOGES. 'I'm Sick Of You (Bomp Import). A gruesomely packaged treat, backed with "Tight Pants"/"Scene Of The Crime". Sessions from "Raw Power", 1973, take it from there. Live from a theatre of cruelty, almost coincidentally confronting an audience's problems so extremely.

"I'm Sick Of You" drifts in stagnant/dramatic. First section is an oozing brilliantly hateful anti-ballad, then snap, can take no more, it drops off an edge into pure-noise-intensity. Third section a thin, piercing, greedy guitar solo emoting over a sub-mechanical excited rhythm, then the song drawls out eyeless, and deep set, nervy and nervous. No commonplace existence. The essence of experience. This hurts, it's an atmosphere of sheer torment. The type of statement that will stand up to much more than a mere five year test of time. Top side is an essential purchase, other side worth having.

ROXY MUSIC: Do The Strand (Polydor). Some more from '73 - quite a playground for the creative, that period. A thick, gestural dance tune now in single form in the UK although for a long time an elitist import. A rock solid bagful of performing techniques and electronic gear. Elegant but not too elaborate, it comes from a time when Ferry had enough conscientious help in gauging just how much he could get away with.

It's coupled with "Editions Of You": two upfront cuts from Roxy's sleaziest, most realistically speculative long-player "For Your Pleasure", a disc that has moments of continually arresting greatness. These two songs haven't dated either but, aah, the odour of nostalgia. Roxy could have been so good . . .

These days Ferry indulges in memories, and his once prickly cultural sense of humour seems warped. Eno's verbiage seems a little faltering; perhaps he would really love to be in a pop group again. Even Iggy owns up to being a showman. Love it to, er, death. These artists wander weary (but happy?) at the crossroads, nibbling David's ankles as the lanky one covers his groin with metal. But wait . . . what is this charging towards us, tearing odd molecules from the weary ones at the crossroads? Hero! You come at last.

MAGAZINE: Shot By Both Sides (Virgin). Some shadows of reality (can one be a judge of fellow creatures?). In acccent, gesture and bodily posture, this is simply beyond. Whether it is good or not . . . the cuts show. So far still a very obscure one?

This is the first substance that can be grasped and repeated from Magazine, Howard Devoto's "rock" investigation number two. Aiming for the mass, trailing away. With Buzzcocks his influence was deep, with Magazine it will be greater. Borrowings distilled/destroyed uncannily, words pointed and deliberate. Less of the literacy — more of the . . . message.

"Shot By Both Sides"; you know the feeling, people STARING at you, surely as one, mounting unsuppressable paranoia. It's backed with "an entertaining little piece", a whimsical teaser, "My Mind Ain't So Open!"

Concentration on self.

"Shot" is the third, and alas very probably the final tangible example of the (Pete) Shelley-Devoto experience, Shelly having a distant hand in the musical construction. Previous references: 'Spiral Scratch' and 'Orgasm Addict'. The intellect emotion relationship.

The first few seconds are to fool you. A fast stab of electric guitar, a throwback. There's a discernible pause, then the immediate 'book' of the piece slots in, a beseeching, ascending guitar phrase. Slowness within the pace, an effective musical evocation of mental struggle.

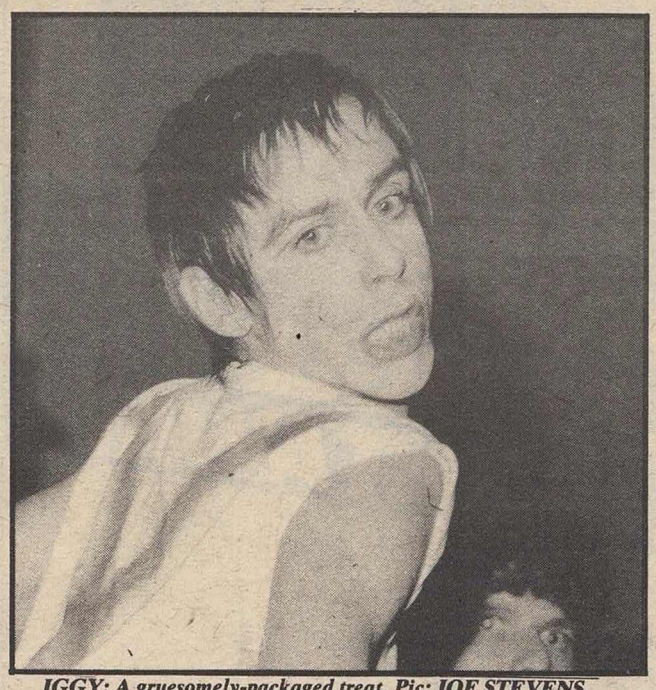
The riff charges on with tight control and sensual thrust. Devoto's voice, sturdy and direct, is etched with strongly disguised bewilderments. Twisting, growling, spitting, pleading. The guitar ascendency continually echoes perfectly Devoto's description.

There's a sweet, desperate, skidding guitar solo which pulls back into the mainline exhilaration, a discreet metamorphosis into a dark, pained, soft section that climbs tightly into a sparkling orgasmic climax before charging back into a repeat of the memorable chorus. The end, hard and sudden. A multi-levelled piece, merging simplicity with complexity.

This is a packed three minutes 54 seconds defying easy labels; contents, high spots, many times higher than pieces stretched twice as long. A delicious segment of claustrophobic turbulence. Modern-gothic, obsessive and the ridiculous thing is, it will sell. Thousands.

FOR NO GOOD REASONS DEVO: Satisfaction/Sloppy (Booji Boy Import). Some lovable minutes of palatable, accessible eccentricity from boys who look set to be spoiled by the likes of Bowie and Iggy. "Sloppy" purports to be just that, but that's just to confuse you. Very together. Abstract, but together.

"Satisfaction" is the bleached residue of the Stones sexual concoction. Devo love to abbreviate the things we take for granted. It's up to you how seriously you take them, but they are a peculiar kind of intellectual slumming entertainment. They will be successful, whatever that means, even to them. This addictive, doubtful slab of enchantingly wrapped vinyl will be a collector's item, whatever that means. My values are questioned. (Devo are just big dummies).



IGGY: A gruesomely-packaged treat. Pic: JOE STEVENS.

THE RESIDENTS: Duck Stab (Ralph Records). Play at any speed. Laugh or frown. Disturbing or disposable. Seven cuts. Or 'trips'. Indescribable. The Residents are not like you or I, and I feel, both from reports and this magnificent/uuuooo . . . oo . . . phruupgh disc, we should be a little scared of them. They know more than us.

The obtuse fed by Lewis Carroll, the curious eased by rock culture. No difference between reality and the distorted reflection. Look up Dada-ism in a children's encyclopaedia. Rip up the page. Spread with jam. Flick with matches. Feed to the cat. Chew the cat's tail. Smile.

The Residents are playing 'music' so that finally we can all play 'music'. If anyone's bothered.

LOCATING THE MEMBRANE/CREATIVE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

Here are three surprising singles. At the least eloquent, and at most times even sophisticated. Gosh, commercial too, but with noticeable traces of Original Pure Ideals, like individualism, attitude, change. A smash directly in the face of this loathsome retrogressive. Powerpop theory. Pop (whatever that means) in 1978 looks like being pre-sense dooey-dooey nostalgia with just enough mundane 'punkness' to con prospective buyer — a nauseating reactionary step, we would do best to avoid. Home in on the real contemporary 'pop'. Just new songs that stretch a little, question, accuse, refresh. These groups are not interchangeable/easily tagged. Here they are in order of chartness/appeal:

THE ADVERTS: No Time To Be 21 (Bright Records). Their fourth single and the Adverts definitely come of age, settling down and hinting at future consistency. This is a good rock song, an insiduous number, a grower, and it borrows healthily. The group, it seems, have at last found a comfortable instrumental balance, and there is no destruction of that precise, charging Adverts sound. Their smartest single. Will chart, will take time. No-one predicted them for the big break this year, but they don't care. They have something to say. Juggling with cliche's and coming out well on top.

999: Emergency (UA) A well-made crazed, controlled taut piece of music, feared tunnel-riffing but no-way — shove pre-conceived notions well away. The total for some reason doesn't seem to come up to the pleasure of its parts, but is a fine effort. Lots of attack and deranged harmonies, a wonderful chorus, just a killer punch lacking. Time will tell. B Side "My Street Stinks" suggests "Emergency" could well be a flash in the pan.

RIKKI AND THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH: Loaded (DJM). Yeah, I know I shouldn't really like this, but Rikki(?) has a way of singing that grabs by the throat, a very confident, calm, sub-humorous delivery. The song itself is obviously linked with early '70s popular rock, but with very cool and clear adaptions. Enough hints at newness. No monotony. "Loaded" is a tale, first person, of a businessman, a cheeky record. Hope it's not another flash in the pan. The B-side's a contrived version of "Street Fighting Man."

Above all else, the three records above have an instant style about them. There may

■ *Continues over page*

Hard To Get
The new single from The Rubinoos... almost out!
HEAR IT... on all good radio stations, BUY IT... as soon as you can get your hands on it!
the Rubinoos ..sounds like.. 2 Canoes
Beserkley "Home of the Hits"
BZZ6
First 10,000 blah...blah...blah
The Rubinoos like Girls, Making Music, and You buying their records.

SINGLES

■ *From previous page*

be faults, blurrs but they're immediately indentifiable. They should be encouraged.

PRETENDING NOT TO SLEEP

SHARPSHOOTER: Pin-up Blond (Pathe). This record has no middle. The most fun I had was trying to play it, dead centre. It really wasn't worth the patient centreing. A rabid slice of (French) sub-culture recognition, with no doubt fond memories of a previous incarnation. Diluted Little Bob Story appears a main influence, and I'm not just saying that 'cos they're both French. Just R & B sped and spewed. Another ugly hybrid. Stubborn. Sociological? Who can tell.

PUMPHOUSE GANG: Motorcity Fantasy (Kitsch). A lumpy piece of curiously reactionary rock. No good to anyone. Just wasting my time.

THE DOLL: Don't Tango On My Heart (Beggars Banquet). Lotsa jumpiness and untouchable eagerness. Not great music but an extrovert slice of attempted modern pop. Singer Baby Doll could be the face of '78, whatever that means.

ANTI-SOCIAL: Traffic Lights (Dynamite Records). Archaic rock song sneered with incongruous but, t'would seem, violently necessary contempt. Oh, so flat. The time and money, surely precious, that must have gone into this! Banana Bunch on heat.

HOT SNAX: Pressure Drop (Munch Records Inc.). Poorly used, badly pressed 12-inch. Not Toots. A mess. Punk-folk. Funk-poke. Or something. The song of the tortured girl.

THE SWARM

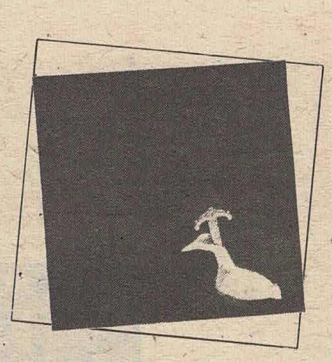
RUBINOOS: Hard To Get (Berserkly). This reminds me of The Osmonds. Superior pop? Superior to what! Certainly not prime time G-Band, Rubettes etc. Beautifully made. Grates on me. It's the type of record that could dominate the charts for months. Oh, suck on a work of art, all this gimmickry is eating away at my stomach. Everyone's dictating: you've gotta have FUN. Perhaps some of us simply adore being miserable and feeling uptight and ready to lash out and don't look at me like that . . .

TONIGHT: Drummerman (TDS Records). Here we go. Shape for '78. Uniform, ugh. This could be nasty. An instant appeal pretty poor pop song performed self-consciously by a group who have, it seems, already popped up on TV a couple of times. The lads look a bit rough to me, but they seem to have contacts in the right places. Form an image, a couple of hits, then fade . . .

DEDICATED TO THE FISHERMEN OF THE WORLD

ROD STEWART: Hot Legs (Riva). First couple of seconds really reminded me of The Faces. Mouth out with soap. This man 'Rod Stewart', who is he? Is he relevant to you, the discerning reader of a 'rock' paper? 'Rod Stewart' dips into his file cupboard for a 'gutsy' tune. How much longer can Rod Stewart tell lies? At least McCartney and John own up and appear on The Muppet and Yarwood shows. Stewart hangs on. Mockery takes its toll. This is weary!

GALLAGHER & LYLE: Showdown (A & M). First time I played this I thought it was one of the greatest singles I'd ever heard. A



breakthrough. Three minutes 33 seconds of silence, a punk version of John Cage's 4′ 32″. I played it again , and fearing addiction, made the mistake of playing it louder. Odd gossamer sounds stripped away at the inside of my eyebrows. Some more false fill by numbers, patronising easy / hard listening. Records like this, which usually sell in numbing quantities, are a damning indication of the true state of the nation. A slow march to nowhere.

BEYOND THE POINT OF NO RETURN

Bee Gees: Stayin' Alive (RSO). All together, you could've fooled me! Whoopee!

N.B. These three are imports.

Cough. Feed out unnatural soul from the tube, and, like toothpaste or tomato ketchup or vaseline, it's beyond all but cursory criticism. It slides about, more robotic perhaps than Devo or The Residents. I can just see those noses and the hair bobbing gently to the easy rhythms. Adore the fade. (What is it about RSO that spells, unflatteringly, 'institution'?)

SMOKIE— For a Few Dollars More (Rak). All together, they would do anything! Oh, isn't this fun (no). Slow, bouncy, horrific, retarded ballad that pleads, by virtue of that forced croaky lead singer we loathe so well, to be taken seriously. We *will* have to take it for a few months more. It's faintly unbelievable. This lot actually take seriously / admire Rod Stewart and The Eagles enough to imitate. No flattery ANYWHERE. Adore the fade, it gave me strength . . .

RUBETTES: Sometime In Oldchurch (Polydor). They knew not what they did, much like The Glitter Band, but in their own little way they always seemed a couple of years ahead of their time. If this is so, then I hope we've all got our copies of "Mull Of Kintyre" by 1980. A shameful hybrid of George Hamilton IV, George Harrison and Matthews Southern Comfort.

TEA-TIME MUSIC

STEVE MILLER: Swingtown (Mercury). Which he probably wrote in his sleep. It even starts lunatically, like Eno playing at night with MOR theories. It's an insubstantial 'mellow rocker', a cosy jingle to wash-up to and not break any dishes.

BE-BOP DELUXE: Panic In The World (Harvest). Bill Nelson, a man who must be confused by all that is happening around him, but who is determined to go his own way. Right now, he's just discovered "Station To Station", which is more than most. He tends to be a shade too pleasant, but this is fairly tough and swings quite generously. One day, Bill, one day . . .

STRAWBS: Deadly Nightshade (Arista). Dave Cousins, a man who's always been confused by what goes on around him. He has, in fact, always seemed destined to be the next Neil Diamond. Whatever that means. At the moment he has the pushy exploitation and exaggerated grandiose effects down perfect, but lyrically and contextually he's way off the mark . . . some quasi-existentialist pop for the Jesus-freak with strawberries up his nostrils. This record aches. Your market in MOR, Dave . . . adapt or die.

SUPERCHARGE: I Think I'm Gonna Fall In Love (Virgin). Available in seven inch or 12 inch, playable at 33 or 45. Munik Machine bubbliness, stretched early Bolan sheep yodelling, smoochie chorus, some calm intelligent arrangements, effortlessly segued together. When I see Supercharge I laugh, when I hear them I get confused. You will too when I mutter that this has distinct chart possibilities. A piece of fanciable bizarreness for the year of surrealism, although it doesn't quite work at 16.

LYNYRD SKYNYRD— What's Your Name? (MCA). For fans only. A brassy piece of unimpressionable boogie.

MODES OF PLEASURE

JIM CAPALDI: Daughter Of The Night (Polydor). A thin line between class and schmaltz, craftsmanship and contrivance. But I trust Capaldi . . . This record has feel; there is nothing unnatural. Melancholy but highly spiced. He restrains from falling into the trap of sounding too relaxed. There is vigour in its laying back.

JOAN ARMATRADING: Show Some Emotion (A & M). For you, gladly.

BEDTIME STORIES

PATTI AUSTIN: We're In Love (CTI); VIOLA WILLS— Let's Love Now (Arista); DENIECE WILLIAMS: We Have Love For You (CBS); JENNY DARREN: Too Many Lovers (DJM): MILLIE JACKSON: If You're Not Back In Love By Monday (Spring). Moodstuff. if the titles don't put you off, investigate. Perm any two as hits. Hang on, what am I saying? The softness / smoothness has affected my brain. I'm a romantic, sure, but a realistic one. All this touch stuff gets a little much. The names blur. Product for lovers in discos, not real people. Wills and Jackson the best as reads quality.

THE REST

THERE ARE over 30 other thing-hells, distinguishable because of vomit-inducing content, because they are manufactured merely to be consumed. No other 'criticism' is necessary. Most of them will probably end up in the charts. Whatever that means.

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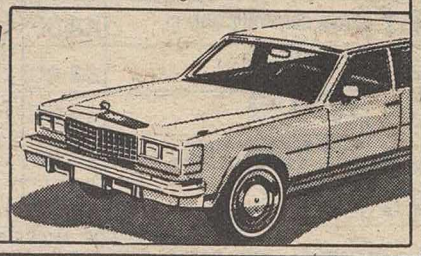

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SIDE

"The Sex Pistols" — Compiled and Edited by Fred and Judy Vermorel (Universal/Wyndham 75p)

FROM A GLIMPSE at the cover trappings, you'd never guess at the sheer revelatory potency of the contents. 'The Sex Pistols' is scrawled out in an uninspired, gimmicky logo, sloped above a fairly tame colour shot of John Rotten slightly out of focus as he yowls into a microphone; it makes the product appear far more like a typical quick-buck, pop-pap biog then an exceptionally lurid and — yes, that word again but this time it's fully deserved — the *definitive* work on the '70s' most subersively exciting rock phenomenon.

But then again the cover of this — the 'real deal' in-depth Sex Pistols biography — does sort of tie in with that band's particular penchant for cheap, shoddy showcases housing the incendiary goods within, so let's conveniently forget about that minor embellishment and get to grips with the volume itself.

The Vermorels' book stands in a category rare in the rock'n'roll literature sweepstakes: The 'in-depth biography', centring its attentions on an individual rock group who've grown into a certifiable (inter-)national phenomenon, has spawned precious few works of any real merit. The Beatles during their period of active grace, for example, warranted two works, the better-known volume being a pale and misspent

Aggro in the U.K. '76 — the clasic JOE STEVENS shot from an early gig at the Nashville.

Malcolm and Vivienne show Dunkirk/Woodstock spirit.

affair penned by the annoyingly-overrated Hunter Davies. A lesser-known work, the 1964 *'Love Me Do* by one Michael Braun was a far nobler and more valid piece of cool, clear-headed observation — the author being the constant travelling companion on a series of 1963 English and European gigs, culminating in the vital initial American tour-conquest of '64. The latter book is in fact easily the best piece of literature ever available on the Fabs, principally due to its author's proximity to the action throughout, matched with his ability to make himself invisible at all times while taking in all the angles. The book's only real shortcoming however it that, due to the extreme pressure The Beatles were under when Braun was in their company, they fail to properly come across as real individuals and this, particularly in respect to-say-a much-needed lucid story of the Lennon behind the Fab Four facade which screams to be included, makes for an unsatisfying whole.

In the Sex Pistols' biog, however, there are no such problems. In fact, quite paradoxically, the personalities of each member of the Pistols come across with a vengeance. Here at last is a truly solid and perceptive study of a group whose sensation-reeking activities have so often resulted in perverted and overly biased viewpoints ever since their inception. Perhaps this is the book's most immediately impressive virtue. Certainly, no-one can deny that this is an excellent piece of documentation.

Strange it is then, that the two main figures responsible for the work, Fred and Judy Vermorel, have up until now been complete unknowns — certainly in literary spheres. In the invaluable 'checklist' presented in the back pages of the book, the formers' previous career is summarised to include vocations as diverse as being a product of an art college, polytechnic and University education with little subsequently to show for his presumed lengthy academic sojourn beyond a blossoming friendship with Malcolm McLaren of some ten years duration which led to Vermorel himself approaching the Pistols' manager with the idea for this book.

McLaren agreed and so Vermorel set to work collaborating firstly with his wife Judith, who performed virtually all the excellent Q and A interviews with band members, various parents, plus various noted heroes and villains (representatives from EMI, A&M and Thames TV re. the whole Bill Grundy pantomime are quoted at some length at various junctures) in the whole on-going saga.

Then, with added invaluable access to the day-to-day diary scribblings of McLaren's secretary Sophie Richmond to provide yet another dimension and highly personalised insight, Vermorel set about editing all the pieces together.

Indeed, it's arguably the superb editing work throughout that gives the book its ultimate punch. Nothing ever gets overstated and ultimately boring, and there's a constant fluidity which like any "good read" draws one instinctively into the action without any unnecessary ponderous extrapolating or troughs of petty concern.

THE BOOK itself chapter-wise is paced in an at least superficially conventional fashion, starting not unnaturally with the 'Early Days' (19 pages thereof), then the EMI signing coupled with the Bill Grundy explosion, then the A&M snafu, *then* sanctuary at last courtesy of Virgin *then* . . . oh, the Rotten-Cook Street attacks, Russ Meyer and the secret gigs.

By page 127 the Vermorels are ready to zero in on the four band-members in detail, finishing this probe with a most intriguing study of Malcom McLaren. The book ends with a vague tying together of the previous flood of events plus some revealing stabs at sussing future events, more quotes on 'politics', McLaren's supposedly hyper-astute media manipulation, a handful of fan letters and a slightly unsatisfactory brief finale using Glen Matlock and Paul Cook quotes on the corporate songwriting thing.

In fact, it's the beginning and ending that are the least satisfactory segments of the book. Starting with a pertinent quote from 'punk publicist' Alan Edwards concerning his reactions to an initial exposure to an early Sex Postols' gig, the band's roots and formation are expounded upon by Mssrs. Jones, Cook and Matlock in a fairly adequate fashion. Cook, for example, credits the mysterious Wally with first persuading schoolmates Jones and Cook to form a group. There's some relevant speil from Jones concerning the fledgling band's attraction and utilization of McLaren's King's Road shop, a nod of the head to early influences — the Small Faces and The Who but particularly the New York Dolls — and some amusing recollections about the first encounters with J. Rotten, but nothing particularly new beyond some interesting reminiscences about the band's very first gigs and one particularly prophetic incident recounted by Matlock on page 21 which proves that the Rotten-Matlock incompatibility / resentment thing was there right from the word 'go'.

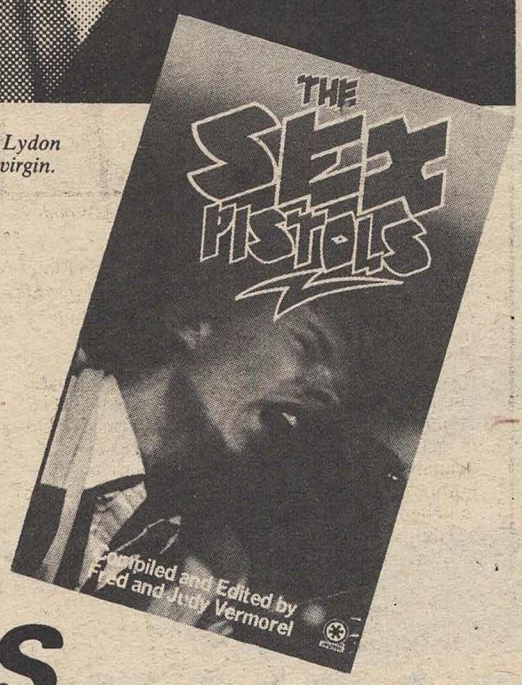
Beyond that, though, the early days section is dealt with in far too perfunctory a fashion. Maybe it's because I'm simply biased from having been around the band principally at that time and remember a host of amusing anecdotes myself, but too little is delivered in this section. A run-down of Jones and Co.'s systematic rip-off of a whole PA system (Jones does admit to thieving binges in this section so as though the escapades themselves were unprintable) would have made great reading and I could think of half-a-dozen equally intriguing revelatory items that would have been ditto.

In fact, one of the book's principle problems makes itself manifest right here at the outset, and that is simply that after agreeing to the Vermorels' semi-official documenting of the Pistols, Malcolm McLaren apparently did a dramatic *volte-face* and refused to co-operate in any respect with the project. No interview, no nothing. McLaren's position in the Pistols' camp has always been absolutely crucial anyway but never more so than at the very outset.

SLIPE

NICK KENT ON THE SEX PISTOLS BIOG

From the biog, an invaluable excerpt from the Lydon Family Archives: young J.R. as a toothy young virgin.



Heroes & Villains

The 'Early Days' section thus screams out for some documenting of McLaren's management hassles with the New York Dolls, say, the ultimate failure of which gave him the basic intense drive to shape this ramshackle crew of semi-proficient skifflers who would have simply disappeared up their own arseholes were it not for his own domineering over-seer insistence.

More to the point, it was McLaren who gave the band their name the absence of this fact is quite inexcusable in this book. Also a brief remark too on the absence of Bernard Rhodes, McLaren's then business partner and another vital cog-in-the-wheel at the beginneing who should have been quoted at length, though a later appearance towards the end of the gook makes Rhodes' rhetoric sound so quirky and near-paranoid that he could easily have refused to comment, like McLaren on that particular era.

OKAY, SO THAT'S my over-riding criticism of the book over, and by page 26 we're into signing-up-with-EMI time already. *(Already, already? — Ed).* More to the point, we're granted the first of many extremely insightful extracts from secretary Sophie Richmond's diary.

A phone-call to Glitterbest this week revealed that Sophie herself had had no prior idea that her diary out-pourings were to be so central to the book's structure but, be that as it may, it's these extracts — often lengthy, sometimes trivial and self-indulgent (though, fair do's, it's only a diary written with no initial plans for later publication of any sort)but eloquent and constantly revealing — that give the book so much of its presence and fluidity.

In fact, it's the constant returning to the diary extracts that keep the book so buoyant, particularly when incidents like the Grundy affair threaten to get over-exposed — although it's all too easy to forget now that it was that very incident that turned the band from a heavy cult attraction to a subversive British household word overnight. Even so, 27 pages on the Grundy fracas compared with 19 on the early days is a case of misspent values.

After that, there's a long, subtly-revealing interview with EMI director Leslie Hill full of that typically two-faced diplomacy, more of Sophie's diary, and then a somewhat underplayed but nonetheless intriguing segment on Matlock's departure from the Pistols where the full extent of John Rotten's penchant for utter hyposcrisy and general truth-twisting is given a premature outlet.

The A&M section is mostly a Q&A interview with Derek Green who comes out of it all with certainly far more dignity that EMI's Hill and then more intriguing pages of diary extracts. The famous attacks are built principally from newspaper reports of the time and, after a trivial *Top Of The Pops* acceptance episode, comes the Russ Meyer film topic which is revealing by simply gauging the individual members' reaction to the project.

Jones and Cook are both blithely for it in their own characteristically lackadaisical way. (Q: Do you like the idea of the film?:
"Yes, I love it. Lots of birds in it") while Rotten just plays sullenly non-commital and Vicious is particularly loathing in his put-down of the scheme.

The latter makes for a neat preface for the book's second part where in the band member's personalities are studied mostly in the classic Q and A manner. Rotten, for example, comes across particularly obnoxious surrounded by his habitual entourage — egomaniacal, selfish and negatively anti-everything with that characteristically almost joyful derisive relish. Yet of course underneath all the posing one easily espies a lad with a proverbial mountain of 'suss'.

During a discussion over his education, Rotten reveals casually that he studied Keats and Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock* for O-level, a fact which inspired Vermorel to intersperse relevant quotes from the poet as well as using brusque but telling extracts from Greene's novel that make the characters of Rotten and 'Pinky' subtly cross-cut in a style that could so easily have been unbearably pretentious but which in fact works extraordinarily well.

Which is far more than can be said for the Vermorels' use of interviews with Rotten, Cook and Jones' mothers — a potentially fruitful angle that ends up fairly tame and a non-event. In fact, Vermorel uses purely Cook's mother instead of the lad himself for his profile. Jones however is given a chance to state his typically simplistic likely-lad philosophy, though the book fails on just basic info about the guy — the story that Jones' can't read or write is surely worth clearing up.

Regarding Sid Vicious, the authors seem hardly interested. Then again, Vicious apparently isn't too interested in talking to them. The use of that ridiculous *Sunday Mirror* put-on Vicious interview is hardly worth picking up on, and after Vicious has dealt with that he retreats to a fairly aggressive monosyllabic style befitting his whole couldn't-give-a-shit stance.

It's earlier in the book, in fact during the Russ Meyer part that Vicious opens up and in fact even admits to being a one-time junkie ("like a day in my life is like getting up at 3 o'clock, going to the office and hustling ten quid off Sophie . . . and waiting hours to cop some dope") which leads me to wonder just how pleased the Pistols and Glitterbest are with the finished book.

ABOVE ALL THOUGH, the strongest impression that one is left with after completing the volume — is that of Malcolm McLaren and all his little foibles. Having turned down talking to the authors whom he knew for ten years on purportedly an intensely friendly basis, there remains a chapter nonetheless on McLaren which makes arguably the most intriguing reading of all. John Rotten is his usual hide self ("He'd prefer to remain a mystery. hat's the only way people might have any kind of respect for him") though he still refers to him as the fifth member of the group while Sid Vicious is quite brutal in his summation (. . . "that old toss bag. I hate the geezer . . . I'd smash his face in quite happily). Matlock is grudging, Mark P is complimentary and quite perceptive, and Dave Goodman's thoughts are particularly interesting. But it's the last page of all, the last observation that really makes it. Because here for once, Fred Vermorel steps out from his editor's role to give a brilliantly concise subjective view of the McLaren he's known for ten years, which includes these disturbing revelations:

"It should be said that Malcolm has a puritanical disdain for the sexual deviations — narcissism, exhibitionism and fetishism — he exploits in his work". Very interesting that, but it's the final summation point that hits home.

"Malcolm has the vision of an artist, the heart of an anarchist, and the imagination of a spiv. There are signs that enterpreneurial success may flush out his receptiveness and creativity. I hope not."

Messing about on the river.

STEVENS strikes again — in Texas, jes' las' week.

After the McLaren chapter the book slips comfortably into the current situation of Punk, most of which is not essential reading but is nonetheless adequate. GLC 'leisure' supremo Bernard Brook-Partridge gets his nauseating views across, Pistols' fan Tracie discusses her view of the band and punk in general, various members ask what they'd do if the bubble burst, there's an amusing piece of paranoid dialogue with Bernie Rhodes and . . . oh, go out and get a bloody copy yourself. It's only 75p and there's plenty of stuff I've missed out.

As I was writing this review, Gloria Stewart of the *Daily Mirror* phoned me to inquire about some vague coalition on a Sex Pistols book she's just been asked to write for an American publisher, while photographer Ray Stevenson, currently a much-disliked figure in the Pistols' camp, is going to have his tome based principally on the time when brother Nils was the band's road manager, issued soon thus giving us presumably a strong insight into the "Anarchy" tour which is pretty much ignored here. And then there'll be the George Tremletts and the *Daily Mirror* Pop Clubs and God knows what else . . .

This'll do for now, though, to say the very least.

RCA
PB 5064
The new single from Vangelis.
From the album 'Spiral'.
TO THE UNKNOWN MAN

A WAVE OF ME OWN

BETHNAL Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

IN THE NO-MAN'S LAND BETWEEN THE OLD WAVE AND THE NEW, BETHNAL ARE MAKING A MULTI-RACIAL STAND AGAINST THE NATIONAL FRONT AND IN SUPPORT OF MATURE ROCK-'N'ROLL. TONY STEWART CHECKS OUT THEIR RATHER IMPRESSIVE CREDENTIALS.

GEORGE CSAPO'S unrefined North London accent quakes through the speakers and out into Soho's Marquee, as intimidating as his menacing presence on the lip of the stage.

" 'Ooo 'ates the National Front?" he demands in a bellow.

Fists and affirmatives, slice through the fuggy darkness above the audience.

George grips the mike firmly, and, still bawling, explains that Bethnal's next number is "Who Dat You Talk To", a song *against* the Front.

Anti-NF numbers aren't uncommon in rock nowadays, but this one is different. The playing is aggressive, while lyrically it's a brazen challenge to the right-wing party. And there's also a spirit of optimism about it, with a light yet sharp sense of humour extending even into the visual performance, obviously a mime of the inter-racial confrontation they sing about.

Bassist Everton Williams careers out of the shadows into the spotlight and shoulder-barges Csapo, the vocalist-fiddler-keyboardsman. They weave and bob around, holler at each other between verses, and occasionally crash together.

Everton is black.

George and the guitarist Nick Michaels are Greek Cypriots.

The only true Englishman is drummer Pete Dowling.

It's a long time since we've been here / We're the second generation / You can talk on the phone / And you wouldn't even know / Who dat you talk to.

IT'S NOT for this song alone that Bethnal are one of the more interesting groups to emerge over the last year.

Like The Tom Robinson Band they are a new breed of 70s musician who occupy the middle ground of rock between old and new wave movements. Bethnal are committed to neither, but take inspiration from both.

Musically they're greatly indebted to The Who. Their repertoire includes the Townshend classic "Baba O'Riley", and a song of their own called "The Fiddler" which bears more than a passing resemblance to "The Seeker".

Yet for all the similarities, Bethnal — unlike The Jam — can't be accused of being a Who carbon-copy, mainly because Csapo's (pronounced Zappo) contribution as an imaginative, spectacular violinist and writer gives the band its own unique characteristics.

Formed over five years ago when all four members attended the same comprehensive school in the Wood Green area of London, Bethnal were signed to a major recording deal only last year.

But then it has only been over the last two years, influenced by the emergence of punk, that the band eventually discovered a sense of purpose and direction.

Whereas many contemporaries have impetuously rushed from stage to studio with ill-advised haste, Bethnal have treated the opportunities their contract presents with caution. They did press a limited-edition single (at a cost of £1200) which is given away free at gigs, but they're only now finishing their debut album, "Dangerous Times".

"Nobody knows the band yet, so why blow it," George Csapo justifies as he sits in the control booth of The Who's Ramport studio in Battersea. "We must feel we have something to say, otherwise we'd have just thrown our chance away. We'd have just released a single and hoped it'd stick to the wall.

"But we wouldn't have thought much of our band if we did that.

"I believe we've got something good and I think we should treat it properly and professionally — make it last."

This caution does, of course, suggest that Bethnal's career to date has not been an easy ride.

Michaels and Dowling were founder members, joined after a series of personel changes by first Williams and then Csapo, and it was these two who became the creative fulcrum and frontmen.

They started out playing their school's record club during lunch breaks, and their first professional experience was gained at London's SWM reggae studios. School out, George did sessions there and occasionally the others would join him laying backing tracks.

They recorded one tape which, along with a dozen others, a record hustler took to Belgium in search of a deal. And theirs was the only one in the batch that he couldn't place.

"We thought 'Oh blimey, we must be bad'," George recalls, as he and Everton fill in the details of past history.

"It made us feel real shitty. But it's all part of growing up. You just accept it. We had loads of things like that; but you keep at it."

At the same time they were gigging twice a month at social clubs and school dances. They hadn't developed their own writing then, and their act encompassed reggae, soul and hard rock.

They weren't proud.

"At social clubs," says George, "we had to do tangos, waltzes and standards, and playing a great variety of music actually helped us.

"Eventually you've got so much to choose from that it grows until you've got your own thing coming out of it."

"We were writing our own stuff as well," adds Everton, "but because we were so young we didn't know what we were doing, and we were screwing up all the time.

"So we said we'd scrap the writing, and stuck to doing other peoples' numbers. We were into The Who, Zepplin, Deep Purple ...

"We were a growing band and musically our minds were open to anything ... because we wanted to learn about music."

However, if you were to name their one major influence it would undoubtedly be The Who; and this is an observation they accept without complaint.

So are they in fact exploiting a band who, even in semi-retirement from concert work, still have credibility, in the hope some of the accolades will be awarded to them?

George and Everton become indignant.

"I don't want to start knocking other bands," answers George, ruffled, "but when you look at The Jam they just sorta jump together, and it's supposed to be all aggression and feeling, and it's a load of bollocks.

"I don't like anything that contrived.

"There again, people say that practising is contrived ... if you have to get your music perfect. But that's just talking shit; it's a different thing altogether.

"So that's a *terrible* thing, is it, to be professional and not to play any bum notes?" he asks sarcastically.

Well, during '77 it often seemed that one of the qualities of being a rock star was an inability to be a musician.

"That's just stupid," he replies tersely. "We're just at a later stage than the punk bands. I've got tapes, right, and they sound like a punk band. But because we've been together for five years, we've developed.

"We know we're *not* a punk band. I wouldn't dare say we were, because that would be insulting us."

GEORGE'S TONE is obviously contemptuous, revealing an attitude very different to that of the new wave (which usually involves some kind of popular nihilistic credo).

There are other fundamental differences too.

Both George — who once applied to study at the Royal Academy Of Music but was rejected because he didn't have any 'O' levels — and Jamaican-born Everton, are quite willing to discuss their past. And neither sounds resentful or angry when remembering misfortune and hardship.

Ironically, they come from a hard-nut working class district: an environment where grievances have festered, resulting in a generation of furious social misfits bitterly complaining about oppression. Csapo and Williams also went through the British education system, but both deny that their opportunities were restricted.

They claim that at *their* school if you had the personal initiative to succeed, you could.

They reject the popular notion that to escape from such an area you have to become a celebrated footballer, villain or rock star.

Simply, they don't see themselves as spokesmen from the teenage wasteland.

"I didn't say to myself, 'I'm frustrated, I've got to play, I've got to express myself'," George explains.

"And it wasn't because of frustration that we came together as a group. Really, I don't know what it was that made me want to be a musician."

Because there wasn't an alternative? I press.

"No!" he snaps. "We've said there was! We could have been doctors if we really put our minds to it, because the opportunities were there."

Paradoxically, although disassociating themselves from the punks, they're quick to appreciate that the emergence of new wave ensured attention for them. Previously they'd felt isolated, treated with disdain by record company execs who considered a band wearing para-military gear and playing "My Generation" to be old hat, and unable to feel any affinity with audiences.

"When this punk thing started," Everton elaborates, "we automatically felt part of it although we knew we weren't a punk band. We couldn't say, 'We're not a punk band, we're *this*!' because we didn't know what we were. But I feel we're part of this 76/77 era."

ONCE BETHNAL had a musical aim and place, they found themselves composing songs like "Who We Gonna Blame", "Out In The Street", "Dangerous Times" and "Who Dat You Talk To".

"We haven't just picked up on it and jumped on the bandwagon," George hastily interjects in defence. "If I didn't say to the audience, 'This is against the National Front', then I wouldn't be accused of jumping on because nobody would know what I'm talking about.

"My attitude has changed slightly because of the punk thing, but I've only picked up on being more direct in my lyrics.

"That number suits us more than most bands because it directly affects us: we're all foreigners anyway.

"It's not so much like Tom (Robinson). Now I've got nothing against Tom," George cautions, "but he's a white middle-class kid, and if the National Front came in ... well, it would affect him because he's queer."

"If the Natinal Front came in

■ *Continues p. 46*

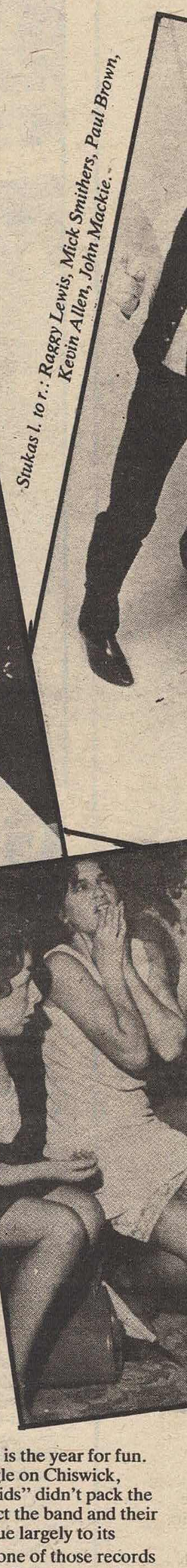
Welcome to The Fabulous World of Thamesbeat

Introducing

The Smirks!

The Pleasers

Pleasers l. to r.: Steve Benham, Bo McNemey, Dave Rotchelle, Mick Powell.



Stukas l. to r.: Raggy Lewis, Mick Smithers, Paul Brown, Kevin Allen, John Mackie.

Meet the fans!

SO YOU thought this was an article about 'Beat Groups.'

You're heard of The Pleasers or The Boyfriends but you haven't gone to see them — or don't want to — because you don't want to watch remodelled Beatlemania. And it's true the bands themselves invited the labelling: London pub-rockers will have seen posters announcing "The Stukas Beat Combo," or "Pleasers Thamesbeat."

Now that people are starting to sit up and take notice it's time to kill the misconceptions and the prejudices. These are not Beat Groups at all, and they're not marking time in 1963 for your amusement. These are bands of the future, not the past, so if you hate(d) Mersey beat and haven't turned over yet start paying attention and I'll tell you what's really going down.

It would be all too easy for these groups to do what the public expect (turn out golden oldies for a few months, notoriety), or what the critics would like (put away their suits and ties in favour of some outlandish new fashion).

What they intend to do instead is go their own way and create their own music — because that's the only way to win through on a permanent basis.

That's message number two: the new beat boom is not just a two week future-of-rock-and-roll craze taking advantage of the decline of punk. Though it's true these bands are catering for the audience who want their music short, snappy, and energetic, they offer more tune, harmony and dance-ability than punk.

It's also important to emphasise that all the New Moptops I've spoken to confirm that the new wave opened the path to gigs and contracts and helped to channel their music in a positive energetic direction.

Time for namechecks: the Big Three riding the crest of the beatwave are The Pleasers, The Stukas and The Boyfriends. The Pleasers claim to be responsible for the whole scene. The Stukas' roots are in R&B as much as Merseybeat, and The Boyfriends don't like being called a beat group at all.

They're all coming from different directions, and there's plenty of healthy rivalry between the camps, but together they form a positive powerful force which is going to be crucial in shaping the sound of seventy-eight.

THE PLEASERS are the closest thing since 1964 to what a beat group is supposed to look like. Those clean-cut features and gooey eyes could have come staight out of some *Thank Your Lucky Stars Fab Combos Annual* of fifteen years ago.

The Pleasers are four fresh-faced London lads around the age of twenty. The Benham-McNemey partnership came together in a disused cinema in Grays Thurrock but The Pleasers emerged with the addition of drummer Dave Rotchelle a year ago. Guitarist Nick Powell is a new member.

If you've heard their excellent Thamesbeat EP on Arista ("'Lies", "I'm In Love"; "Who Are You?") you'll know that the vocals sound more like The Beatles than the Fab Four themselves. Great gimmick, right? Some people would give a limb to sound like Lennon, right?

Wrong. It's a nightmare. They must wake up in a cold sweat with visions of McCartney flashing before their eyes especially when The Pleasers songwriting team is Benham and McNerney — an unholy coincidence. People wouldn't be so swift to deride them as imitators and imposters if they'd seen the band anguishing over their sitting duck image.

They're just too easy to slam, but just like The Jam who were derided for their just-a-rip-off-of-early-Who image, when they've stamped their own personalities on the public consciousness the obvious jibes and comparisons will peter out.

I trekked over Clapham Common at the height of a raging blizzard last week to catch the band rehearsing their new set. Sitting in a puddle of water in a little studio with a steamy evaporation smell emanating from your jeans doesn't exactly put you in the right frame of mind for rock 'n' roll, but after a few numbers I was tapping my fingers and squelching my feet. The true strength of this band lies in their wealth of material. Songs like "Billy" and "Lies" are not just good pop ditties; they've got a new razor-sharp edge, killer harmonies and stop-go instrumental breaks.

I'd like to see this group on stage with the Groovies one day, to teach them yanks to stop messin' with our music. The Pleasers are the "Shake Some Action" album incarnate, and they don't stop at that.

As far as The Pleasers are concerned the 'beat' tag is just a launching pad. They talked about changing their image, dropping the suits and getting away from The Beatles look. They know it isn't possible now, as that would be admitting they were wrong all the time.

They foresee the future as a natural progression, with their songs becoming more varied and adventurous as their audience grows and becomes more demanding. What they say they won't depart from is the simple theory that songs require good melodies and good lyrics, not flash production or technological insight.

This is an essential reference point for all the Seventies Beat bands.

To bring The Pleasers history up to date, they've been hibernating in darkest Wales with Tommy Boyce, ex-Monkees producer. "The plan was to develop the group's own sound," explains Bo. "I think it's much heavier than before."

Heavy isn't quite the right word, The Pleasers don't plod, they punch.

At the moment they're trying to put together a package with pop-punk outfit Tonight. Don't miss the new set — the group don't want to start dropping good songs before people have heard them. They can see the names, Steve, Bo, Nick and Dave in bright lights and they're already talking about their limos and mansions.

Are you ready for Thamesbeat and the good old-fashioned pop star trip? *(What's so 'good' about it? — Ed).*

THE STUKAS are a Muswell Hill five-piece fronted by Hank Marvin fan and stage clown Raggy Lewis on rhythm guitar and the inscrutable Paul Brown on vocals (the one wiv the hair).

Their live show is a riotous, all-action pop-R&B celebration; guitarist Mick Smithers and bassist Kevin Allen complete the string of waistcoated rockers peering over the footlights with drummer John Mackie bringing up the rear.

Inclined towards choppy Pretty Things/Dr Feelgood rock 'n' roll in their overall sound, The Stukas have been gigging frantically for a year. Originally I saw them as a great dance-band, possible successors to the Feelgoods if they could maintain the high standards of their best gigs. In fact, they've developed in a slightly different direction.

Their early posters proclaimed the legend 'Beat Combo', and over the months since I first saw them they've evolved into a much snappier, fizzier pop unit. Their own material is very commercial, every song title a slogan, and they see themselves as definitely a singles band.

They've hardly had the time or the money for rehearsing new material, but when they do sit down to write a song they tend to think of it as an item with chart potential. They don't care if people question those ethics, they want a string of Stukas hits behind them.

John Mackie sees their initial approach to an album as being a compilation of possible Top Thirty shots. Raggy knows that one day three minute pop songs won't be enough, but like The Pleasers, The Stukas aren't pushing themselves into premature musical development.

After all, 1978 is the year for fun.

Their first single on Chiswick, "Klean Living Kids" didn't pack the immediate impact the band and their fans expected, due largely to its production; it's one of those records that grows gradually into one of your favourite rockers if you're willing to give it a chance.

The next release is "Sport" on Sonet:

". . . Are you ready? Are you steady? Go!/Sport sport I like sport, running and jumping I'm the physical sort/physical exertion I don't give it a thought . . ." Land of a thousand grins.

Lack of leisure time means the new songs have been slow in coming, but the quality is uniformly high: "I'm Allergic To Life", and the anthem-like "The Weekend Starts Here", a sort of pocket "My Generation".

The Stukas honestly don't object to being thought of as a beat-group. If you have to use labels, they admit that's the closest you'll get. The stage uniforms and medium hair (individualist Paul Brown excepted from both those points) immediately suggest Freddie And The Dreamers or The Shadows. They're all different people, however, not uniform personalities. Raggy is a beat fan and a pub-rocker, Mick was into Jimi Hendrix. In common they've got their motor-bikes and the band.

The Stukas

The Boyfriends

Boyfriends l. to r.: Pat Collier, Chris Smith. Howard Osborne.

Meet the boys who plan to rock the world of pop into a new dimension!

It's the now sound, it's happening, and it's gonna make a whole lot of parents happy too!

Gear Info: KIM DAVIS

Fab Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES

Of course, with their pace and attack, when they play outside the large towns, their audiences tend to take them for the latest punk trend. They argue that the music press, however influential it may be within the business and within its readership, doesn't begin to reach the mass of the record-buying public.

That doesn't come as a shock: it's quite possible to find people of your own age who have never been to gigs and never heard the Sex Pistols. There's a barrier you have to break to become generally popular rather than just hip.

The Stukas are heading for the barrier, definitely a mass acceptance band. Wait for the day when Raggy treads the boards of *Top Of The Pops* while Paul Brown stares blankly at the camera. Even better, don't be lazy, it's dancing time when The Stukas are in town: be a physical jerk for an evening:

". . . it's Friday night tonight, the weekend STARTS HERE!"

THE BOYFRIENDS have a lot to do with The Stukas, even if they aren't quite so noisy. Pat Collier, ex-Vibrator, is a mate of Raggy's and most of The Boyfriends' early gigs were in harness with their beatboom colleagues. The inevitable has happened: on support dates The Boyfriends are threatening to blow The Stukas out the door.

Impossible! I would have said a couple of weeks ago. The Boyfriends are a very good band, but The Stukas really go for the kill. Now I'm not so sure.

Despite being a clean, sweet pop group, The Boyfriends are developing an air of icy tension in their act which is already moving them on into an area well ahead of their roots. There's a positive touch of the new American bands in the atmosphere that surrounds The Boyfriends on stage: the chill of Television or the strain of Talking Heads.

They play straight teendream pop, and I can't define exactly where this new feeling is coming from. When Pat Collier left The Vibrators, he envisaged a group even more pop-based than his present line-up. He defines The Boyfriends as a pop group: their place in this survey is a matter of random line-drawing on my part. They wear suits and ties and their music is certainly not disposable bubblegum.

Pat Collier sings and plays guitar: he looks thinner than thin with striking red hair and a pale, drawn face. Chris Smith from Coventry sings and plays keyboards. He's one of the liveliest organists I've seen on stage, one of the band's main visual points, his eyes piercing the audience as he spins and dips without missing the melody line.

Howard 'Ozz' Osbourne from Littlehampton is the third permanent member, a green-shirted drumming vision of Anthony Newley (remember him?) They're searching for a steady bassist, preferably one that sings, although their temporary assistant, a Buster Crabbe refugee, looks the part convincingly.

The repertoire is mostly Pat's songs with two of Chris Smith's: they range from fast, infinitely catchy rock to slow, sombre ballads. The Boyfriends' music is definitely of the future, they're the most progressive of the new beat/pop bands and they're already marking out the sort of direction this music should take: Coming from '60s roots but marking out a distinctive '70s style.

Pat is aiming at a singles market although I'd already classed them as a band with a lethal album brewing.

The Boyfriends' theme is love, from the daft teencrush refrains of "Ponytail", through the chirpy wishing-kissing of "Romance" and the joyous impact of "I'm In Love Today", to the plaintive standing in the rain cry of "The Last Bus Home".

The unexpected comes in two forms. First a thrilling all-pop version of "We Vibrate"; it's Pat's song and this is how he wants it played. Second, their best song by far, "Four Eight Seven Five". It's the best song I've heard for months and if this band hadn't got everything else going for it I'd be raving about them just for those few minutes.

It's a phone-number and a story about a desperate call. Hear the rest for yourselves, including the chilling organ break. It's one of those songs that hypnotises an audience even first time round. From there on it just gets heartbreaking.

"There's not a thing I can do . . . for you!"

There's more than a touch of Dylan in that song, and if you want yet another reference point for a highly unusual band, think of the trilling organs and garage bands from the States (as on the "Nuggets" compilation).

IF THIS is really a new scene, rather than just a few odd bands with something in common, it's got to have roots, its own venues, a focus for its energies. It's the beat of the streets and there are plenty of other young bands coming together already.

The audiences are there. In The Pleasers' stronghold (Leighton Buzzard, would you believe?), the girls are out in mini-skirts, the boys in suits and ties. There's been more than one waistcoat in The Stukas' crowds as well.

Can you imagine a new club like the Cavern? In London, though, because this is Thamesbeat after all. Can you visualise audiences of mop-tops, Beatles suits, and mini-skirts? This is not just a dream.

Ian Freedman is the bassist in a combo called Echoes and he's been trying for some time to get the above plan for pop domination off the ground. Adverts in the music press gave him a list of new groups into the same scene; there was some rubbish of course but also some possible starters.

The problem, of course, is finding the venue. The first site that Freedman located in Putney changed management and let him down. The other deal in Hounslow fell through. The latest theory is The Bull in Sheen, but it's still only an idea.

"All I need is the venue," Ian told me. "I'm determined to find one and I'm really dedicated to this idea." It's the sort of extract-your-finger energy and enthusiasm that seems to have recently vanished from another sector of the music scene.

Bands waiting for the go-ahead include: The Monochrome Set, Sneakers, The Monos, The Fab Five, Dixie Peach and Spider and The Turbines. The names alone make a pop fan's mouth water. But don't get the idea that this is just a bunch of no-hopes trotting out their versions of "She Loves You" just because it might be trendy. For example, Ian's own band (featuring Big G on drums, Pete Watt on guitar and Gary Mole on rhythm) only do one oldie, "Drip Drop."

The point is that they're using an attitude and a style that may be old but is certainly not disposable as a context for their own material and their own creativity.

Ian sneers audibly down the phone when I mention suits. This group wear jeans and jumpers or whatever's natural for them.

IT'S THE same story at the moment from a Mancunian band hovering on the edge of the beat boom. They're called The Smirks and their style is all their own. A lot of people put them down as beat because of their chirpy harmonies, twangy guitars and astonishing stage routines. When I asked them they claimed to be just a pop group." . . . beat group sounds a bit square duzzn't it?"

The Smirks are a very hot band; they're going the same way as the London bands, but on a parallel line between beat and power pop. That's a line that seems almost impossible to draw. Everyone's talking about a 'power pop' explosion, and these bands are clearly a part of that. The difference between The Boyfriends and, say, Advertising, a bubblegum four-piece, is one of style and attitude rather than of purpose.

Advertising, The Look, The Yachts and half a dozen other bands exist on tunes, harmonies, hooks and positive reaction just as much as the The Pleasers or any of the new beat bands. It's a question of image, and that doen't just mean a neatly pressed suit.

A group that is undeniably beat in conception and execution is Liverpool's Moondogs. They look like carbon copies of the earliest Beatles snaps you can find (refer to last week's cover) and punch out a stream of 1961-63 oldies with more enthusiasm than finesse.

At the moment they're taking time off to work on their musicianship, and if they ever produce songs to match their remarkable visual impact (yes, they really are like something out of the Cavern) they'll be a combo to watch.

But there's no point gazing into the future, the time of beat is now.

Every new idea needs time to take root, but with singles in the shops, more product on the way and a committed audience gradually evolving, The Stukas and The Pleasers at least are ready to take the world.

America will probably curl up with ecstasy at The Pleasers' broad British grins (they've done that before, remember) and Greg Shaw of *Bomp* magazine fame is already drooling. Steve and Bo can already see the crowds at the airports.

You may remember I told you that these aren't beat groups. So how do I justify paragraphs of raving over a new beat boom? The phrase that has come from the mouths of every band I've spoken to is "Seventies Beat."

That means they're achieving something new by using valid roots. It *isn't* Merseybeat all over again, and no-one wants it to be. This is a new scene, it's growing, and as the songs says "I Like It."

IT'S A NEW year already, it's always time for something different. If you missed The Pleasers and The Stukas last year slap your wrists. As I've said, it's easy to get the wrong idea about these bands, easy to hate them even before you've seen them just because you don't want a Cavern revival.

It's time to open your ears to a new scene.

THE ADVERTS

NEW SINGLE BRT

'NO TIME TO BE 21'

ON TOUR

JANUARY

20TH CARDIFF UNIVERSITY . 21ST CRAWLEY SPORTS CENTRE.
22ND DE MONTFORD HALL . LEICESTER. 31ST KING GEORGES HALL . BLACKBURN

FEBRUARY

2ND QUEENS UNIVERSITY, BELFAST. 3RD TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. 4TH ARCADIA, CORK.
5TH GALWAY LEISURELAND. 9TH KINGS HALL, DERBY. 10TH NEW REGENT, BRIGHTON.
11TH ESSEX UNIVERSITY. 12TH ROUNDHOUSE, LONDON. 16TH LOCARNO, COVENTRY.
17TH LANCASTER UNIVERSITY. 18TH MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY.
19TH COATHAM BOWL, REDCAR. 20TH HAMILTON CLUB, BIRKENHEAD.
21ST BARBARELLAS, BIRMINGHAM.

Bright RECORDS

ALBUMS

WILLIE ALEXANDER AND THE BOOM BOOM BAND
Willie Alexander And The Boom Boom Band (MCA Import)

AND WELCOME back the Bosstown Sound! That's Boston USA, spelled B-O-S-S-T-O-W-N, home of the J. Geils Band, Aerosmith, The Modern Lovers (sort of) and now . . . Willie Alexander and the Boom Boom Band.

I'm told by those more conversant with the ramifications of the Massachusetts rock scene that Ooor Wullie was on the "Live At The Rat" album, and has also made a few singles for a local Bosstown label. Never mind that: the issue at hand is WILLIE'S BIG CHANCE — a major label album produced by Craig Leon, the man who (sigh) produced The First Ramones Album!

"Willie Alexander And The Boom Boom Band" is the shortest musical distance between a series of seemingly incompatible musical styles, and when you start joining up the dots you get a rather alarming picture.

On one level there's an affinity with some of the artists who form what might loosely be termed white R&B new wave (when in doubt, invent a semi-spurious category — it's fun!) including such worthies as Mink De Ville, Bruce Springsteen, Graham Parker, Southside Johnny etc.

On another he comes on with slow, mock-grandiose farragos of clanking piano and squealingly curdled lead guitar along the lines of immediately post-"Dudes" Mott or Procol Harum in one of their more energetic moods. Alexander's vocals oscillate between the ironic, stylised feel of crisply mannered singers like David Bowie and Lou Reed and the anguished directness of a Springsteen, Parker or De Ville, with the added variant of a sort of Jonathan Richman zaniness.

Weird enough for you? How's about him opening up with a version of "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' " which completely shelves the Spector blueprint? How about the whole album is dedicated to "Jack Kerouac of Lowell, Mass."? *Now* is he weird enough for you?

You might as well meet the band at this point. Willie himself plays simple-verging-on-simplistic piano and sings. He looks like a cross between Doug Sahm and David Warner, sings like . . . we've already done that bit. Onwards.

On guitar there's Billy Loosigian. He thinks he's Mick Ronson, favours overly muddy textures (a sort of 1968 Eric Clapton/Les Paul/Marshall sound) and plays far too many solos that are far too long. He looks like he's in a teenybop/punk crossover band.

The bass player's name is Severin Grossman. He looks Puerto Rican but is probably Jewish. Since Willie has two first names, it seems only appropriate that another member of the band should have two surnames.

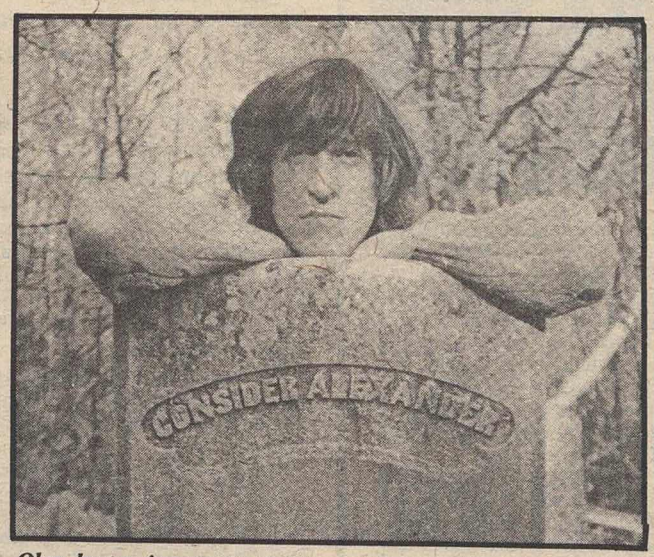
Finally, drummer David McLean looks about fourteen. He could have escaped from the Bay City Rollers (or Generation X) except that he plays too good.

Apart from that monumentally bizarre remake/remodel of "Lovin' Feelin' " — best bit is Willie doing a real P. J. Proby lump-in-the-throat groan of "I can't — no, I can't g-go on!!!" and then following it with a berserk scream of "Gimme a break!!!!" — the numbers are all originals, credited variously to "Willie Alexander and the Boom Boom Band" and to Willie himself. The best of the bunch are "Look At Me" with its dinosaur-swamp Heavy Metal textures, bounce at cool, self-mocking vocal, the hilarious mock-epic "You Beat Me To It" and the acerbic "Looking Like A Bimbo", which rhymes "rock and roll drag" with "counterfeit fag." You could guess the rest, but you'd be wrong.

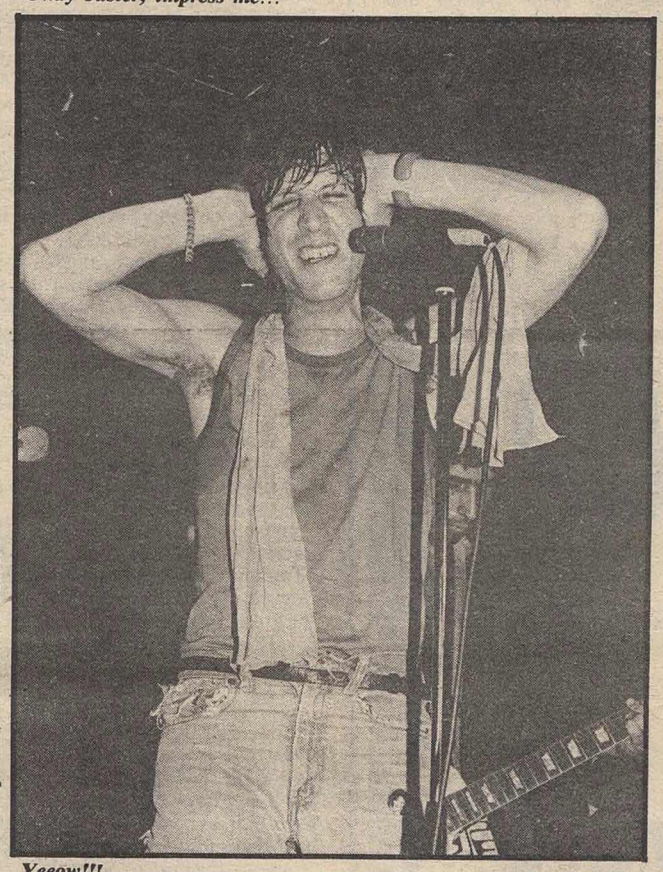
Bland it ain't. Lurching between the dreadful, the brilliant, the acute and the obtuse, "Willie Alexander And The Boom Boom Band" is not an album that people will find it easy to remain indifferent towards. It's such an odd mixture of stylistic devices that you could well find yourself applauding and booing simultaneously.

All in all, it's — um — *interesting*. I think I'll get to like it if I can bear to listen to it a few more times.

Charles Shaar Murray



Okay buster, impress me...



This pic: ROBERTA BAILEY

Yeeow!!!

You asked for it!!

Told ya!!!!

On your left the Mink De Ville/ David Bowie/ Jonathan Richman axis.

On your right the Ramones/Kraftwerk/ Can nexus.

MAY THE WEIRDEST WIN

XTC
White Music (Virgin)

EVERYONE WANTS XTC to be the big pop sensation of '78. I just can't see them fitting that category.

Pop is simple, direct tunes, danceable and hummable. XTC mix all the ingredients of pop into their sound — bopping backing vocals, insistent beat, clever hooks — but somewhere something goes wrong.

Crossed wires? Fractured rhythms? Perhaps they're playing their instruments upside down.

What you do get is a vast flood of unstoppable white noise, like all your favourite songs played backwards at high speed, rushing out of a thousand tiny trannies. You recognise a snatch of melody, a line of lyric, but the whole experience is something new and alien.

It's mesmerising music. I didn't like it the first time, too many electronic squeaks and rumbles. Then I started finding bits of it stuck in my memory like bits of food between the teeth. You can't get rid of it, so you play it again. And again.

Then, suddenly, you know they've won. "Radios In Motion" is instantly appealing, a rush of jolly doo-wops from an AM radio gone mad — it should have been the single; "Do What You Do" is high-speed minimalism; "Statue Of Liberty" is a catchy chant at reduced pace.

"This Is Pop" they chuckle and you can almost believe they mean it. "Atom Age", "New Town Animal" and the wild moonshot barndance of "Neon Shuffle" — the titles reveal their obsession with science and technology, with new things and future things.

They've got no respect for science either, they laugh at the mysteries they sing about. This is like one of those great trashy sci-fi paperbacks, and that's not an insult. Don't give me *Star Wars* when I've got XTC's Andy Partridge and Colin Moulding to tell me about the great unknown.

Partridge is a very distinctive singer, the only accurate comparison would be a strangulated Bryan Ferry. On "All Along The Watchtower" he spouts some kind of weird vocal dub, an eerie, nightmare stream of coughs and cries.

This album would sound good crackling out of a broken car radio at four in the morning or bleating from some abandoned cassette recorder orbiting the moon. I want to keep a tape-loop in my memory as the soundtrack for a metallic age.

Kim Davis

THE ROYALS
Pick Up The Pieces (Magnum)

ROY COUSINS' Royals swell the ranks of those harmonic, melodious vocal groups, steeped in the cool rock-steady tradition, for which the Jamaican muse reserves an especial affection.

I refer to acts like the Heptones, Paragons, Gladiators, Shoes/Abyssynians, Maytones etc., makers of some of the most exacting, durable music to have ever flowed forth from the Isle of Springs.

Led by Cousins (who wrote, arranged and produced all the songs on this first set) since the group's inception in the late '60s, The Royals have maintained an even consistency of stylish sides in this period, as exemplified by "Pick Up The Pieces" — a quality debut.

The title track was originally cut for Studio One in the early '70s. It is of fragile vintage—somewhat reminiscent of the Wailing Souls' material—strung across a descant in intangible harmonies, to conclude that *"life could be beautiful, if we only tried to make it what it should be — you better not wait on time."*

the rest of the album boasts a Wambesi pedigree, the label Cousins set up in 1973, and upon which this set briefly surfaced last year, in a pre-class edition of limited pressing.

Some of the lyrics deal with the theme of the sufferer versus society, read Babylon; in particular "Sufferer Of The Ghetto — "Ain't it a terrible *shame when you see your brother suffering, and you yourself can't even find a job? How can the people accept a situation like this, when brothers turning to crime, others living on the garbage can?"*Also in this vein are "Only For A Time", "When You Are Wrong" and "Ghetto Man", which ponders the question *"What will you do when we rule over you?"*. Redemption is also a Royals' preoccupation, as evinced by "Blacker Black", the hymnal "Peace And Love" and "Promised Land." The last-named was originally issued in this country on the Dip label in 1974, and is second only to The Abyssinians' "Satta Massa Gana" and its handling of the Pan Africanist sentiment.

"Pick Up The Pieces" transcends the inadequate medium of mere narrative comment. Suffice to say, the gentle insistence of The Royals' music, whilst dancing real close, cheek-to-cheek with an African princess, remains quite the most absolute equation of ecstasy in my not inconsiderable experience.

Penny Reel

BRAND Y BRUFORD

BILL BRUFORD
Feels Good To Me (Polydor)

DRUMMERS ALBUMS. Look at Ringo, or Sandy Nelson. What good did it ever do them?

Of course, Bruford's no mean drummer. He was a founder member of Yes, but jumped ship to join the re-modelled King Crimson moments before the technological nightmare moved into supertax mode.

Some of Bob Fripp's eclecticism must've rubbed off because two years later Bruford was out on his own, putting in hours with Gong, National Health, Genesis, Roy Harper and, incongruously, Pavlov's Dog, and questing after higher musical standards. A drummer's drummer, in fact.

Which is all well and good if you're a drummer. You should need no further impetus to check this other than the news that Bruford holds individual expertise dear.

The rest of us, however, might wonder just what a drummer has to say for forty minutes worth of vinyl, and this is something that hasn't escaped the man's attention. He exercises welcome restraint throughout (no solos), and puts the emphasis on short composition (largely his own work) and group style, choosing his sidemen with discretion.

Paramount importance is placed on instrumental premium. All members are lauded on the sleeve for the company they keep and an ability to create fresh vocabulary for their instruments. Nowhere is there any mention of warmth, spontaneity or sparkling creative interaction, and it shows.

Despite, or perhaps because of, the wealth of technique, what the layman hears is extremely arid. The fault, I think, lies with the compositions more than the players. When

Bruford tackles the task of creating a setting for Annette Peacock's novel, haunting voice — under half the album — some kind of inspiration is at work, but elsewhere his efforts are stiff and ceremonious, sometimes slipping over into billowing pomposity.

Taking this album on its own terms though, an instrument rundown is in order: Annette Peacock steals the whole cake; Allan Holdsworth's Abercrombie-type guitar lines were heard better with Tony Williams; Jeff Berlin's superbass owes too much to Jaco Pastorius; and Dave Stewart's keyboards and compositional aid show none of the charming folly evident in Hatfield And The North.

Yes fans should appreciate it. So too should devotees of Brand X and latter-day Yamashta, even though they could have heard much of it three years ago coming with a deal more spirit from Return To Forever.

Yet there is one final thing to be grateful for. This was originally scheduled as a three-ring techno-circus comprising Bruford, John Wetton and Rick Wakeman.

Count your blessings carefully, Bill . . .

Paul Rambali

WHIRLWIND HAVOC HITS TOWN

On Tour with Robert Gordon and Link Wray

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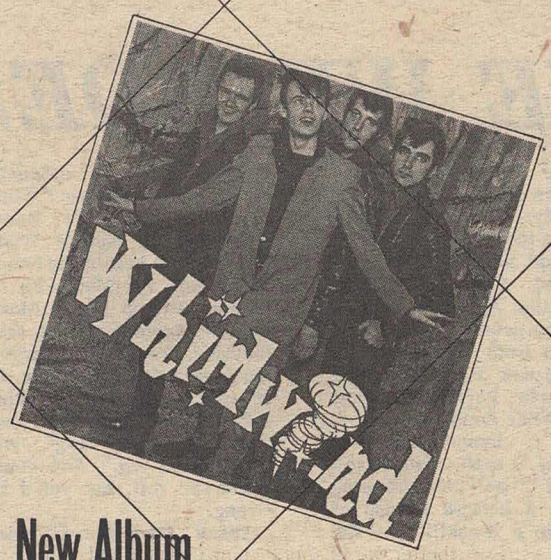
Swansea	Notz Club	**2nd Feb**
Sheffield	Polytechnic	**3rd Feb**
Birmingham	Barbarellas	**4th Feb**
London	Charing Cross Road, Astoria	**5th Feb**



New Album
"Blowin' Up A Storm"
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". . . I don't believe in kings
I don't believe in Elvis
I don't believe in Zimmerman
I don't believe in Beatles
I just believe in me . . ."

John Lennon 1970 ("God")

"I asked Bobby Dylan
I asked the Beatles
I asked Timothy Leary.
But he couldn't help me either . . ."

Pete Townshend 1969 ("The Seeker")

MANY FACTORS conspire to silence all but the most determined iconoclasts. They can be lulled into believing that they have conquered that against which they rail and that the battle is over for that reason. They can be beaten into believing that their enemies have defeated *them* and that the battle is over for *that* reason. They can be induced to sidestep into a lifestyle where their former obstacles no longer affect them; thus secure, they may even learn to love the status quo that so angered them before.

In rock and roll, the most common solution is to transform the iconoclast into an icon (or let him, by dint of his own efforts, effect the transformation himself) , thereby forcing him to fight it out with himself.

The first time I ever saw The Who, they were icons.

Reading University 1971. The Who were beautifully, impeccably and perversely their quintessential selves, just like on TV, just like in *Woodstock*, just like their pictures in the rock magazines, just like I always imagined them from the Who records that I'd been buying religiously for the previous six years.

That combination of power and humour, anger and compassion, gracefulness and clowning, all those incredible songs . . . the audience just sat on the floor and stared at them, open-mouthed and awestruck. They weren't reacting like they were watching a band: no jumping and shouting, dancing and drinking, boppin' at the hi-skule hop. This wasn't rock and roll: this was a *legend*.

The Who bore this reaction good-humouredly. Within seconds of the end of the set, Keith Moon had magically appeared *behind* the audience, falling about and yelling "Rubbish!" at the top of his not inconsiderable lungs.

That broke the spell, and the encore was as pleasurable a rock and roll riot as any I've ever witnessed. But it was weird just the same, and I wondered how the 'Oo themselves felt about playing to audiences who were too awestruck to dance.

Too *scared* to dance. And it wasn't because of the security (which was less than zero) or the venue (which was a standard college hall-cum-gym-cum-whatever). It was because they were watching The Who.

Of course, now we know. We know because just about everything The Who have done since has been weighted with Pete Townshend's own terror/fascination with what The Who have been and done and meant.

In fact, since "Live At Leeds", since that *Rolling Stone* interview when Townshend virtually created the story-line of "Tommy" in front of Jann Wenner's cassette machine, Pete Townshend has been obsessed with the history of The Who and the growth out of Mod, of what went down between the advent of The Beatles and the dawn of flower-power. He's written articles about it, made records about it, contributed to books about it, and is now working on a movie about it.

The fullest flowering of this obsession came in 1973 with a two-record concept album called "Quadrophenia". Over the space of four sides of music, a photo booklet, a short story and a lyric sheet, Townshend addressed himself to the task of nothing less than a quintessential day-in-the-life of a kid caught up in Mod, caught up in the agonies of adolescence, caught up in a life he hates and can't understand, and caught up in The Who.

And — the mirrors multiply — the personality of the kid was formed of four facets, each facet being the personality of one member of The Who.

QUADROPHENIA" doesn't enjoy the best of reputations these days. It was generally marked down as being a grandiose failure, and in commercial terms it certainly didn't do what it was supposed to, which was to be a convincing equal to its blockbusting predecessor "Tommy".

Townshend has remarked in the past — and not, I'd guess, without a certain bitterness — that the band have "played to audiences who think we're called Tommy and the album's called 'The Who'". Certainly, "Tommy" has completely dominated the career of The Who ever since it was first released nearly nine years ago. The theatre productions, the amateur productions, that god-awful movie, the three different recorded versions . . . it's The Who's all-time best-known and best-selling venture.

I don't really want to make too much of a production of talking about "Tommy", since "Quadrophenia" is the subject under discussion, but the megasuccess of "Tommy" is faintly terrifying when set beside the comparative failure of the later work.

"Tommy" is a succession of strained allegories and half-baked ideas, a handful of good songs linked with seemingly endless segments whose only function is narrative. There are songs in "Tommy' which do nothing but haul the plot along.

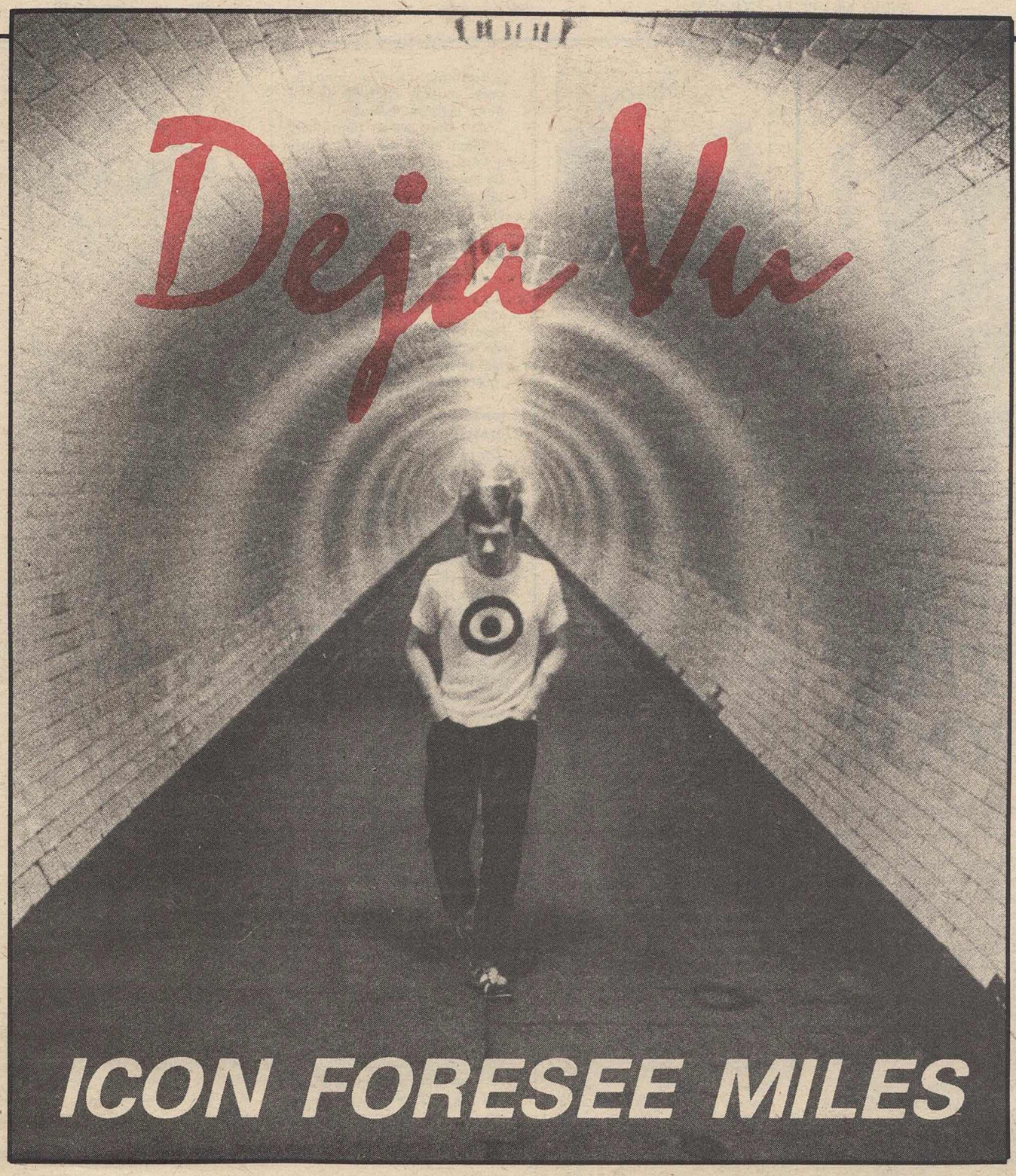
If I'd simply heard the records and known nothing about the public reception given to the two works, I'd've considered "Tommy" to be an interesting but ultimately embarrassing hunk of juvenalia, and "Quadrophenia" to be the work of lasting importance and merit.

After all, in "Quadrophenia" Townshend discards the ball and chain of a complicated, event-packed plotline, dumps the Heavy Significant Metaphors and Cosmic Statements and gets down to writing about an individual who is, simultaneously, an archetype.

Jimmy, the screwed-up protagonist of "Quadrophenia", provides a perspective through which Townshend is able to view anew his perennial topics and themes: the relationship of a kid to his peer group, to his parents, to Society As A Whole, to the rock stars in whom he invests his bread and his dreams, to his girlfriend, to his ideals, to the warring factions within him and finally to himself.

And it laid an egg. To this day, I don't know why "Tommy" succeeded where "Quadrophenia" failed.

COMPARED TO "Tommy", the story of "Quadrophenia" is dead simple. Jimmy is a London Mod kid who desperately wants to be in with the pack but can't keep up. His parents are no help, his psychiatrist ain't no use, his job is a drag, school was worse. He takes a lot of speed, sleeps under the flyover. His girlfriend goes off with his best mate, he smashes up



The Department of Cryptic Headlines presents a retrospective view of THE WHO's "Quadrophenia", noting that Mr Pete Townshend's Mod vision is as valid now as it was in 1973, bearing an uncanny resemblance to The World Of Punk As We Know It.

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

his scooter and ends up blowing his last cash on a first-class ticket to Brighton.

There, he finds the ace mod who he once looked up to as the main face working in a low-paid, menial and humiliating job as a bell-boy in an hotel. He joyrides a boat from the beach to a large rock, the boat drifts off and Jimmy, pissed out of his head and pilled to the gills, is left stranded on the rock.

That's it. No pinball wizards, no holiday camps and acid queens, no smashing of mirrors — except as an act of purposeless speed-fuelled aggression and frustration — no messiah fantasies, no happy ending.

"Quadrophenia" has a warmth and depth which "Tommy" lacks because instead of telling a complicated story in strictly linear terms, Townshend lets his plot advance casually, almost incidentally, while concentrating on bringing his central character and his environment to life, which — as any good movie director or novelist will tell you — is a far superior method of approaching drama.

It's certainly a better way of approaching rock and roll. What did David Bowie say a few months ago? *Event/character/situation.*

Townshend sketches in the contours of Jimmy's life and fills in the light and shade in what is certainly the finest *sustained* lyric-writing of his career. The songs hum with the kind of specific teenlife detail that no Birtish songwriter has ever surpassed and only a brace of Yanks — Chuck Berry and Eddie Cochran — have ever equalled.

"Zoot suit! White jacket with side vents/ Five inches long!" crows Jimmy, as his creator remembers the jacket Pete Meaden bought him when The Who were launched as prospective Mod heroes as The High Numbers.

"My jacket's gonna be cut slim and checked/ Maybe a touch of seersucker and an open neck/ I ride a GS scooter with my hair cut neat/ I wear my wartime coat in the wind and sleet."

But the most moving moments are Jimmy's attempts to bemoan his failure to be the perfect Mod, the ultimate In-Crowder that he wants to be. *"I've got to move with the fashions or be outcast,"* he tells himself.

"Why do I have to be different to them/ just to earn the respect of a dance-hall friend . . . Why do I have to move with a crowd of kids that hardly notice I'm around?/ I have to work myself to death / just to fit in," he sings in "Cut My Hair".

The problem is more specific in "I'm One": *"I've got a Gibson (without a case)/ but I just can't get that even-tanned look on my face/ Ill-fitting clothes and I blend in the crowd/ Fingers so clumsy, voice too loud."*

Most poignant of all are these lines from "Sea And Sand"; *"The girl I love is a perfect dresser/ wears every fashion, gets it to the tee/ Heavens above, I've got to match her/ I know just how she wants her man to be."*

Youth culture can be cruel to the kids who ain't where "it" is at on any given occasion. I know that, you know that, but not too many people sing about it because they're too busy selling their own attitiude as being the final solution to the world problem of Chronic Unhipness. It's a mark of Townshend's stature as a writer and as a man that he can remember back to when his shyness and monstrous hooter set *him* apart.

But Jimmy's insecurity is balanced by the hollow aggression and braggadocio that he gets from gin and speed. In "Dr Jimmy And Mr Jim" he roars his defiance and rage: *"I'll take on anyone/ Ain't scared of a bloody nose/ Drink till I drop down/ With one eye on my clothes/ What is it? I'll take it/ Who is she? I'll rape it/ Got a bet there? I'll meet it/ Getting high? You can't beat it!"*

But the speed also builds his paranoia, and paranoia and insecurity are as close as this — which is the vicious circle in the amphetamine equation. References to paranoia abound throughout "Quadrophenia": *"Strange people who know me/ Peeping from behind every window-pane"* ("The Real Me"); *"Every year is the same, and I feel it again/ I'm a loser, no chance to win/ Leaves are falling, comedown is calling/ Loneliness stars sinking in again"* ("I'm One")); *"I pick up phones and hear my history/ I dream of all the calls I missed/ I try to number those who love me and find out what the trouble is/ I feel I'm being followed/ My head is empty/ yet every word I say turns out a sentence / Statements to a stranger/ Asking for directions/ Turn from help to being questions"* ("Is It In My Head?").

The questions Jimmy asks of the society he lives in are summed up in "Helpless Dancer (Roger's Theme)", where against a remorseless piano vamp, Daltrey spits the questions which lead unwaveringly to the conclusion that has driven many people I know away from rock and roll and into revolutionary politics.

"When a man is running from his boss/ who holds a gun which fires "cost". And people die from being old/ and left alone because they're cold, And bombs are dropped on fighting cats / and children's dreams all run with rats.

"If you complain you disappear/ just like the lesbians and queers, No.one can love without the grace / of some unseen and distant face, And you get beaten up by blacks/ who though they worked still got the sack.

"And when your soul tells you to hide / your very right to die's denied, And in the battle on the streets / you fight computers and receipts, And when a man is trying to change/ but only causes further pain, You realise that all along/ there's something in us going wrong . . . You stop dancing"

Pete Townshend knows too much to believe in rock and roll as any kind of solution to anything, and feels too much not to. These attitudes collide in "The Punk And The Godfather", where Townshend splits into two personae: The Punk (sneering street kid calling the superstar's bluff) and The Godfather (the rich and ageing rock star defending himself) and proceeds to fight himself to the death.

The kid snarls: *"You declared you would be three inches taller/ you only became what we made you/ Thought you were chasing a destiny calling/ You only earned what we gave/ You fell and you cried as the people were starving, now you know that we blame you/ You tried to walk on the trail we were carving/ Now you know that we framed you."*

The star can only riposte: *"I'm the punk in the gutter . . . I'm the punk with the stutter"* before coming back with *"I have to be careful not to preach/ I can't pretend that I can teach/ But yet I've lived your future out/ by pounding stages like a clown . . ."*

It was the dilemma explored in "The Punk And The Godfather" that led Townshend to the abyss faced in the extraordinary bitterness of "They Are All In Love" from "The Who By Numbers": *"Goodbye all you punks, stay young and stay high/ Just hand me my chequebook and I'll crawl off to die."*

The themes of "Quadrophenia" seem far more relevant in 1978 than they did in 1973. Disillusionment with rock stars like The Godfather (not to mention the very term "punk" which Townshend used in such an inspired sense, even down to having The Godfather vainly assert his *own* punkritude), the whole sense of kids being manacled to/ by the very same society that has made them outcasts, the concentration on the ethics of rock which many people in Da Biz thought/ hoped had died out with hippies . . . it's no surprise that Mod has become a subject of much interest these days. So much of what Townshend discusses in "Quadrophenia" in the context of Mod now holds true once again in the context of Punk.

Yet could "Quadrophenia" hack it today in *musical* terms? The themes and lyrics are unquestionably relevant to an almost prophetic extent, but . . . A DOUBLE CONCEPT ALBUM????? HORNS???? ORCHESTRATIONS??????? SYNTHESISERS????????? Bo-o-o-o-o-o-ring, ma-a-a-a-aa-a-n!!!!!

Many of the "orchestral" arrangements were done by John Entwistle, a self-confessed soundtrack-album freak. The two long instrumentals — predominantly featuring horns, synthesised strings and keyboards — simply juggle around the piece's principal instrumental motifs, which relate to the four-sides of-Jimmy's-personality-corresponding-to-the-personalities-of-The Who aspect of "Quadrophenia", which is a whole other subject. Plus Townshend's gone a bit apeshit with his synthesisers, often burying The Who's patented-and-still-marvellous steel-smashing--up-against-the-back-wall attack under washes of pompous Wagnerisms.

The sound effects are a trifle gratuitous in places as well, and a lot of people were put off at the time by the grandiosity of the arrangements. A friend of mine to whom I played it when it first came out compared it — with a sneer — to "Jesus Christ Superstar".

The Punk And The Godfather indeed.

BUT NOW" Quadrophenia" deserves a second day in court. The kids who heard it when it first came out had nothing to relate it to unless they were old enough to remember Mod the first time round, but now the wheel has turned and Jimmy The Mod's life is being writ again here in The Modern World. I reckon that if "Quadrophenia" hadn't received such a razzing from press and public alike than Townshend wouldn't have gotten into the state he did.

"Quadrophenia" would never — thanks be to Crom and Mitra — have made a Ken Russell movie. It'd make a great TV play though.

In black and white.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

CLONES FROM THE SAME POOL

(More mutants from Akron, Ohio)

BIZARROS / RUBBER CITY REBELS
From Akron (Clone Records Import)

FROM AKRON, the town that delivered Devo unto their nation, not too many miles from the world's largest inland cesspit, comes yet another cult item from the new garage explosion.

This time it's The Bizarros and The Rubber City Rebels, two minor bangs from that same explosion (The Rebels considerably more minor), that surface a side apiece on local label Clone Records. Together they prove that going around sticking microphones under garage doors may be okay for Instant Artefact, but can lead to mixed results.

We'll take The Rebels first, because crude is too kind a word for them.

Rebel's songs evince zero musical intelligence (their idea of dynamics is somebody else's idea of premature ejaculation) so carefully blended with zombie mentality it's hard to know which to blame.

They reach their nadir on "Child Eaters", celebrating the twin joys of infanticide and cannibalism, but on "(I Gotta Getta) Brain Job" they're stumped: *"Doc said no chance, put a lid on my romance"*.

Really, The Rebels typify the plight of middle-America's youth; they've sold their Alice Cooper albums, but they don't believe Kiss and they don't comprehend The Ramones.

The Bizarros, whose "Lady Dubonette" and "I, Bizarro" featured here were previously out on a Gorilla Records EP, would appear to be in more of an ongoing creative situation — despite the fact that their five cuts indicate long periods spent in the company of Velvets records.

The guilty party is Nick Nicholis, who sings, writes andproduces. Much of the construction and overall Bizarro sound reflects The VU, vocal phrasing especially. But Nicholis combines something of Ferry with Lou Reed in a way that is more bizarre (sic) than fey, due to the dense, fragmented lyrics. However the combination of elements from two arch-stylists is still somewhat claustrophobic.

Pigeon-holing this lot as sub-Velvets would be premature though. There are some novel qualities amongst their present rough texture that could win out given time, money and a good producer.

Meanwhile, a few people are going to buy this because they figure in ten years time, when Rebels records are held in the same light as Buddy Holly death records are now, they'll make a killing. Others will buy it because of a healthy curiosity about The Bizarros. In any case, it makes an ideal gift for the status-conscious.

Paul Rambali

("From Akron" is available from Bonaparte Records, whose address you should find at the back of the paper.)

JOHNNY GUITAR WATSON
Funk Beyond The Call Of Duty (DJM)

NUMBER THREE in an open-ended set of however many the market will take before the law of diminishing return starts operating.

At that point Johnny Watson will either have to strike a new mould or retire gracefully to his new Hollywood home and think about the good times. In the meantime he's selling more copies of each new album than the total sales of all the records he made in his 23-year career before he joined DJM, so there's bound to be a few more in this series.

And who can blame him? Certainly not me — but that doesn't mean I feel obliged to keep supporting the increasingly predictable results. "I will continue to do my best to get you *product* (my italics) that we can both be proud of", he states in a sleeve note aimed at dj's and radio programmers. Uh huh. Right on, Johnny, I heard that.

It's a pity this album follows his "Bitch" and "Mother" instalments; in many ways it's the strongest of the three. The moods and themes of the seven songs have all cropped up before, maintaining his more or less accurate image of a reformed pimp cum smooth-operating playboy. Here his hustler's drawl is spirited enough to convey a deal more spunk that was apparent on the earlier works, and his familiar self-produced bed of sound has been suitably charged with a more vigorous bounce.

At the same time he's retained his sense of humour, always one of his strong points. Despite the fact that some of the guitar solos, chord changes and tunes are identical to previous recordings, he's thrown in a few licks to confuse the unwary.

Dammit all. Even when I put aside my normal sympathies for this man and determine to rap his knuckles for being so complacent, I still end up enjoying the album. He must be doing something right.

Cliff White

RORY BLOCK
Intoxication (Chrysalis)

THE MORE attentive radio listeners among you will already be familiar with Rory Block's "Help Me Baby", a better than average if not exceptional disco cut predictably picking up some air-play.

Her debut Chrysalis album, featuring undistinguished performances from heavies like El Feat's Bill Payne and Ritchie Hayward and session supremos Jim Horn and Fred Tackett, offers more of the same. Her singing is coy and cute rather than lusty, blues-wailing histrionic (the style in which so many white women make prats of themselves).

While I've heard far worse (her compositions should ensure her a few singles hits), her talent as presented doesn't justify the release of an album's worth. She should have stuck to singles.

Steve Clarke

JOHNNY CLARKE
Don't Stay Out Late (Penguin)

THIS IS the second album from Johnny Clarke since the sudden termination of his Virgin contract, and it marks the general decline in standard and purpose of this talented, but overexposed and erratic artist.

"Don't Stay Out Late" — a Kentrick Patrick ska tune in its original incarnation — is a further collection of Johnny Clarke "authorised versions." Unfortunately, it lacks the same consistency, the same vibrant execution that engendered the set so named its elan. Clarkey merely sounds bored in his interpretations.

Among the songs revisited are John Holt's "Memories By The Score" and "Happy Go Lucky Girl"; Ronnie Dyson's "Why Can't I Touch You?", another Holt favourite; Curtis Mayfield's "Keep On Moving"; and Peter Austin's rock-steady "You Can't Be Happy."

Striker Lee has produced positively hack expositions of these archetypal tunes; Clarkey himself sounds about as enthusiastic as a dish cloth.

His own "Judgement Day", "Blood Dunza" and "They Can't Conquer I And I" are far inferior to the greater glories of yore—"Move Out Of Babylon", "None Shall Escape The Judgement", "Let's Go Violence" and "Roots Natty Congo", to name but a handful.

Virgin wanted to record Johnny Clarke with Joe Gibbs, but Striker stepped into the fray to retain the service of his prodigy. It's about time he gave the singer further consideration; Clarkey will benefit by a serious talk with his producer.

Penny Reel

Back from the States
CITY BOY
on the road in the U.K.
January
19th – Oxford Polytechnic, OXFORD
20th – Music Machine, LONDON
21st – West Runton Pavilion, WEST RUNTON
23rd – Sheffield Polytechnic, SHEFFIELD
24th – Birmingham Town Hall, BIRMINGHAM
25th – Leeds University, LEEDS
27th – Bangor University, BANGOR
28th – Newcastle University, NEWCASTLE
VERTIGO
marketed by phonogram

PHOEBE SNOW
Never Letting Go
(CBS)

PHOEBE SNOW is an American singer who enjoys the sort of patronage from the Paul Simon character in *Annie Hall.*

Ms Snow sang joint lead on Simon's single "Gone At Last" that was a fair-sized hit in the States, but bombed here. In return, she does a Simon song on this set. It's "Something So Right", and where Mr. Simon sold the lyrics with his utterly precise sense of cool, Ms Snow uses it as an opportunity to display her extravagant vocal techniques.

Yes, Ms Snow has TECHNIQUE. The sort of thing that makes aged jazz buffs salivate into their sheet music. What this means is that she rarely sings melodies as they are writ, but instead opts to yodel around the notes in a way that displays either a willingness to take daring risks or eccentricity. Whichever.

Her reputation is such that she gathers assorted slick sessioneers around her. The names Richard Tee and Steve Gadd crop up among the credits. And while they're laying down their slinky brand of home-freezer funk, Ms Snow is rampaging up and down the scales with equally stylish ease. On Eugene Record's "Love Makes A Woman", she even contrives to sing like a tenor sax. Or maybe that was the tenor sax.

In between versions of Paul Simon and Chi-Lites' songs, Ms Snow also pens a few of her own. Her principal theme is loving and losing, but she hasn't quite got the high-grade melancholy quotient that we've come to expect from Janis Ian, for example. Still with the likes of "We're Children" and "Majesty of Life", there's enough here to please both bed-sitter girls and their intellectual Dads.

Bob Edmands

SMALL FACES
Greatest Hits (Immediate)
CHRIS FARLOWE
Greatest Hits (Immediate)
P. P. ARNOLD
Greatest Hits (Immediate)
THE NICE
Greatest Hits (Immediate)

Second Cut Is The Slowest

(No, they have not worn well)

PLODDING THROUGH the past. Plenty that I've heard before, not much that I wanted to hear again. Mainly mid-60s dregs; only the Small Faces really justify a hits compilation and although some of the music here was good in its time, the recycling process just wastes plastic.

"Itchycoo Park," "The Universal" and "Lazy Sunday" are the only worthwhile tracks preserved on the Small Faces album. More comprehensive selections have been draped round the record shops for years and the ponderously arid live cut of "All Or Nothing" is no added attraction.

Chris Farlowe sings Jagger-Richards. I used to like him but memory turned out to be better than reality. He sounds like a bloated Tom Jones on "In The Midnight Hour" and "Paint It Black." "Out Of Time" is still the best thing he's done and the only track on this collection not swamped or diluted by dopey arrangements.

I thought The Nice were just some nightmare of my youth, but they've turned up again in a dark, stormy, ominous sleeve, glaring from the clouds: three disembodied heads floating through the sky like hairy footballs. Keith Emerson playing tunes is a more appealing idea than Keith Emerson creating electronic noise, but the cascading keyboards cease to be palatable after the first run through of Bernstein's "America."

The Nice only had two genuine hits ("Rondo" is included) and the spare grooves are filled with pretentious mini-epics like "The Diamond Hard Apples Of The Moon." Skilful pap.

P. P. Arnold whines through two sides of limp, slushy soul. From "The First Cut Is The Deepest" through a succession of Beatles/Stones/MOR dregs, even stooping to the nauseous "Angel Of The Morning." Maybe she thought she was a great gospel singer. Maybe she was. Party record for the over-thirties. Why am I listening to this?

Back to square one because Steve Marriott's still croaking through his finest moments, this time for Humble Pie. "Natural Born Woman" and "After Yesterday" Steve and sweet Peter just don't interest me. I can't remember anything about this band except they had long hair and went on and on, how I wish they would stop.

And that sums up this pile of retreads. I'm not ashamed of the past, and I'll happily relish the best bits, but why dredge up the parts I was content to forget? Because people will pay for familiar names, of course. Wading through these fossils was boring.

Kim Davis

OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS
Don't Look Down' (A&M)

SOMEBODY SHOULD have told these guys, get out while the going's good. They didn't of course.

Time was when country rock was pulling wool, the Eagles were cute and backwater boys could make it rich quick on the back of a sassy fiddle, a few slush acoustic work outs, plus something heavy for the boys.

Shit, all you had to do was sing a song about your old lady or that varmint owl in the bush and the record company would even pay for your patched denims. The Ozarks seemed to have that number sewn up alright. Initially they had added charm and Glyn Jouns to weight up the album credits. The debut and "It'll Shine When It Shines" sounded good for a while until I filed them under nepenthe; I forget where they are now. After that the same old stuff, shitkicking, downhome and gingham — but everybody else had the formula off pat. Look at Fireball or Poco or. . .

Members may come and members may go but bands like the Ozarks just go on too damn long. Original Daredevils, Larry Lee, John Dillon, Steve Cash and Michael Granda are still there, attempting the same sincere routines with pretty tunes that worked a while back but are now so much horse hair.

Mostly they and the four new boys are reliving a subjective Missouri paradise that the

likes of you and me could never relate to. Endless strings of satisfied platitudes drifting over the canyons of your wallet. I tapped a foot (the left one, four times) to "Moon On The Rise", but that was for old times' sake. "True Believer" reminded me of an unpleasant James Taylor song.

Worst sinners in the general effluvia are Dillon, who used to pick with a deal more conviction and Lee, who hitherto managed to make being an unashamed softy boots seem nigh on respectable. He signs in with a couple of unplayable dirges here, one of which "Giving It All To The Wind" might make more sense if applied to their collective digestive tracts.

Eight men with beards? It'll never catch on.

Max Bell

RADIATOR
Isn't It Strange (Rocket)

PERHAPS ALAN Hull's problem is that he can't leave his roots. After all as I write this he and the rest of the original Lindisfarne (God bless 'em) are playing a string of sell-out reunion dates in their native Newcastle, and for this band, Hull's first since the ill-fated Lindisfarne II, he's reunited with original Lindisfarne drummer Ray Laidlaw and two of that second line-up, Colin Gibson and Kenny Craddock.

It's all very well (and very admirable) sticking to mates, but while several of Hull's songs on "Isn't It Strange" (he wrote seven of the ten titles) prove that he's every bit as good a tunesmith as ever (witness the eminently hummable "I Wish You Well" and the lovely, ethereal "A Walk In The Sea"), Radiator themselves sound singularly faceless.

So they all play the right notes and play them in tune, but the band have no character; it's all a shade half-hearted. Far too many times the production and arrangements are plain flat. For instance, Hull's snipe at the product syndrome (good lyric) in "Corporation Rock" lacks the punch needed to carry it home.

Alan Hull isn't bereft of ideas, but on "Isn't It Strange" he's stuck for a way to channel them. A shame, him being a 'working class hero' and all — in these times.

Steve Clarke

GERRY RAFFERTY CITY TO CITY

After 3 years with Billy Connolly as the Humblebums, Rafferty produced a classic solo album, CAN I HAVE MY MONEY BACK? With him on that album was Joe Egan. The two then formed what was to become one of the really important bands of the '70s—STEALERS WHEEL.
Three albums later, one a transatlantic top 10 hit, Rafferty called a halt and returned to his native Scotland.
Now, at last Gerry Rafferty is back.

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ℗

IMPORTS

WELCOME TO own-up alley. Few albums have been toted in from the colonies during the past few days and if it wasn't for the arrival of a few choice singles and EPs, this week's column would be down the labour exchange looking for a part-time job.

Luckily the singles have come on like the 5th cavalry and leading the charge has been **Queen's** "Teo Torriatte", a Nipponese Elektra release which is different from the version that graces the "Day At The Races" album and one that — according to legend — was cut by Mercury and Co. at a New York session.

The Ig has also provided a source of copy by supplying two Stooges EPs on Gregg Shaw's Bomp label, one being christened "I'm Sick On You" and containing the title track plus "Tight Pants" and "Scene Of The Crime", the other enjoying the unlikely nomenclature of "Jesus Loves The Stooges" and parading "Consolation Prices" and "Joanna", both tracks from the "Kill City" album, together with a previously unreleased jam by the Ostenburg-Williamson disintegration society.

I guess too that it's worth mentioning that **Elvis'** "My Way"/"America" single is now available in a limited edition red vinyl pressing. The scuttlebutt on this one is that it's breezed in from Canada and the price is exorbitant, a hefty £1.75 no less.

Back on the album scene — or what there's been of it — I've been tuning into "Midnight Well' (Mulligan), an album that answers the question "Whatever 'appened to Pumpkinhead?" **Pumpkinhead,** as folkrock headbangers will readily inform you, were four Americans who settled in Erin's isle and made a fair amount of worthwhile music by means of the melting pot method. And now it seems that Thom Moore, singer-songwriter and mainman with that band, has moved on to form **Midnight Well** with Gerry O'Beirne (guitar), Janie Cribbs (vocals) and Marin O'Connor (accordion). Together with various Dublin sessioneers headed by Donal Lunny, they've attempted to carry on where Pumpkinhead left off. Which means that this debut album is an attractive proposition that in its best moments possesses that around-the-old-homestead-piano quality of a McGarrigle session.

And though I still haven't yet laid my peepers on "Supply, Demand And Curve", another Mulligan release that features Ireland's answer to Weather Report, and while I'm still awaiting the arrival of **Steve Young**'s "No Place To Fall" (RCA), which is due in any day now, my aged optics did espy two 28-track, double-album, Jap compilations.

"Going Back To California" (Columbia) is a kind of Dunhill sampler offering such pop chops as **Smith**'s "Baby It's You", **Three Dog Night's** "One", **Cashman and West**'s "American City Suite" and others by **Steppenwolf, Iguanas, John Kay, The Grass Roots,** etc.

"Rock'N'Roll From Saturday Night Juke Box" (ABC), which is not as hilarious as some of the Nip pack-shuffles that have recently headed this way, makes the grade via **The Royal Teens'** "Short Shorts", **Lloyd Price's** "Stagger Lee", **The Safaris'** "Wipe Out", **Danny And The Juniors'** "At The Hop" and similar delights that once kept the Wurlitzer whirling down at the Ace Caff.

Fred Dellar

CLOVER
Love On The Air (Vertigo)

TRY AS I might I never could nestle up to Clover's last album (their English debut). There were several ingredients missing, elements that jarred on my nerves, one of which, the production, is still biting.

Did I say I was talking about their last record? Well, the nagging persists, albeit in a diluted form. At the moment, in the studio at least, I reckon Clover are only the sum of their parts and if we want to complete that little cliche we know that they have to surpass those parts, right?

So having stuffed and skinned the Christmas grouse what have we left? A welter of good, well played, solidly mid-paced upbeat white soul played in the mutant California manner in foreign setting. So Clover paid us a compliment when they came here for some inspiration, some English energy, but ain't they like a fish out of

water, pining for Mill Valley?

I'm puzzled also by John McFee's near total lack of compositional credits, particularly in the light of his sterling contributions to the great Norton Buffalo disc "Lovin' In The Valley Of The Moon" where he didn't seem so reticent. Not that the lad's stinting — note well his tasteful approach to the fretboard on "From Now on", perfectly in keeping with Alex Call's elegant vocal, real sugar-edged until Huey Louis and McFee swap, or in rock parlance, trade licks, small dry ones.

There are times when the Clover sound, courtesy of producer Mutt Lange, shakes the barrel, takes the biscuit and eats the cake. Surprisingly, they inject some new light into that ole "Travellin' Man" chestnut; mind you they have to crank the works up to an unhealthy peak. But then either I'm going deaf or all the mixing here is too bloody polite and diffuse.

If it *is* a question of soupy response then other potential goodies like "California Kid" (never mind the title, etc.) or the breezy "Southern Belles" (dodgy lyrics but a great Mc Fee refrain), could emerge vindicated in the live context. Certainly, Call can lead the band with firm direction when the material is at its best. "Hearts Under Fire" is one of his best vocals yet and "Still Alive" is bound to blossom on them boards.

Sean Hopper's keyboards are still not getting the needed projection, some of his best playing is buried low. A reason for the rather placid mood of "Love On The Wire" (which in any case is heaps better than "Unavailable") could be that they are employing a stand in drummer. Bassist Ciambotti is consequently out on a mute limb.

Overall it all amounts to the usual I'm afraid. Good but not exceptional. For a band who have been seen to deliver on more than one occasion that won't suffice.

Max Bell

Who Are You Calling A HANKER?

THE HANK MARVIN GUITAR SYNDICATE—
The Hank Marvin Guitar Syndicate (EMI)

Mr Hank Marvin, original member of The Spex Pistols

A SHADOW of his former self, Hank B. Marvin can be seen on the cover of this album in a green-filtered poolroom fantasy loosely derived from Guy Peeleart's *Rock Dreams* vision of Solomon Burke and Wilson Pickett as main-man pool hustlers.

Behind him are a slouching macho line-up of all the guest-star guitarists who play backup on the album: small-print reliables like Alan Parker, Colin Green, Vic Flick, Les Thatcher; nine of 'em altogether.

The idea of the Guitar Syndicate is — presumably — to duplicate orchestral textures by using massed guitars instead of strings, horns, keyboards, whatever. Lotsa different sorts of guitars, too: electric, acoustic, 6- and 12-string, synthesised, wah-wahed, phase-shifted, envelope-followed.

Some of the resulting textures are quite neat, but the material, production and execution is so totally limp that - ultimately — it's little more than supermarket muzak. There's nothing more that can be said about a song like "Have You Never Been Mellow" than the already celebrated Randy Newman quote on the subject, and the Brothers Johnson's "Thunder Thumbs And Lightnin' Licks" is played so tidily and cosily that it makes a mockery of the title — let alone the Bruzz' original.

The only track that even remotely cooks is "St Louis Blues", where some of the solos almost happen.

A good present for your hippie maiden aunt's mother.

Charles Shaar Murray

RUSH
ARE BIGGER THAN EVER

released January 27th
The special 12" limited edition EP of
"CLOSER TO THE HEART"
the new single from Rush
b/w "Bastille Day," "Anthem"
and "The Temples of Syrinx"

4 of their best tracks for only 99p r.r.p.

marketed by phonogram Single Rush 12

DOLLY PARTON
Here You Come Again (RCA)

AFTER THE amazing promise shown by "New Harvest . . . First Gathering", this is a sad disappointment. Dolly has amply demonstrated that she's capable of creating the very best of contemporary country music. As a performer, producer and song writer, she's proved beyond doubt that she has wit, imagination and an ability to rock out when necessary that places her miles beyond the run of the mill, bouffant-haired Nashville warbleuse.

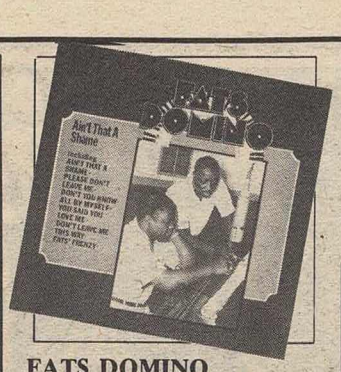
Unfortunately, somewhere in the making of "Here You Come Again" a lot of this talent seems to have fallen by the wayside. The production by Gary Klein this time rather than Dolly herself, is the kind of glossy confection that we've come to expect from the Nashville first division.

The glaring weakness of this album has to be the songs. Where "New Harvest", with the exception of the classic "My Girl", was entirely Parton material, only four original songs feature here. Although she's picked songs from such diverse sources as Bobby Goldsboro and veteran rock composers Mann/Weill, the shopping expeditions seem to have been a little ill-fated.

Even Dolly's own songs lack the usual flair and sparkle. She's always walked a thin wire, constantly risking the fall into coy, saccharine little girlism.

"God's Colouring Book" is just one case of Dolly going over the edge. She's made a fair attempt at writing the best thing of its kind since "All Things Bright And Beautiful". If that's what she wants to do, fine, except that the song would sit better in a Sunday school song book than on my stereo.

Mick Farren



FATS DOMINO
The Fats Domino Story — Vols 1 to 6 (UA).

IF YOU were a potential customer for this six-volume, 96-track compilation of fundamental rock 'n' roll when the albums were first announced, you'll now surely be the proud owner of same.

They were intermittently released between May and October last year and even if you didn't pick them all up hot from the presses, no doubt a few welcome record tokens at Christmas helped you complete the set.

For those interested parties who are still dithering, here's a reminder that the goodies are on sale. For lesser mortals, here's an explanation.

Born in New Orleans in 1928, Antoine 'Fats' Domino became the most famous and successful of that city's legion of piano-playing blues and good time boogie merchants; partly because of his undeniable talent and engaging personality, partly because he was sharper than most of the others and partly because he was in the right place at the right time.

Recording first at the end of 1949 ("The Fat Man"), during the early '50s he was heard on many fine slow blues tunes ("Every Night About This Time," "Goin' Home") and an even greater number of rollicking stomps ("Don't Lie To Me", "Mardi Gras In New Orleans", "Please Don't Leave Me") that were rock 'n' roll in all but name.

By the mid-'50s he was already a major star with black audiences and a big attraction for funkier whites, particularly in the southern states. When the heavens moved, society crumbled (ho ho) and rock proper slashed its razor-edge across the face of the western world, it was almost as a matter of course that Fats rolled into the bigtime.

(Actually this is all far too glib. For instance, Roy Brown, another R&B/rock pioneer who was at one time of equivalent stature to Domino, missed his main chance completely. But then whaddya expect in a record review, a potted encyclopedia?)

The start of Domino's heyday was really "Ain't That A Shame" in 1955 (although a lot of sales went to Pat Boone's cover version) and "Blueberry Hill' the following year. From thereon he hardly missed until 1963, during which time he chalked up about 50 hits and total world record sales of some incredible amount that still puts him in a respectable position in the league tables, even though the record biz has swollen immensely since he dropped out of fashion.

Throughout his years at the top, Domino's recordings changed in detail, in that his rhythm section gradually became more emphatic while the rest of his band modified their solos for the simple demands of a rock audience. Also, for a while he recorded eccentric versions of old standards ("My Blue Heaven", etc) and his later hits often featured a vocal chorus or strings ("Walking To New Orleans").

Nevertheless, it was still basically the same man with the same sound who slipped as gracefully out of the limelight as he'd entered it; indeed, he's still the same today — and just as good — over a decade after his last hit.

For that very reason I wouldn't expect the casually interested reader to want this admirable, and all but definitive, six-pack of chronological history. There's a 20-track selection of Domino's hits that is also available which'd be much more to your liking (and pocket).

But for those among you who have tasted the hors d'oeuvre and are still hungry for the main course, I can't recommend this series highly enough. It's the best chronicle of Fats Domino that's ever likely to be made available and it's just possibly the most sensible retrospective that's ever been compiled on any artist's career. So far it's certainly the finest compilation to be made of any of the famous '50s rock 'n' rollers.

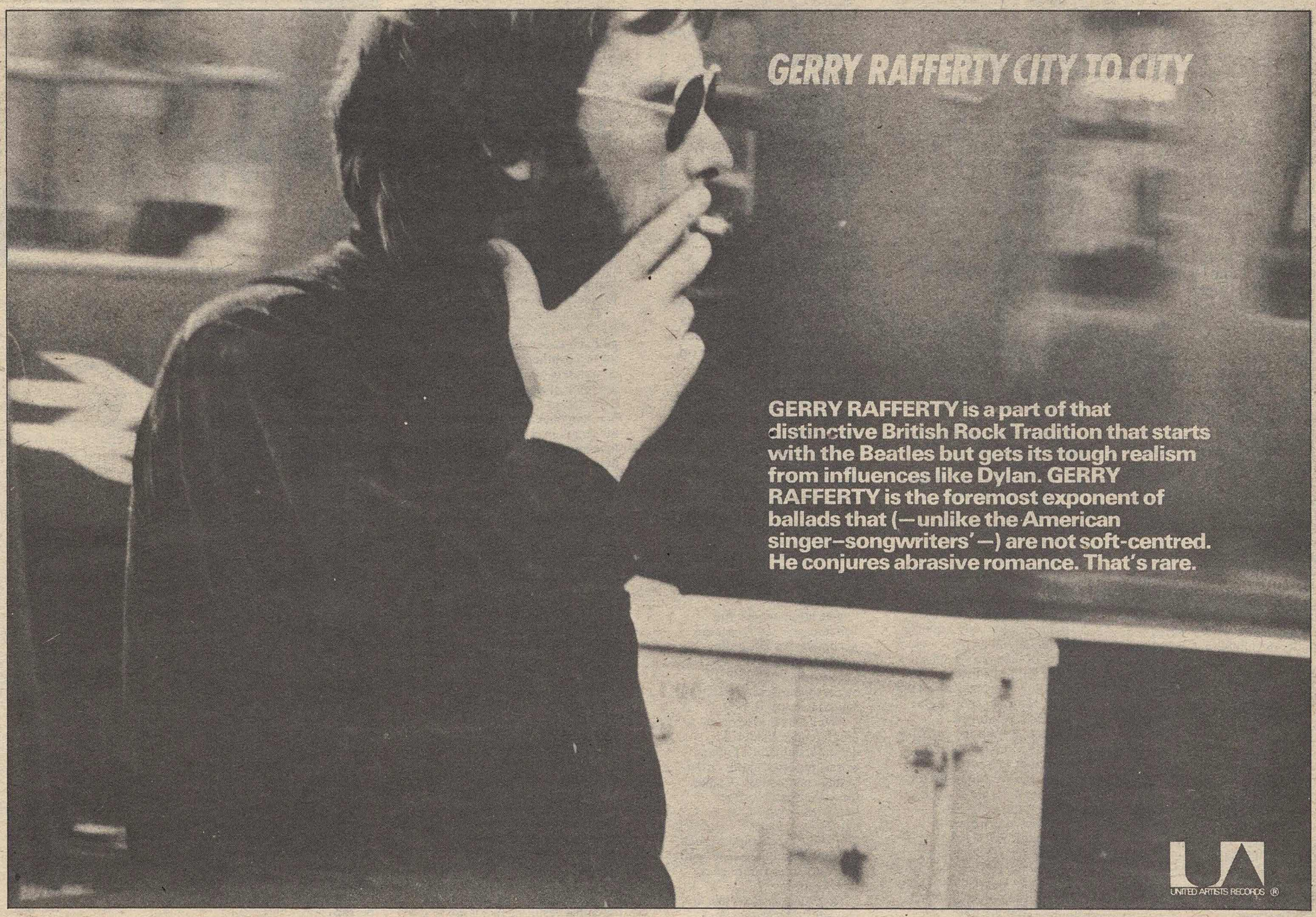
P.S. UA will soon issue several more albums of New Orleans R&B/rock'n'roll. Save your pence and watch this space.

Cliff White

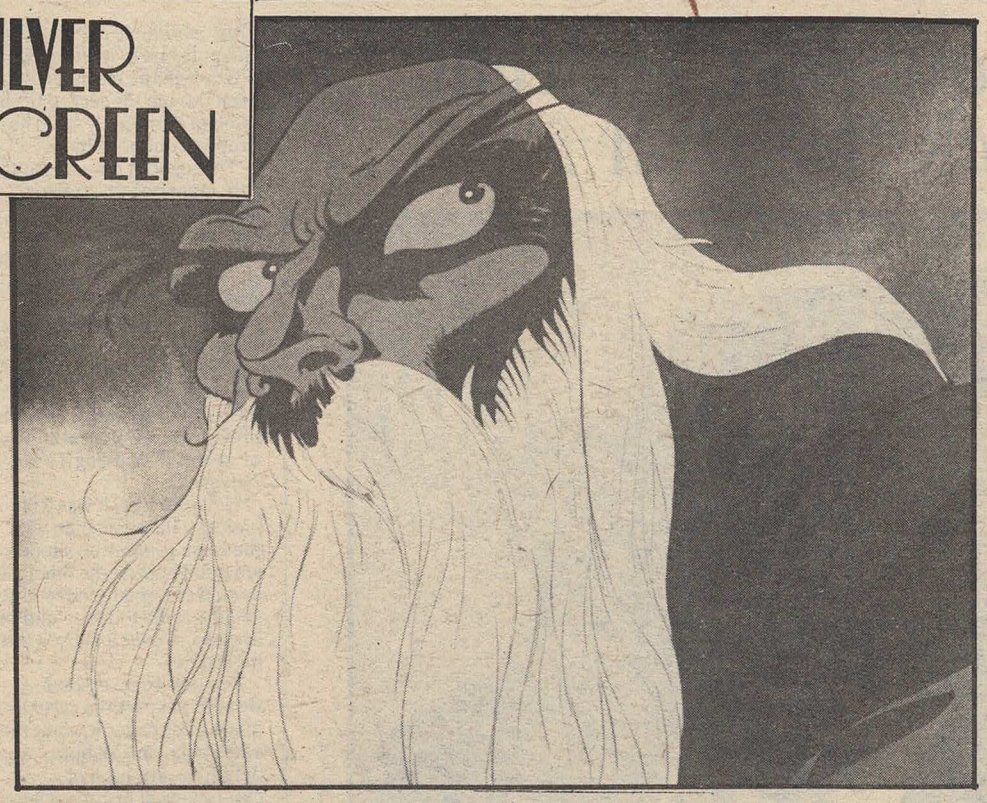
The Squarest Haircut In Rock 'N' Roll . . .

Fats in the 50's

But The Roundest Music


GERRY RAFFERTY CITY TO CITY
GERRY RAFFERTY is a part of that distinctive British Rock Tradition that starts with the Beatles but gets its tough realism from influences like Dylan. GERRY RAFFERTY is the foremost exponent of ballads that (—unlike the American singer–songwriters'—) are not soft-centred. He conjures abrasive romance. That's rare.
UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®

SILVER SCREEN



GESTE ONE OF THOSE CRAZY THINGS—

The Last Remake of Beau Geste (A)

Written and directed by Marty Feldman.
Starring Ann-Margret, Marty Feldman, Michael York
(Universal)

MARTY FELDMAN was for many years one of this country's most anarchic comedians until he emigrated to Hollywood a few years ago and became one of America's most anarchic comedians.

Younger viewers may have assumed that this extraordinary creature, this living blasphemy upon God's image, was something created in a make-up studio by Mel Brooks for *Young Frankenstein,* and subsequently immortalised in the same director's *Silent Movie* and in Gene Wilder's *Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother.*

Prior to his invasion of Burbank, Feldman was a scriptwriter for the late, lamented *Round The Horne* radio series in the late '50s and early '60s, and also wrote for David Frost's *The Frost Report* on BBC1, and for the ITV series *At Last The 1948 Show,* which featured John Cleese and Graham Chapman and was a direct ancestor of *Monty Python's Flying Circus.* From there he went to a BBC series called *Marty,* which was mostly excellent and an ITV series under the lumbering title of *The Marty Feldman Comedy Machine,* which was dreadful (despite graphics by *Python's* Terry Gilliam) because Feldman was forced to conform too closely to the dictates of an Anglo-American variety format.

In between times, he wrote and starred in a much underrated British low-budget comedy entitled *Every Home Should Have One* and played the part of The National Health Service in the film version of the John Antrobus / Spike Milligan play *The Bed Sitting Room.*

His work with Brooks led to his writing and directing *The Last Remake Of Beau Geste* in a style which appealingly combines his mastery of post-Goon British weirdness with the manic pratfall parodism of the Brooks school of American movie comedy.

Geste is a demolition of PC Wren's novel of aristocratic stiff-upper-lippism-in-the-face-of-disgrace (previously filmed in the '40s with Gary Cooper in the role of the heroic Beau), of Foreign Legion flicks in general, of heroism and self-sacrifice, and of every cliche that Feldman could work into the script.

The cast draws together famous Hollywood faces like Ann-Margret (as the scheming adventuress who marries Sir Hector Geste to get her hands on the legendary Geste diamond), James Earl Jones (as the Sheikh) and ex-*Laugh In* star Henry Gibson (best known for his performance in Altman's *Nashville*), along with great British institutions like Peter Ustinov (a bravura performance as a sadistic Legion sergeant with a selection of false legs and false scars, not to mention a horse with a matching false leg), Terry-Thomas, Irene Handl, Trevor Howard, Hugh Griffith, Spike Milligan and Roy Kinnear.

Michael York and Feldman himself play identical twins ("he was more identical than me"), believe it or not: York alternately sinister and hilarious as the too-good-to-be-true Beau and Feldman as the stumblebum fall-guy Digby.

As ever, Feldman produces more gags per second than any but the most pathologically greedy moviegoer has a right to demand: that only a quarter of them fall flat on their asses is a mark of the man's genius. He's at his best when combining the cerebral and the physical in such scenes as the silent movie jailbreak sequence, the mirage sequence where he actually infiltrates the Cooper version of the movie, plays a scene with the Coop and even blows a joint with him, the ludicrous ballroom scene where he dances with Ted Cassidy as the blind maniac, the opening scenes in the Geste manor, the bits with a 12-year-old kid who actually looks like Feldman (I shudder to think where *he* came from), the Pythonesque destruction of the old Universal title logo . . . look, it's hard enough to work out what's going on let alone to tell you lot about it, so just see it, okay?

It's a barrel of laffs. I guarantee it.

I just hope that it wasn't too British to succeed in the States. I mean, I'd like to see Feldman make more movies with the same budget and resources used on *Beau Geste.*

Charles Shaar Murray

Rollercoaster (A)

Directed by James Goldstone
Starring George Segal and Timothy Bottoms
(CIC)

FOR THE LESS discriminating punter, the search for sensations and gimmicks capable of hooking popular imagination provides some singular entertainment. As cinema-as-spectacle takes its place alongside the devil and large scale disaster on the chase for box office lucre, our punter is in for heaps of novelty; some of it ingenious, most of it aestheically barren.

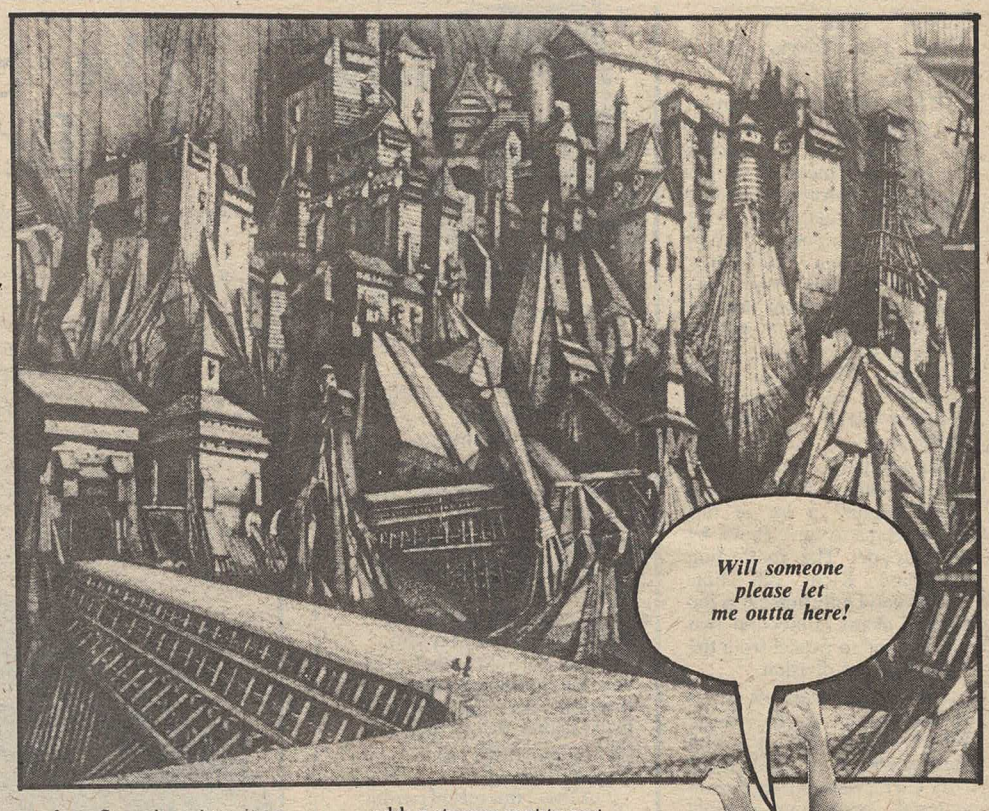
Face it, how much can be made of mounting a camera in front of a rollercoaster and filming it in Sensurround (the sound of the coaster wheels loud and disembodied from the theatre sides) which, despite warnings, put my physical and emotional reactions in no peril whatsoever? The answer is very little.

The lulls between the rollercoaster sequences are occupied by a calculating psychopath bomber, who holds a consortium of Fun-Fair owners to ransom because, "I need the money".

"Well why don't you get a job?" replies Calder, a defiantly individual public works inspector in the throes of male menopause. Calder, through respect for the bomber's deviousness, naturally manages to out-guess him at the crunch and a tough, officious Fed follows him into the foray toting more guns than brains.

Rollercoaster plays like an episode of *McMillan And Wife;* wisecracks, jaunty humour and a threat to public safety. So wait and see it on T.V. and in the meantime bring back the 3D movie.

Paul Rambali



Wizards (A)

Written, Produced and Directed by Ralph Bakshi.
(20th Century Fox)

RALPH BAKSHI'S reputation in recent years was established with his full-length animated features, *Fritz the Cat* and *Heavy Traffic.* His career began with CBS *Terrytoons* where he became first the youngest animator in the history of the animation business, then the youngest director and ended up running the whole outfit.

Now independent and master of his own destiny, his superbly professional animation features have, in the past, extended the frontiers of the medium, introducing sex, drugs, rock and roll, obscenity and street humour into a market largely dominated by corporate blandness and a super-cleen moral code. Just contrast Disney's rosy-cheeked animals with Bakshi's raunchy, street-wise beasts.

Wizards exchanges the landscape of the urban ghettoes for a fantasy world of the future; in the process Bakshi loses his grip and puts on a disappointing show. Professional expertise abounds but the fable is soggy at too many points to mark the whole project a success.

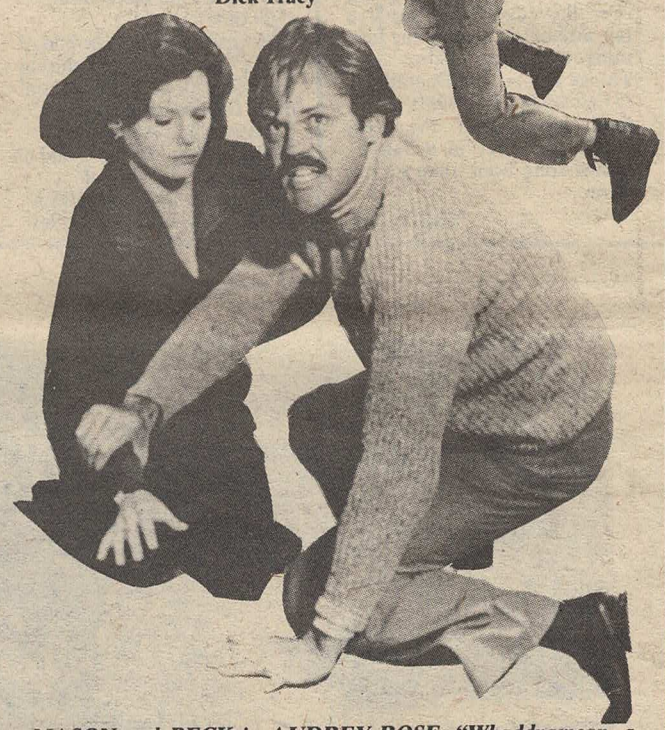
The story is set on a blasted Earth, two million years after a global holocaust and focuses on two brother wizards of completely opposite character, and their struggle for domination. Avatar, an old, hip, laid back wisecraker, rules his kingdom of Montagar with love and understanding. His demonic brother Blackwolf, however, controls the harsh landscape of Scortch with an iron fist, and is eager to extend the frontiers of his evil empire and destroy his brother. While searching for a method of uniting his ramshackle horde of goblins, wraiths and mutants into a powerful fighting force, he discovers an old "dream machine" (film projector) along with crates of Nazi newreels. These ancient images produce frenzy among Blackwolf's deformed supporters and the invasion begins. Only Avatar and his friends can save the world from an evil fate.

As fantasy goes it's a catchy enough concept — the battle between technology and magic — but it's marred constantly by the unevenness of the presentation. *Wizards* gives the impression of Bakshi anxiously unloading his entire steamer trunk of techniques with little thought for the outcome, resulting in a jerky pace and a lumpy texture.

Use of the Nazi newsreel adds a strange reality and timeliness to this disjointed fantasy, at the same time displaying a severe lack of imagination.

Ultimately Bakshi obviously needs a stronger foundation on which to base his precocious visual arsenal. Maybe his next project, *Lord of the Rings,* could provide that. Meantime, *Wizards* will no doubt please comic buffs and fantasy freaks without setting the box office alight.

Dick Tracy



MASON and BECK in AUDREY ROSE: "Whaddyamean, a begrudgingly good review . . .?"

Audrey Rose (AA)

Directed by Robert Wise
Starring Anthony Hopkins and Marsha Mason
(United Artists)

GOOD FOR Robert Wise. The Hollywood veteran has eschewed the fashionable celluloid penchant for graphic gore and sensational special effects and made a quiet, dignified movie about reincarnation which nestles neatly beside John Boorman's subtle work in last year's under-estimated *Exorcist II.* And it will probably meet with a similar fate — derisory dismissal by cynical critics and hardened audiences alike.

A pity, because up until the final 20 minutes — when the film deteriorates into a banal courtroom confrontation fostering freak-show Krishna beliefs ("One act in a vast cosmic drama," yawn, sob, whine) — *Audrey Rose* is an elegant example of Wise's conservatively contemplative style, not so much regal as haughty, imbued with an old-fashioned craftsmanship that is hard to deny.

(Worth noting, too, that Wise's better work has invariably concerned some kind of 'other-worldliness' — *The Day The Earth Stood Still, The Curse Of The Cat People, The Haunting, The Andromeda Strain* — unlike the leaden, lauded *West Side Story, sound of Music* and *Star*).

After a truly disturbing prologue — depicting in uniquely cinematic terms the horrific death of the eponymous 'heroine' — *Audrey Rose* settles into a well-observed psycho-drama of marital strife in up-market New York, the soap-operatic interventions of that perennial cheap-exposition prop, the telephone, ably controlled by a sound cast.

The belligerent scepticism of John Beck's boorish husband is amusing, in neat counterpoint to Marsha Mason's sensitive emotion-choked wife. But it is Anthony Hopkins, as the haunted father of the dead child, who makes the deepest impression. Casually introduced as a seedy paedophile-type roaming the sodden streets, his immensly pathetic figure immediately conveys genuine anguish. A magnificent performance.

Leave before the end and you won't feel the need to titter.

Monty Smith

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Secret exploits of Slowhand

"SOMETIME IN New York City", "Stephen Stills 2", "Music From Free Creek", "We're Only In It For The Money", "Fiends And Angels Again" (Martha Velez), and "Leon Russell" (1970) . . . all these albums contain contributions from Eric Clapton. But on which tracks does he play? Also, was the album "Rock'n'Roll Circus" ever released? — **ROBERT DANIEL, Caldwells, Ellon, Aberdeenshire.**

● Once more we decided to turn to Cliff Gater, our house-trained Claptonologist, who after been roused from his traditional Hogmanay stupour reported:

"Sometime In New York City" features Clapton and a cast of thousands on "Cold Turkey" and "Don't Worry Kyoko", while E.C. definitely appears on a "Stills 2" track called "Fishes And Scorpions". He's also on other tracks but exactly which is hard to define. On "Music From Free Creek", El Clappo turns up in the guise of King Cool to solo on "Getting Back To Molly", "Road Song" and "No One Knows" (A. N. Other, the other pseudonymous axeman on the disc is rumoured to be Jeff Beck), while his part in "We're Only In It For The Money" was in a speaking role only — though he's reputed to have played on "Lumpy Gravy" and may have been on some other Mother-shots — the way Zappa chops tapes around, who knows?

As far as the Velez and Russell items are concerned, it's all down to aural evidence, with Clapton apparently playing on "I'm Gonna Leave You" on "Fiends And Angels Again" (which is merely a reissue of "Fiends And Angels") and contributing to "I Put A Spell On You", "Price Of Peace" and "Roll Away The Stone" (sharing duel lead with George Harrison) — though none of this is totally conclusive.

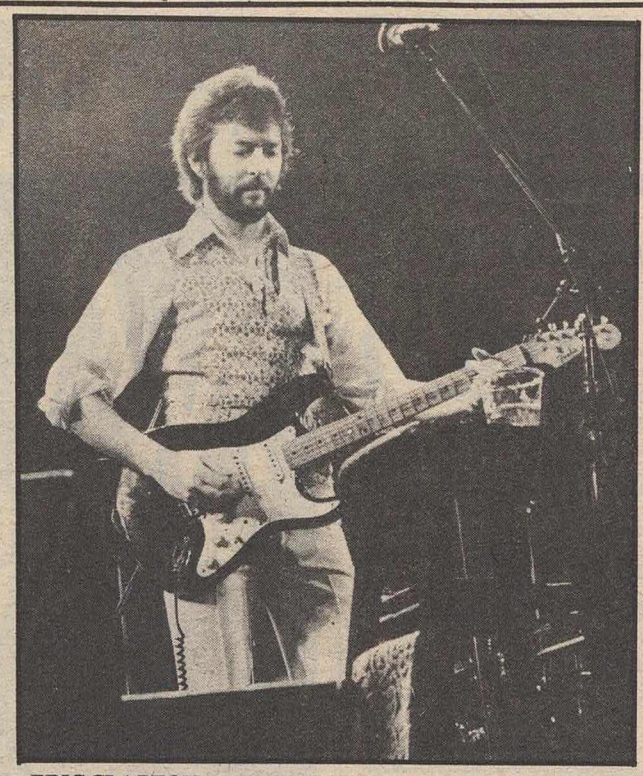
The "Rock'n'Roll Circus" soundtrack was never officially released, though it's surfaced on at least three bootleg labels, namely Phonygraf, King Kong and Mushroom, the last named being a coloured vinyl pressing. The tracks include "Yer Blues" (Lennon, Clapton, Richards and Mitch Mitchell); "Instrumental" (Cream), "Riverside Blues" (Led Zeppelin), "A Quick One While He's Away" (The Who), "Everbody" (Cream), "We'll See", "Down To The Wire" and "Come On" (Buffalo Springfield), while a GULP bootleg also includes some of these items plus four tracks by Beefheart and a lengthy version of "Bluebird" by Buffalo Springfield.

To the best of my knowledge, Clapton has played on, spoken on, and maybe passed wind on *at least* 47 albums and 11 singles by *other* artists (not including Yardbirds, Bluesbreakers et al) and maybe one day I'll get together a complete discography. Any aid would be greatly appreciated!

I'VE RECENTLY come across a Virgin release called "To Keep From Crying" by Comus. I think it's an excellent album and I was wondering if you could provide the band's line-up and tell me if they're still recording? — **ROD JONES, Gimson Hall, Leicester.**

● I can only assume that you've copped yourself a sleeveless album 'cos the band's line-up — Roger Wooton (guitar, vocals), Bobbie Watson (recorder, percussion, vocals), Keith Hale (keyboards), Andy Hellaby (bass, autoharp) and Gordon Coxson (drums) — is clearly indicated on my copy of the disc, along with the info that Henry Cow's Lindsay Cooper, Esperanto's Tim Kramer and Gong's Didier Malherbe were around to put in their two cents worth.

The group, which derived its name from a poem by Milton, originally came together at the Beckenham Arts Lab in 1969, that establishment being run by a local lad named David Bowie. An album called "First Utterance" appeared on Dawn in February '71 but by '72 the group had split, re-forming to make "To Keep From Crying" in 1974. However, the album, though good, failed to raise much dust and Comus once more disappeared into the great unknown.



ERIC CLAPTON: guest appearances

I HAVE been trying for some time to obtain a copy of "The Runaways — Live In Japan", a Japanese import, but my local shops cannot obtain it even though they've contacted a well-known import wholesaler. Tony Parsons gave the record a superb write-up some time ago and I feel that I must obtain a copy — but from where? — **W. ARMITAGE, Thornton Cleveleys, Lancs.**

WHO WAS the first British artist to have a million seller? Also, who was the first British artist to top the American charts? — **K. PROCTOR, Leeds.**

● I say, Carruthers, we've got another of those dashed patriotic, red, white and blue bedsocked types here agin. So play "Rule Britannia" while I relate that according to Joe Murrell's *Book Of Golden Discs*, Burt Shepherd, an English comedian, was the first true Brit to zonk past the magic million mark, when his version of "Laughing Song", cut in 1910, made it big — expecially in India. The song was penned by George Washington Johnson, whom, or so legend has it, was a one-time slave who recorded thousands of discs until the time he became so enraged that he threw his wife out of the nearest window, thus getting himself topped for murder. Dame Vera Lynn, who as far as we know, hasn't manhandled anyone to date, is reputed to be the first British artist to head the U.S. charts, her version of "Auf Wiedersehn Sweetheart" holding the No. 1 spot for no less than nine weeks in 1952.

COULD YOU tell me something about bassist Dek Messecar? How long has he been a member of Caravan and with whom did he play before joining the band? — **CATH LOFTHOUSE, Audley, Blackburn, Lancs.**

● Messecar was born in Canada but spent most of his early days in the States, his father being a member of the USAF. Later, the family headed for Britain where Dek attended the American High School at Bushey, meeting guitar-totin' classmate Jerry Donahue, the two becoming buddies and going out on gigs together. Donahue moved to become a member of Poet And A One Man Band (the outfit that eventually metamorphosised into Heads, Hands And Feet) while Messecar joined a Mecca band and indulged in a lengthy period of club and session-work. He then became bassist with Darryl Way's Wolf but, when that outfit eventually bit the dust, reverted to session-work until becoming a cog in the Soft Machine towards the end of '76, his signing being the result of a recommendation by the Soft's John Etheridge, who'd previously worked with Messecar in Wolf.

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ALFALFA
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Sunday January 22nd 75p
RADIO STARS
+ DYAKS

Monday January 23rd 50p
TONIGHT
+ RUMBLESTRIPS

Tuesday January 24th 75p
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+ STAA MARX

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

MAIN HIGHLIGHTS

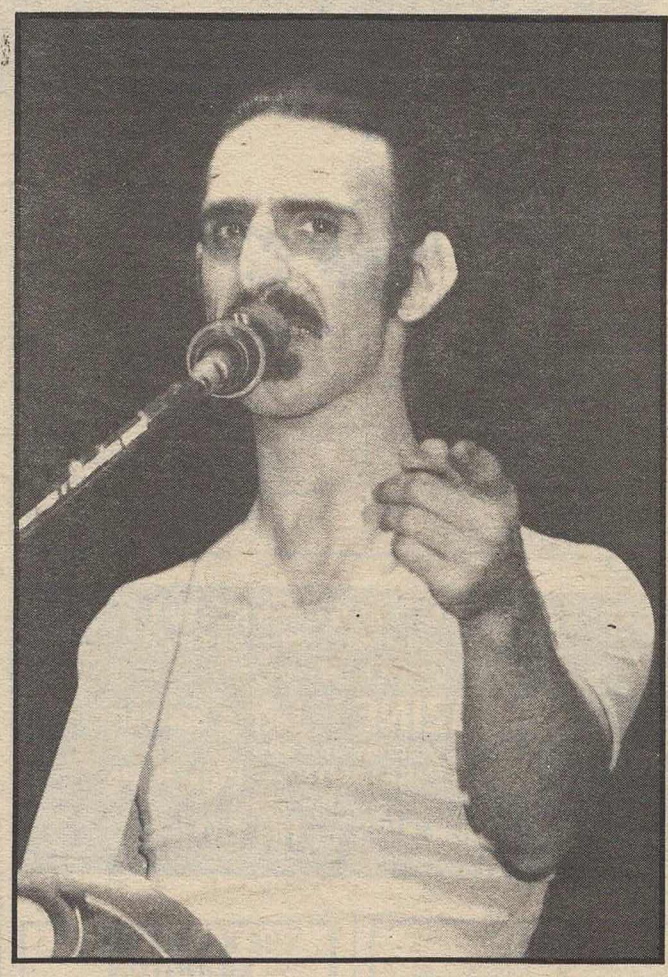
● **THE TALKING HEADS** fly in for their first bill-topping British tour (the last time they were here they supported The Ramones) and, although — as reported last week — they've now lopped three dates off the end of their original schedule, they'll still be doing 16 gigs. The first of these are Sheffield (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Doncaster (Monday) and Aylesbury (Tuesday).

● **FRANK ZAPPA** pays a welcome return visit next week, together with his new eight-piece band. He's undertaking a whirlwind European tour, so he only has time for four dates in this country — all of them at London Hammersmith starting on Tuesday. He'll be promoting his new "Zappa In New York" live album.

● **JUDAS PRIEST** are back on the road after a lengthy absence, playing an extensive headlining concert series. They don't have a single idle day during the first week, with gigs at Cromer (Thursday), Cambridge (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Coventry (Sunday), Sheffield (Monday), Cardiff (Tuesday) and Swansea (Wednesday).

● **CITY BOY** have set up a short series of British gigs, sandwiched between visits to America, where they're beginning to make their presence felt in a big way. This week they're at Oxford (Thursday), London (Friday), Cromer (Saturday), Sheffield (Monday), Birmingham (Tuesday) and Leeds (Wednesday).

Left: TINA WEYMOUTH of The Talking Heads. Right: FRANK ZAPPA. Below: JUDAS PRIEST.



Thursday

BASILDON Double Six: GYGAFO
BATH Viaduct Hotel: BAND WITH NO NAME
BIRKENHEAD Mr Digby's: ADVERTISING
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Night Out: DIANE SOLOMON (for three days)
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
CHATHAM H.M.S. Pembroke: SOUL DIRECTION
CHATHAM White Lion: REBEL
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: JOHN DOWIE
COVENTRY Mercers Arms: RENO
COVENTRY Mr George's: DEAD FINGERS TALK
COVENTRY Warwick University: OSIBISA
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: JUDAS PRIEST
FARNHAM College: GONZALEZ
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: SEAMAN STAINES & THE NAVAL RATINGS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: YACHTS
HONITON The Motel: STONECATMOVING
KINGSTON Grove Tavern: DANGEROUS RHYTHM
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: DAWNWEAVER
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE VOICE SQUAD
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CAFE JACQUES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON Institute of Contemporary Arts: THIS HEAT
LONDON ISLINGTON City Arms: RED NITE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: NO DICE
LONDON Marquee Club: ADAM & THE ANTS
LONDON NORTHWOOD Hills Hotel: OVERKILL
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: MERGER
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: MATCHBOX
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: BETHNAL
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NORWICH Arts Centre: LANDSCAPE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
NOTTINGHAM The Sandpiper: REGGAE REGULARS
OXFORD Polytechnic: CITY BOY
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
PONTYPRIDD College of Education: KRAKATOA
READING Target Club: STADIUM DOGS
ROTHERHAM Windmill: RICH KIDS
RUGBY Town Hall: THE ROLL-UPS
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: VESUVIUS
STANLEY The Huntingdon: SON OF A BITCH
SWANSEA Nutz Club: MOTORHEAD
TORQUAY 400 Club: MUSCLES
TREFOREST Non-Political Club: SOUTH PAW
WANTAGE The Swan: TIGER LILY
WOKING Central Halls: SHAM 69 / MENACE / MASTERSWITCH / SPEED-O-METERS

Friday

BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: FRACTURE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: STRAWHEAD
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: GYGAFO
BURTON 76 Club: MOTORHEAD
BURY ST. EDMUNDS The Griffin: RUBY JOE
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: JUDAS PRIEST
CARMARTHEN Town Hall: KRAKATOA
CHATHAM Old Ash Tree: SOUL DIRECTION
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: BAND WITH NO NAME
CHICHESTER School: STAA MARX
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: MIKE ABSALOM
COVENTRY Market Tavern: TATUM
COVENTRY New Phoenix: RENO
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
DARLINGTON Bowes Wine Cellar: SPEED
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: STILL
EASTBOURNE Kings Country Club: THE DOOLEYS
EBBW VALE Brynteg Youth Club: RUFF HANDFULL
ELLESMERE PORT Bulls Head: THE AMERICAN AUTUMN BAND
HORNCHURCH The Bull: J.J. JAMESON
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: SPLIT ENZ
HULL University: RICHARD DIGANCE
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: THE PLEASERS
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEICESTER University: YACHTS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: ISAMBARD KINGDOM
LONDON CAMBERWELL School of Art: BUSTER CRABBE/LANDSCAPE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GRAND HOTEL/ FISCHER Z
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CITY BOY
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON City University: TRADER
LONDON College of Printing: THE POP GROUP
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CLAIRE HAMILL
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE PLAGUE
LONDON EDMONTON The Cock: KESTRAL
LONDON ENFIELD Middlesex Polytechnic: XTC
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARSAW PAKT
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: HELEN SHAPIRO/WHITE PLAINS
LONDON ISLINGTON City Arms: STRAIGHT 8
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON ISLINGTON Jolly Farmers: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON KENSINGTON Royal College of Art: THE DEPRESSIONS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LONDON Marquee Club: WINDOW
LONDON NORTHWOOD Hills Hotel: OVERKILL
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK & BLUES NIGHT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: DELEGATION
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TONIGHT
LONDON TWICKENHAM St. Mary's College: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: INTER CITY UNION
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: SUCKER
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: WHIRLWIND
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
MANCHESTER The Squat: THE ACCELERATORS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: ADVERTISING
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: OSIBISA
NEWPORT Village Club: RICH KIDS
NORWICH East Anglia University: JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENDERS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM The Sandpiper: SUBURBAN STUDS
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: CLUMSY
PETERBOROUGH South Grove Centre: THE NOW
PRESTON Polytechnic: STEEL PULSE
READING Windsor Hall: NO DICE
RUGBY Lanchester Polytechnic: SCREENS/THE AUTOMATICS/SCHOOL MEALS/PENETRATION
SALFORD University: SUPERCHARGE
SALISBURY College of Technology: THE PIRATES
SHEFFIELD University: TALKING HEADS/DIRE STRAITS
SLOUGH George Hotel: THE LATE SHOW
SOUTHAMPTON Technical College: AMAZORBLADES
SOUTHEND Technical College: CAFE JACQUES
STAFFORD College of Further Education: JENNY HAAN'S LION
SUNDERLAND Boilermakers Club: SON OF A BITCH
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: EAZIE
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD New Cross: VESUVIUS
TIVERTON The Motel: SHAZAM
WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell ArmsL THE NEXT BAND
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: BRITISH LIONS/SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/GONZALEZ
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: RADIO STARS
YORK Grob & Ducat: DAWNWEAVER

Saturday

ABERDEEN Music Hall: ULTRAVOX
ABERYSTWYTH University: KRAKATOA
ACCRINGTON Albion Hotel: THE NEXT BAND
ALDERSHOT Roundabout Club: SOUL DIRECTION
AYLESBURY Friars: THE PIRATES / NO DICE
BAGSHOT The Pantiles: GONZALEZ
BEDFORD College of Education: RADIO STARS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: STORMRIDER
BIRMINGHAM University: RICHARD DIGANCE / ROB & PAUL
BISHOPS STORTFORD Technical College: CAFE JACQUES
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: STAA MARX
BOLTON Institute of Technology: JENNY DARREN
BRIGHTON New Regent: AMAZORBLADES
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: YACHTS
BRIMMINGTON The Tavern: BAND WITH NO NAME
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COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: BRITISH LIONS/ROCKY RICKETTS & THE JET PILOTS OF JIVE
COVENTRY Market Tavern: TATUM
COVENTRY Sherwood Rooms: RENO
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: CITY BOY
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: RICH KIDS
EASTBOURNE Kings Country Club: THE DOOLEYS
EWELL Technical College: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: SPLIT ENZ
GOOLE Station Hotel: R.B.Q.
HITCHIN College of Education: XTC
ILKLEY College: MUSCLES
KINGSTON Coronation Hall: THE RIVVITS
KINGSTON Polytechnic: THE TYLA GANG
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LEEDS University: JUDAS PRIEST
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LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Old Town Hall: LANDSCAPE
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: MUNGO JERRY / PAPER LACE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CADO BELLE / ALFALPHA
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: GYGAFO
LONDON Marquee Club: FURY
LONDON N.19 Caxton House: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: KESTRAL
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Cecil Sharp House: CYRIL TAWNEY
LONDON SOUTHGATE Tractors: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE CORTINAS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: INNER CITY UNION
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MACCLESFIELD Roe Street School: SILVERWING
MANCHESTER University: TALKING HEADS / DIRE STRAITS
MATLOCK Baths Pavilion: VESUVIUS
MATLOCK Black Rock: BULLET
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MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE PLEASERS
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NEWCASTLE Guildhall: STEEL PULSE / SQUAD
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OXFORD Knobs Club: THE ROLL-UPS
OXFORD St. Catherine's College: TONIGHT
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SLOUGH Technical College: JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENDERS
SNODLAND The Bull: PEKOE ORANGE
ST. ALBANS City Hall: SUPERCHARGE
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: DOLL BY DOLL
SUNDERLAND Wearmouth Hall: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
SWANSEA White Swan: SLEEVER
TONBRIDGE The Harvesters: THE LATE SHOW
WARRINGTON Wilderspool Leisure Centre: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
WIGAN Casino: JENNY HAAN'S LION
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

Sunday

BARROW Dover Castle: RENO
BASILDON Treble Chance: HYMIE BLOWS IT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BRADFORD Talk Of Yorkshire: DAVE BERRY (for seven days)
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CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: TYLA GANG
COVENTRY Dog & Trumpet: ARMPIT JUG BAND
COVENTRY Theatre: JUDAS PRIEST
CRAWLEY White Knight: SCHMO
CROOK Paton Beehive: SON OF A BITCH
CROYDON Greyhound: XTC/SECRET
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: ULTRAVOX
IPSWICH Kingfisher: GYPP
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: THE ADVERTS/WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS/THE CORTINAS/SUBURBAN STUDS / THE DEPRESSIONS/STAA MARX
LETCHWORTH The Pelican: KESTRAL
LIVERPOOL Eric's: TALKING HEADS/DIRE STRAITS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: FOSTER BROTHERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: RADIO STARS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE POLICE
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: REBEL
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WALSALL Bilston The Cock: STAFFORDSHIRE MEN
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: EAZIE
YEOVIL Duke of York: THE LEAR-JACKS

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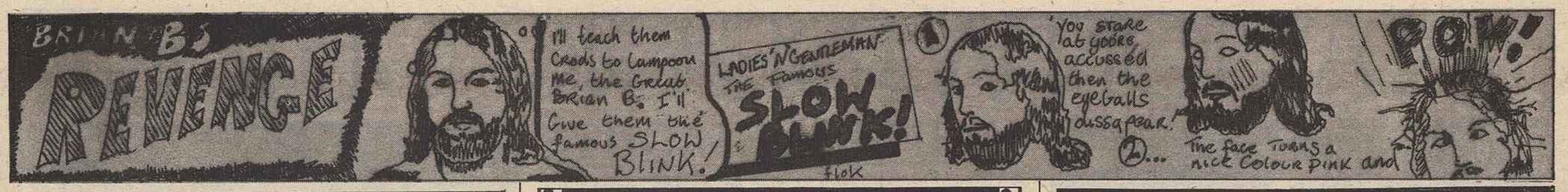

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28th Jan. Coach and Horses, West Bromwich.

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Feb. 8 MARY O'HARA
Feb. 9/10 EMMY LOU HARRIS
Feb. 10 JUDAS PRIEST
Feb. 11 TINA TURNER
Feb. 12 ADVERTS
Feb. 14 JOHN WILLIAMS
Feb. 17/18 STEELEYE SPAN
Feb. 19 HERBIE HANCOCK & CHICK COREA
Feb. 19 DAMNED
Feb. 19/20 RUSH
Feb. 22 X.T.C.
Feb. 24 SWEET
Feb. 25/26 BE BOP DELUXE
Feb. 26 STRAWBS
Feb. 27/Mar. 10 CLIFF RICHARD & THE SHADOWS
Mar. 7 PETE SEEGER
Mar. 10 GALLAGHER & LYLE
Mar. 12 HOT CHOCOLATE
Mar. 13/18 MANHATTEN TRANSFER
Mar. 16/17 EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
Mar. 28 CHARLES AZNAVOUR
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April 9 HOT CHOCOLATE
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Sunday January 22nd

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Sunday January 29th

ULTRAVOX! + The Doll

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21st

THE SOFT BOYS

+

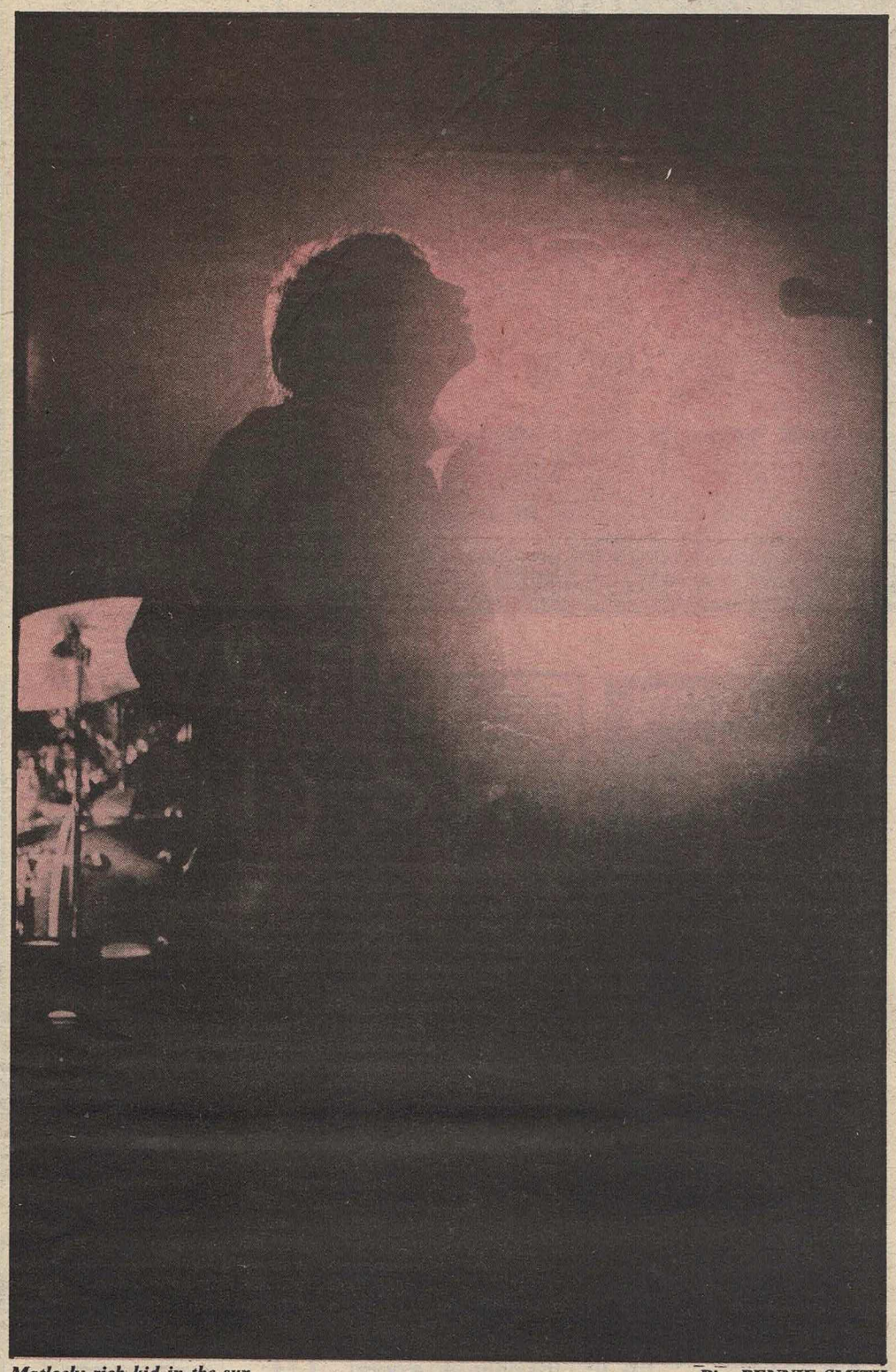
MAUREEN AND THE MEATPACKERS

at the Buccaneer, Brighton

Doors open 8 pm. Admission 80p
Bar till closing time

words words words

ON THE TOWN



Matlock: rich kid in the sun . . . *Pic: PENNIE SMITH*

Sliker than Ure've ever been

Rich Kids

EDINBURGH

THE NOTION of a band containing not only the man who wrote the best Pistols' songs — and was ultimately too smart for the rest of the band — but also Midge Ure, cornerstone of the high-powered rock-'n'roll unit that was the latterday Slik, seemed almost too good to be true.

So far, however, the reviews have been decidedly mixed, and the single disappointingly thin. Add to that disheartening reports of a shambolic preceding gig in Glasgow and a grim sense of foreboding descends.

Not so much a vision as a mirage?

Consequently, when the band launches heartily into a gloriously full-bodied version of "Here Comes The Nice," the first reaction that floods the body is one of relief as much as pleasure. Hey — they made it!

Even then, in that first number, it's clear that the Rich Kids are well on their way.

Right now they're at about the same stage as the Tom Robinson Band — good now (in their musical infancy) and evidently just going to get better and better.

And, again like the TRB, not being a disappointment after all that build-up is an achievement in itself.

Rich Kids also turn out to be much more rock'n'roll - orientated than expected, and much more muscular than the single would suggest.

It's pretty much relentless energy stuff, charging along at hectic speed, played with good, honest spirit and infectious enthusiasm.

Midge Ure proves to be an excellent front man — experienced, a strong voice, and the occasional exhilarating Berry-esque lead break racing away amid the ringing rhythm chords.

Steve New adds the bite, and drummer Rusty Egan emerges as an unexpected strength with his potent positive work.

Definitely a band and not just Matlock and supporting cast.

As for Matlock himself, his bass was rather submerged in a muddy mix but sounded competent enough.

He's no lead singer though, and his endeavours do the songs a disservice. He attempts three numbers but really you could only excuse his commandeering one song . . .

Yeah, that's good old "Pretty Vacant."

They start dramatically, as if to demolish the Pistols' version; darkened stage save for the spotlight on Rusty Egan's drumsticks crossed above his head, the familiar chimes come sirening in, louder and louder, the drums arrive . . . but then they opt for a poppy version, faster and lighter, even down to falsetto "ooh Hoo's" at the end.

It sounds kinda rinky dink compared to the original, but by the same token the Pistols' version has sounded distinctly pedestrian ever since. I'm glad to have both around.

While there are no similar instant classics yet evident in the Rich Kids' set, good attempts abound.

"Burning Sounds" and "Ghosts Of Princes And Powers" are the best, and all the rest are trying desperately to ensnare you with catchy hooks.

Three of the songs belong to Ure, who is going to surprise a lot of people with his contribution to this band.

"Young Girls" is one, "Lovers And Fools" (the strongest number in the set) is another and the third is the PVC 2 single, "Put You In The Picture."

This careers along at twice the recorded speed, unfortunately losing half its effectiveness in the race for pace.

Therein lies the immediate Rich Kids problem — they need to learn pacing.

Though the set is only some 50 minutes long, the barrage is constant, blunting the edge of the later songs.

Consequently the fledgling set never really took off, never flew at any point.

But they are, after all, a very young band.

So — the Rich Kids are raw but fun. They have all the racous tunefulness and devil-may-care mock snarl of old time Alice Cooper, but delivered instead with a refreshing lack of pose.

Comparisons with the Pistols will be inevitable but, never having seen the latter, I can't oblige.

What I can say though is that I'd back the Rich Kids' future against that of the Pistols any day of the week.

There's got to be more to rock'n'roll than one gigantic sneer, and the Rich Kids have it — talent, judgment and vision.

They're good now and given time they'll be great.

Ian Cranna

(P.S. Oh and spare a thought for Slik. They were here months ago and nobody wanted to know. They ain't dead yet though — watch out for The Zones . . .)

The last bastion of Punk

Slaughter And The Dogs

MARQUEE

NINTEEN seventy-seven happened pretty fast.

Too fast, perhaps, for Slaughter And The Dogs.

These Manchester sons were there almost from the word go, quickly copping their initiative from the front line and for a time sharing the media Punk Sensation spotlight with them.

Upon witnessing the Dogs for the first time it becomes easy to see why the pace of events has moved so far out of synch for them; it's a little saddening to recount.

The Dogs, not surprisingly, have youth, vitality, vigour and most of the other last names too.

Singer Wayne Barrett's stage name is a plain irrepressible bounce — motivated partly by a need to dodge the unrelenting volley of gob hurled by Dogs' fans as their misguided show of affection, partly by sheer enthusiasm — that finds its nearest model in Barrie Masters.

In fact the Rods' idea of what it's all about is shared by the Dogs; whatever you want to call it, it's gotta be loud, fast, noisy and spirited.

But what the Dogs lack here is the good-natured exhilaration so effortlessly generated by Eddie's boys.

At the same time they're too much on the fun side to be up against the wall with the hordes of second string Clash-bands, and too bereft of decent chewns to be part of the new power pop.

So where are they?

The cruel and simple answer is limboland — yet they caused a good percentage of the crowd to exit smiling and sweat-drenched, and had to turn 200 more away at the door.

It can't have been musical competence that caused such interest, because the Dogs haven't any.

For inability to grasp the most basic rules of ensemble playing — hitting the changes together, playing in tune, keeping a beat even — their only serious rivals are Generation X.

I guess it has more to do with the way the Dogs relate to their audience.

Wayne Barrett is like an uncommitted equivalent of Jimmy Sham; street level, but not street-wise.

I felt like I'd walked into some school dance, with classroom hero Wayne and his band playing for their mates, not caring about musical competence, presentation or any imposed or accepted standards, simply having fun.

Which, since that was one of punk's primal drives, suggests the Dogs are in some ways its last bastion.

I'll leave the reader to decide whether this is an enviable position.

Paul Rambali

Advertising

MUSIC MACHINE

EXCELLENT news for London punters: they're lowering the stage at the Music Machine at last.

No more stiff necks and sprinting up the stairs to watch a guitar solo.

Who mentioned guitar solos? I'm talking about a pop group, a power pop group if you want me to be hip. They're Advertising and despite a handful of irritating setbacks they're well to the front of the race into '78.

Tot Taylor on guitar and inadvertent keyboards. He looks as tired and wasted as a ghost without a grave but he's got a smart new pink and blue cravat so he's more than satisfied.

Simon Boswell on guitar and bubblegum phase-effects. He looks very unsafe teetering on the lofty Music Machine stage on a recently dislocated knee. He's okay as long as he doesn't fall over when he kicks for his jet-phaser pedal.

Dennis Smith on bass and Paul Bultitude on drums blooming with health and confidence, laying down that jerky, catchy, irresistible beat that buzzes round your brain with Tot's and Simon's songs for weeks after you hear them.

This group are so simple in conception. A foot-tapping four-piece with two-minute jingle songs.

In execution, though, they're so complex. The rhythms and melodies are so new and original I still have trouble dancing to them and I've seen the set four times.

"Mean To Me", "He Said She Said", "Solicitors", you could mention every catch-phrase on the list.

Some numbers stand out though: the punchy single "Lipstick" (why didn't radio playlists grab it?), the plaintive cry of "You Cost Too Much", the snickering glee of "Suspender Fun" and their best song by far "Stolen Love". That's the next single and I order you to buy it.

Any band that can shake a Music Machine audience out of its lethargy, fill a dance floor and get two encores has scored a major success.

To do it with your liveliest stage mover almost immobile, Tony Hatch's only rock'n'roll casualty (the accident happened during "Downtown") at the Hope And Anchor, almost defies belief.

Advertising did it. This space reserved for. . .

Kim Davis

The Mirrors

RED COW, HAMMERSMITH

THE BAND I picked to see tonight (Stiletto) have split so I'm pleased to have the chance to confirm Max Bell's hazarded guess that The Mirrors sound better live than on their single.

The Mirrors — Gary Lloyd (lead vocals, rhythm guitar), Andy Smith (lead), Alan Jones (bass) and Trevor Tarlin (drums) — come from South Wales where attitudes towards new music are decidedly strange / strained, and they're going through the mincer playing their first few London gigs.

After enjoying them so much I'd be sorry to see them go under. And that's more than a slight risk, the rate at which they're losing their own money.

Tonight's fee will just cover the P.A. hire let alone the cost of hiring a van, petrol; the whole carpetbag of rock and roll logistics.

Good reasons why they don't exactly look a million dollars, don't sport the current New Wave coiffure / couture.

That's not to say they don't look good though or sound even better. Intelligent fast rock and roll, if you need a label. Ingredients: tight rhythm work, short frenetic guitar breaks, snappy endings. And Gary Lloyd.

Lloyd writes, sings and plays guitar. He doesn't have to try very hard to look like he's auditioning for *The Thing From The Crypt*. But leaving aside the standard spreadeagled stance and strained posture, he bristles with latent charisma.

He writes fine rock songs like "Risk" and "Viper" — and there ain't a lot of them around. He is also a great rock singer. A real singer (a secret admirer of Frank Sinatra as rumour has it), with a voice like early Bryan Ferry, emotive, mannered, anguished.

Of course an endless succession of hired P.A.s hasn't done much for the stage sound which needs more vocals, a more edgy guitar sound and heavier bass.

But the strength of the material and the tightness of the playing got them through, warming the Red Cow audience from indifferent to enthusiastic, rising to a pitch of excitement with "Terrorists" — an ultra-fast punko blast.

I hope they survive the hassles, but just in case you'd better go see them *soon*.

Steve Taylor

Andy's PLATTERS STALL

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Left to right: The Shirts, Handsome Dick and Talking Heads

Pics (left to right): JOE STEVENS, SHEILA ROCK, JOE STEVENS.

Firemen strike on Second Avenue

New York's leading New Wave venue, CBGB's, opens a second front.

DAN OPPENHEIMER reports on the activities of its first week.

CBGB's SECOND Avenue Theatre, formerly the Anderson Theatre and at one time the setting for a live Yardbirds recording, opened to a packed house on Tuesday, Dec. 27th.

The show, which featured Talking Heads, started an hour-and-a-half late and close to 2000 fans tried to keep warm in the unheated, semi-refurbished theatre that was designed to hold 1600-1700 comfortably.

But this was a rock 'n roll show and the empathy between the Heads and the sandwiched holiday crowd set a good precedent for the venue.

Conditions improved during the week.

By Saturday night, New Years Eve, the house was full again and warm, and Patti Smith performed the last of three stupendous shows that quickly erased any doubts about her first major public appearance in New York City since she fell from a stage and injured her neck last year.

Rockin' Rudnick, a rock critic who helped found *Cream* magazine, M.C.'d the affair for the first five days and summed up the week in a short speech delivered that first night.

"Hilly Krystal had a commitment to rock 'n' Roll New York City," he said of the theatre owner who still retains the original CBGB.

"We weren't ready. We couldn't get electricity. We had to set up generators out back. You know the heat's not working. There's dirt on the floor and floods in the bathroom. But you came to rock 'n roll and we're gonna see that you do."

Shortly thereafter the house began to rock.

It was unfortunate that, of four bands scheduled to play that night — **Talking Heads, Tuff Darts,** the **New Luna Band** and **The Shirts** — only one was good (Talking Heads) and only three of them got to play. Tuff Darts, labelmates at Sire with Talking Heads were axed after the late hour necessitated a quick political move by the Sire execs. They thought, rightly so, that most fans had paid to see the Heads.

The Shirts and the Luna band are another thing altogether.

While the Tuff Darts have been a consistently diminished band since the departure of singer Robert Gordon, they still rock harder than The Shirts, local favourites from nearby Brooklyn who, coincidentally, are managed by Hilly Krystal, and Luna, a group with aimless direction and a feeble instrumental emphasis.

Neither group is ready for concert hall appearances, though The Shirts are easily more likeable, and they should be sent back down for seasoning.

Talking Heads battled a bashful, muddy sound system, succeeding to the point where leader David Byrne could be said to have enjoyed a rapport with the fans, who possibly even managed to understand his psycho-intellectual lyrics amid upstart electrical noises.

He stuck closely to their highly original debut album, but many of his performances sounded tired, either because he was launching into yet another oft-repeated set, or because he was more distressed about the sound than he appeared.

Much of his new material, which came later in the set, was very exciting and here his nervous vocal flights came into full play with Tina Wymouth's clean, expansive bass playing.

I begged off for the second night so as to avoid a rock 'n roll O.D. by Saturday and missed a spectacle that perhaps made the theatre better.

Steel Tips had played first, a very visual novelty group with a schoolgirl sharing vocals (she looks 13 but claims she's 22) with a massive sweaty guy who looks like he got hit in the face with a bag of nickels.

Then the **Dead Boys,** less than amused at the lack of a sound check (they couldn't complain to their manager, who happens once again to be Hilly Krystal), and without guitarist Jimmy Zero (he was sick at home in Cleveland) took the stage in no mood for bad jokes.

It became apparent that the sound system was again incorrigible. Cheetah Chrome and company proceeded to trash the stage, leaving drums and assorted equipment littered about as many fans left.

The band have since decided to play a free concert at the theatre to make it up.

According to Rockin' Rudnick, though, **The Dictators,** equal billed with the Dead Boys, were inspired to come out and play what he called "the set of their lives."

"I'm not even particularly a fan of theirs," continued Rudnick, "but that had to be the most exciting set I've ever seen them do. I think they felt responsible to the fans even though the Dead Boys had a legitimate complaint.

"The Dics just got up there and played their asses off."

By Wednesday, the woeful sound system was banished and a slightly better one installed temporarily until a permanent system could be acquired.

Again, and for the last time that week, a poor opening act started the show, the group **Mars,** handled by Ork Records mentor, Terry Ork.

He exerts some influence on Hilly Krystal but the real culprit was Patti Smith, who was given the privilege of picking her own opening acts.

Beware of Mars, a phony avant-garde rock group that is really a bunch of tuneless geeks in disguise. Richard Hell and Patti followed, but both did better sets the following nights.

All three groups were excellent on Friday. The heat was on and the sound commendable.

The Erasers, with Susan Springfield fronting the fast-improving and engaging company of Walter Lure's little brother Richie on lead guitar, the statuesque Jody Beach on bass and Jane "Ferocious" Fire on drums, adapted nicely to their first concert hall appearance.

In fact, they came off better than at home ground CBGB 1, and I'd venture to say they did their best set in the new place; its only fault was its brevity.

Richard Hell turned out a professional if unremarkable set including "You Gotta Lose" and Iggy's "Now I Wanna Be Your Dog".

Guitarist Bob Quine, celebrating his birthday that night (as was Patti) took some sterling guitar breaks, especially on "Blank Generation".

Their reception was dwarfed by that of **Patti Smith,** who came running onstage, radiantly ready to rock, read poetry, instruct the kids and shake the most conceptual ass in the world.

As had been rumoured throughout the night, **Bruce Springsteen** joined her towards the end of the show to sing and play guitar on "Because The Night", a song for which he wrote the music to Patti's lyrics. (It will be included on Patti's forthcoming album).

City Fire Marshalls entered the place around midnight, having received complaints about the generator noise out back, and proceded to close it down. Undampened, Patti returned the next night and repeated her jump-rock performance, jamming with Richard Hell and Richard Lloyd from Television.

The spirit that overtook the place through the week would have gone for naught had continual improvements not been made.

But after the final night's set, Hilly Krystal announced that the theatre would reopen January 26th with a new permanent sound system (to the tune of $30,000) and other rough edges finished.

And the theatre's existence raises other questions: what will happen to CBGB 1? Has one scene passed and another begun?

During opening week, the old club hosted several nights of reggae, highlighted by the appearance of **Leroy Sibbles** and **The Heptones,** the first time reggae acts had more than a single night at the club.

Response seemed good and at times the club was filled to capacity. It remains the home of modern rock with varied acts slipped in on occasion.

But aside from the obvious booking mistakes that came as a result of favouritism, the theatre should thrive.

As one fan from Atlanta, Georgia, put it, "There are three things I like about New York. You can run traffic lights and nobody pays attention, you can take your beer outside the club and nobody bothers you . . . and . . ."

He never quite got to finish as he was being carried away in a rush of people. I suspect it had something to do with Rock 'n Roll.

JAZZ DIARY

EVENT OF the week has to be the Louis Mohole Band at the 100 Club on 23rd January, under the heading 'Spirits Rejoice'. The all-star line-up includes Johnny Dyani, Harry Miller, Keith Tippett, Evan Parker, Kenny Wheeler, Nick Evans and Radu Malfatti.

Also at the 100 Club are The Original Crane River Jazz Band with Monty Sunshine and Ken Colyer on 20th January, The Avon Cities Jazz Band plus Harry strutters Hot Rhythm Orchestra on 21st, Terry Lightfoot's Jazz Men plus Harry Walton's All-Stars on 22nd and The New Era Jazz Band on 25th.

Jazz Centre Society gigs present the Ian Hamer Sextet at 7 Dials on 19th, Peter Shade's 'Orbit' at The Star and Garter on 21st and Quarternity at The Phoenix on 25th. The Pizza Express, Dean Street has the great pianist Randy Weston on 20th and 21st, and Al Grey with Jimmy Forrest on 27th and 28th.

The piano duo of Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea on 19th February at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane looks like an interesting event, with both men concentrating on acoustic piano.

Also looking ahead, GLAA's Young Jazz Musicians of 1978, Earth Transit and South Of The Border, are on at Ronnie Scott's on 12th February.

New release on Verve include the belting classics, "Hamp And Getz" — sample "Jumpin' At The Woodside" for guvner cooking from vibes and tenor — and a Count Basie double, "Sixteen Men Swinging", formerly the early-'50s Dance Sessions.

CBS have issued the historic "Paris Festival International De Jazz, May, 1949" by the Miles Davis-Tadd Dameron Quintet, Cop James Moody's tenor, and you'll see why the word is underrated. Also released, "Multiplication" by Eric Gale.

The end of the month sees Ogum's long-awaited release of the John Stevens-Evan Parker Duo's "The Longest Night".

Brian Case

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The Stukas
The Late Show

MARQUEE

AFTER WADING through the current verbiage about committment in rock, it's a tonic to witness two bands totally committed not to spurious politico / socio / philosophical stances, but to styles of music.

Two brilliantly poised bands, dedicated to crafted, stylised music; for starters, The Late Show, a new band destined for considerable success in '78.

Lead singers / guitarists Bill Cliff and Dave Head, Mike Jelly (guitar / violin), Tony Jewson (drums) and Tim Joyce (bass) are just your average bunch of clean-cut dirty-minded college kids playing the Varsity Hop in the world of *The Dean And I* or the early pages of *Rock Dreams*.

They got songs as natty as their ties and playing as sharp as their suits. A growing supply of confidence and bottle, too; necessary tonight to keep the incongruous Marquee punk contingent at bay.

You ought to try singing sensitively about the first time a girl seduced you while people are gobbing on you and throwing glasses.

Even if you are supported by a heavy fandango complete with third-rate bistro fiddle and dippy boonshawaddy backing vocals, it still ain't easy.

Neither do The Late Show have much trouble writing excellent songs, often like "Beaver Hunting" or "Stamp On His Face" about perennial teen-sex obsessions. It's like the early chapters of *Kinflicks* set to late '50s rock/pop.

And, like The Stukas, they're also very funny and entertaining, although with the second band attention is much more concentrated.

On the rhythm guitarist, to be precise. He must rate as one of the most ga-ga musicians around.

Chucking himself about, grimacing with an artistic, er, committment worthy of the RSC he gives one non-stop cinematic hyperbole of a rock stage performance and keeps his specs on. What a player!

I must admit, however that I don't enjoy their music that much — it's too monolithic an attack, there's no let-up on that earthmoving power to weight ratio that puts many bands in the rotovator class by comparison.

The singer irritates me with his laconic, almost indifferent attitude.

Writing about your new refridgerator, as in "Refridgerator" is maybe taking banality too far.

Nevertheless I'm not going to carp.

Any band that can continue to play on a stage full of apparently epileptic punks (during "Football" — an anthem to Stukas' consciousness?) and keep up such an unrelenting onslaught of rock and roll simply must get their due.

Steve Taylor

Interview

BATH CENTRAL HALL

THE emergence of a rock band from Bath last year that actually stayed together to perform regularly during the autumn and winter was unique enough; that they also played smooth, clean contemporary rock music was almost too good to be true.

The band are called Interview and they are true and they are good. Their music is white soul/mod R&B (as in Graham Parker) plus vivacious melodic rock such as we've recently received from the golden guitar of Greg Kihn.

For an example of their scope, examine these non-originals from their set — "Train, Train", Smokey Robinson's "I Second That Emotion" and "You Really Got A Hold On Me", "Darling I Need You" (John Cale) and "I Wish It Would Rain" (The Temptations).

The rhythm section swing, stretch and jab like The Rumour; Alan Brain and Pete Allehand furnish guitar sounds that are as sharp, striking and concise as the group's dapper on-stage appearance.

The group's biggest asset however, is undoubtedly vocalist Jeff Starrs who has an impressively powerful voice, sounding at times unnervingly like Graham Parker, and the high point of the evening for me was his strong soulful handling of a ballad, "When The Night Comes", with a subtle injection of pacing that's rarely encountered these days.

If they do have a fault it's on their own numbers like "New Hearts In Action" and "It Must Be Lightening" where they sound just too close to G.P., but thankfully this is a fault that time is eradicating.

Interview are now playing in clubs all over the country, so if you see the name, do yourself a favour and go and see them.

David Housham

Split Enz

MAIDSTONE COLLEGE OF ART

No visible splits in these Enz

"THE DAMBUSTERS March" (at double speed, natch) fades away as Split Enz vocalist Neil Finn ("Actually, we're New Zealanders not Australians") plunges through the murky grey lighting towards stage centre.

With white light flashing all around his Aztec-cropped, thickly stage-painted head he resembles a demented parrot undergoing electric shock treatment.

Now the lighting is up and you can see the other six members.

And you realise that monochrome photography does Split Enz a disservice.

The pix that have represented them have made them appear to be anything from over-compensating turkeys to complete morons.

In actual fact, as the wonder of colour illustrates, Split Enz are highly aesthetically attractive.

Most of them went to university back in Oz ("New Zealand, actually") and this is an art school they're playing so you know the image: big checks, formal one-button cuts to the jackets, Sissors cuts to the locks.

A bit like the Temperance Seven; in fact. Neil (I think it's Neil anyway) even plays spoons.

Actually, the best visual moments in the set come just about the time they all start sweating somewhere round about the fourth number, "Charlie", off "Dizrythmia", the second album.

Working together in the wonderful world of R'n'R has presumably doled them out similar metabolisms.

Anyway, in mid-number globules of sweat start to break through the grease-paint until the band begins to look like melting waxworks, an effect which, compounded by the lighting and mime that is an integral S. Enz part, becomes more than marginally surreal, heading off towards the more deliberate absurdism we're given in "Cross Words" with almost the whole band strutting about the stage like chickens on acid.

Very funny, indeed; very bizarre, too.

The only problems are that (a) there is a bar running the length of one wall on this hall. The bar requires lights. The lights interfere with the stage lighting. If you're more than a third of the way back you really might as well not bother with the visual thing; and (b) the number "Charlie" is itself relatively insubstantial, strongly reminiscent of ballad-style 10cc.

So from the proverbial third of the way back into the hall, let's take a listen to the music.

Okay, Neil is a *very* interesting singer. There is an edge to one of his vocal moods that reminds me of Elvis an octave or so up, though there's also Ferry and Chapman and even McCartney in there, too.

But what else do they have? Well, several very good songs, most of which seem to be in a Peter Gabriel/Genesis mould. (Which presumably explains why the audience up the front is going ape-shit).

It's not really High Art. Just a late '70s version of the Chrysalis contribution to BBC-2 style rock, similar to what Procol Harum had offered before them for about a decade.

Which isn't, of course, a bad thing. Just to say that though S. Enz are not necessarily — on the strength of this gig anyway — A Great Band, there is that veneer of sellability about the whole thing.

There are a lot of areas that require a general tightening up. I will, though, go and check them out again and maybe again after that.

And, even though I'm told they are now nowhere near as avant-garde as they once were, a lot of people are getting off on them.

Chris Salewicz

GIG GUIDE

Monday

BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: BAND WITH NO NAME
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Drakes Drum: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: COLD COMFORT
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Centre: THE BRAKES
BRENTWOOD Youth Centre: LANDSCAPE
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CHATAM Scamps: REBEL
CHELTENHAM Plough Hotel: THE INDEX
CORBY Executive Club: THE NOW
CROYDON Red Deer: THE CRACK
DONCASTER Outlook Club: TALKING HEADS / DIRE STRAITS
DUDLEY Town Hall: RENO
EDINBURGH Clouds: ULTRAVOX
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: SPLIT ENZ
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: STEEL PULSE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SCHOOL SPORTS / JAMESON RAID / GAFFA
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TRADER / WHY NOT?
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: HANDBAG
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: YACHTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TONIGHT / RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON Marquee Club: NEW HEARTS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD Troubador: MARTIN WEAVER
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: THE BOYLE FAMILY
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: THE CORTINAS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE DEPRESSIONS
MAESTEG Whitewheat Club: MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
NORTHOLT Target Club: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR

This is ANDY PARTRIDGE, vocalist with fast-rising Virgin Records band XTC, who begin a major headlining tour with week with gigs at London Enfield (Friday), Hitchin (Saturday), Croydon (Sunday) and Wolverhampton (Wednesday).

PLYMOUTH Castaways: THE DAMNED
SHEFFIELD Cith Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: CITY BOY
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: THE DOOLEYS
SWINDON The Affair: RICH KIDS
TONYPANDY Discharged Sailors' Club: RUFF HANDFULL
WITNEY Bell Inn: JOHNNY COPPIN

Tuesday

ABERDEEN University: SPIT ENZ
AYLESBURY Friars: TALKING HEADS/DIRE STRAITS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: CITY BOY
CARDIFF Top Rank: JUDAS PRIEST
CARLISLE Market Hall: ULTRAVOX
CHATHAM Scamps: REBEL
GLASGOW Tiffany's: CADO BELLE/FLYING SQUAD
GLENROTHES Apollo: JOE'S DINER
LEEDS Polytechnic: NO DICE
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Bossard Hall: THE PLEASERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MARIBOU
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BLONDIE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SORE THROAT
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: THE ACTORS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LOOSE CHANGE/EXZIBITOR
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: SCHMO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: FRANK ZAPPA
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON Marquee Club: BETHNAL
LONDON N4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON North Polytechnic: THE DEPRESSIONS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: MAGAZINE
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: GOOD-STUFF
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: SUCKER
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
OLDHAM Candlelight Club: BAND WITH NO NAME
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: RICH KIDS
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: THE DOOLEYS
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: TRAPEZE
YORK Stephen's Bar: RENO

Wednesday

ABERYSTWYTH University: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SATAN'S RATS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Bogart's: SON OF A BITCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ZETH
BRADFORD University: NO DICE
BRADFORD Victoria: DAWNWEAVER
BRIGHTON New Regent: RADIO STARS
BRISTOL Bamboo Club: AMAZORBLADES
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
CROYDON Greyhound: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
EVESHAM Marine Ballroom: JENNY DARREN
GT. YARMOUTH Garibaldi: BUSTER JAMES BAND/ARTHUR'S AXE BAND
GUILDFORD Wooden Bridge Hotel: HOT POINTS
ILFORD Oscar's: TYLA GANG
LEEDS University: CITY BOY
LEICESTER Polytechnic: THE DEPRESSIONS
LEICESTER Scamps: VENOM
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL University: THE PIRATES
LONDON BRIXTON The Telegraph: RED NITE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: FALLEN ANGEL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BLACK SLATE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GRAND HOTEL/KRYPTON TUNES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: FRANK ZAPPA
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: J.J. JAMESON
LONDON Marquee Club: S.A.L.T.
LONDON N.1 Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON North Polytechnic: IVOR CUTLER
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: CLIFF AUNGIER & GREIG'S SHOWCASE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: STEEL PULSE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: URCHIN
MANCHESTER Pips: WARSAW/CONNECTION
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: SPEED
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper Club: MAGAZINE
OXFORD Sun & The Moon: RENO
READING Byron's Club: POWER POP
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SUNDERLAND Boilermakers Club: BAND WITH NO NAME
SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
TIVERTON The Motel: STONECATMOVING
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: OSIBISA
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: XTC

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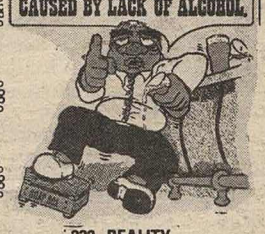

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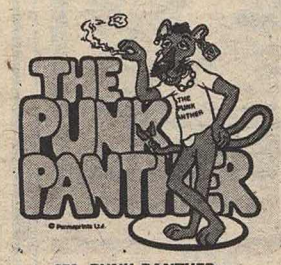

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748. STONES

148. LED ZEP

181. JUST PASSIN

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583 GROPING HAND

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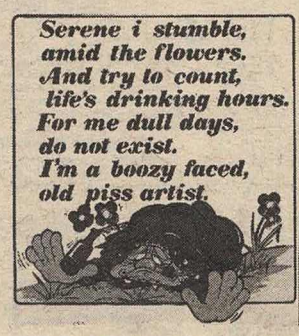

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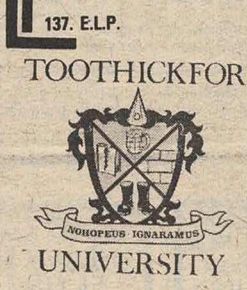
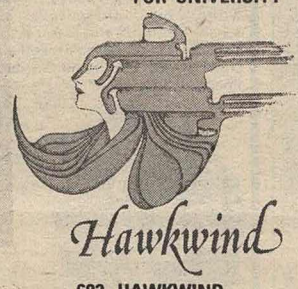


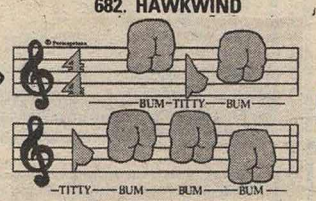
251. TO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY



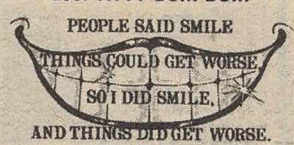
682. HAWKWIND

707. ENGISH CHEDDAR

721 QUEEN (GLITTER)



253. TITTY BUM BUM



257. SMILE

142. SANTANA

747. JETHRO TULL

739. FLOYD

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750. KISS

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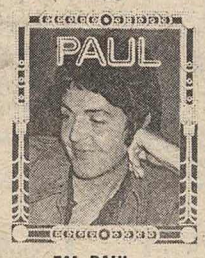

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B11 JETHRO TULL
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B9 JEFFERSON STARSHIP

All buckles are of the highest quality. Full refund given if not completely satisfied
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All buckles are now available complete with highest quality 1½" leather belt for an extra £2.25p

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CHEESECLOTH KURTA*
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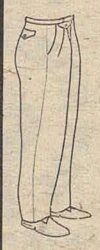

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SIZES 26"— 34" WAIST, 30"— 34" LEG
£5.95 + 60p p/p
SEND CHEQUE OR POs STATING SIZE AND COLOUR (+ 2nd CHOICE)
Please allow 14 days for delivery
GEMINI
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Allow 14 days for delivery Money refunded if not satisfied
BUY WITH CONFIDENCE — FREE PENDANT WITH EVERY ORDER

HURRY! **Levi's** HURRY!
SHRINK-TO-FIT

LEVIS ORIGINAL 501 SHRINK TO FIT HEAVYWEIGHT STRAIGHTS. BUTTON FLY. Sizes 27", then 28" to 36" in 2" sizes. Leg 36" **£14.25.** Buy your size, shrinkage allowed for waist & seat.
Just in! Levis unwashed denim shirts, copper poppers, sizes 14½" to 17". RRP £10.95 **Ours £10.25.**
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Wrangler sand flares, side pockets, only sizes 28" to 34", leg 32" & 34", to clear **£10.50.**
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Wrangler heavy cord shirts, poppers, sizes 14-17, brown, navy or black, **£9.50.** Alternative colour please.
Fabulous satin shirts just in. Tapered fit, black, royal, bottle green, flame red, turquoise or purple, sizes S, M, L. **£7.95.** These shirts are just terrific!
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Big gold plated open American Eagle, 3½" buckle belts, Stars & Stripes, enamel and gold inset, 1¾" leather belt, give waist size. **£6.50.** Optional matching, corded necktie, **£2.50** (not sold separately).
Levis 522 orange tag, heavyweight unwashed flares. Sizes 28" to 38" in 2" sizes, leg 32", 34", 36". RRP £13.75. **Ours £12.85**

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HOWARD HILL LTD;
64a WESTBOURNE GROVE, BAYSWATER, LONDON W2, Tel. (01) 229 4239

The Birth of the Blues
or how the original Shrink-to-Fit jean was born-& all that jazz

The original Shrink-to-Fit blue jeans
LEVI'S
IT'S BACK TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS FOLKS!
Original Levi's are made shrink-to-fit because in the beginning they were made of tenting that shrank. So REMEMBER add 2" to your waist and leg measurement ... 'cause the more you wash them, the more they wear you.

Sizes: 28" 30" 32" 34" 36" Leg 34" 36" 38"
PRICE £14·50 inc. p&p

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GENUINE SHEEPSKIN
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In heavy White Sheepskin with white roomy canvas pockets.
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With heavy fur fabric lining, rib waist band and 3 Zipped Pockets, as illustrated. In Black or Brown NOW ONLY
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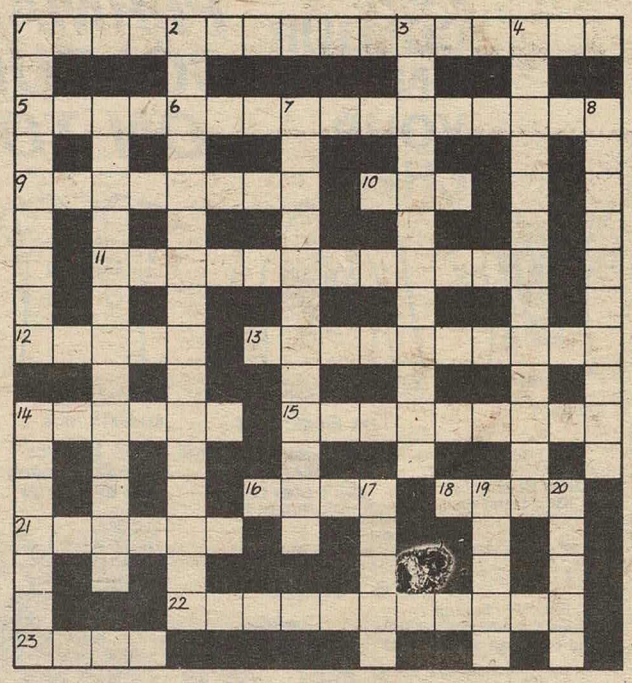

ACROSS

1 Eat your heart out Mecca — sounds like an ad for the municipal dance emporium! (6,3,7)
5 Bob Dylan song; in Tom Robinson's hands it becomes a plea for George Ince (1,5,2,8)
9 Martha & Vandellas Motown 'Goldie' (4,4)
10 & 12 Also known as The Upsetter
11 Skid hat angle (anag. 7,5)
12 See 10
13 Damned guitarist (5,5)
14 & 23 Mancunian in exile — his house is a nice house (yeeuch!)
15 Donna Summer's heavy breathing epic (1,4,4)
16 "Waterloo" was their first international hit
18 H.M. or rich, they're all right!
21 A.k.a. Jimmy Sham
22 R&B semi-classic, a hit for the Nashville Teens in 1964 (7,4)
23 See 14 across

DOWN

1 In which John Lawton replaced David Byron (5,4)
2 *Primitive* half of "Really Free" aggregation (4,5,7)
3 & 19 '71 hit for Sonny & Cher ironically enough (3,1,4,4,2,3)
4 "... ... ... Song" — Four Tops (3,3,4,3)
6 Thunders' crew
7 Fab Four ballad, the one in which Father Mackenzie darned his socks . . . (7,5)
8 Saved ex-Sid (anag. 5,5)
14 Folk-rock combo/mythical beast!
17 Vincent Furnier's effeminate past
19 See 3
20 Pre-12 across, skinheads' faves

ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Malcolm McLaren; 5 Richard Hell; 7 Eno; 8 "In The City"; 11 "Tubular Bells"; 15 Brass; 16 Foghat; 17 Grace Slick; 20 Rods; 21 Francis Rossi; 23 (John) Oates; 25 "(Electric) Ladyland"; 26 (Freddie) Mercury. **DOWN:** 1 "Mary Of The Fourth Form"; 2 (Leonard) Cohen; 3 Midge Ure; 4 Nico; 6 Little Bob Story; 9 Tyla Gang; 10 "Israelites"; 12 Bob Geldof; 13 Rush; 14 "Electric (Ladyland)"; 18 Ronnie; 19 Kiki (Dee); 22 "Sunny"; 24 Sly.

BETHNAL

■ *From page 25*

d'you think they'd kick out first? They wouldn't notice Tom; right away it's me, George and Nick.

"Bethnal are a multi-racial group, brought up in Britain, and we have a political party threatening our livelihood. They're saying, 'Right you blacks and foreigners, fuck off!'

"They're hitting at us so we've got to hit back. We're not going to go out with guns and try and stop 'em, but we can do it in our music."

Survival is obviously their prime motivation, and as they talk about their political beliefs it's apparent they personally feel threatened by the NF; a dubious organisation that undoubtedly lurks in the grimy backstreets of Wood Green and elsewhere.

George is so convinced of this that he abruptly cuts the conversation, and explains tetchily that he fears the Socialist Worker Party and others as much.

It's as if the comparitively new-found awareness has brought close a number of disturbing realities. Discovering their own conscience has also inspired them with a determination as strong and imaginative as the foundations of their music.

At first, George explains while Everton grins self-consciously, they wanted to steer clear of race issues, and even considered sacking Williams. Now they collectively represent an ideal for British society: racial integration.

"We represent, if you like, the big cities of Britain," George offers.

"We're foreigners, but we're not joined together in that Hot Chocolate kind of way. Actually we all have different backgrounds, yet we've grown up together, been through the same things at school.

"We've got some kind of communication, and maybe in the future *this* is how people will live in England."

"Britain is supposed to be a European country," Everton continues, "and this is what it's done for us: brought us together. With Bethnal we can speak the same language, which is what the world should be about today."

George adds: "You see, we're the main writers as well, so it's the black and white writing together.

"Like you said earlier, will we get anything more from it? I think that's a good start. We're just starting to write properly now, and we'll let it grow.

"Because it's black on white there's something fresh there than can work.

"There's something," he muses with eagerness, *"different!"*

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Classified Advertisments,
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14p per word

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AVANT ROCK LP's: Softs, Egg, Cow, Berio, etc. S.a.e. to 'Amorra' Cheshan Road, Wigginton, Herts.

BEATLES FOR SALE, Demos, promos and rarities. S.a.e. please to John, 81 Falconlodge Crescent, Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands.

BEST SHOP in London for deleted 60's singles and LPs. Also film posters £1 each. Curios, 453 Edgware Road, Maida Vale (on Little Venice Bridge) W9. Open daily 11-6 pm, Sunday 11-2 pm.

BLUES, ALBUMS for sale. Pre-war, Chicago, Country, R & B etc. Send SAE for lists. Ken Smith, Hendy, Ynysfor, Llanfrothen, Gwynedd.

BOWIE DISCOGRAPHY "Bowiephile" list his records since 1964 interspersed with knowledgable commentary, only 75p. Record list also available (SAE) Leader Of The Pack, 96 Longhurst Road, London, S.E.13.

CASSETTE LIBRARY. Large selection on pop, progressive and folk cassettes — annual subscription, no hire charges. Catalogues 20p from: Centra, 176a Coombe Lane West, Kingston, Surrey.

CHARTBUSTERS! S.a.e.: Diskery, 86/87 Western Road, Hove, Brighton. Callers welcome.

COLLECT SINGLES? We offer the complete service; new and used. Try us!!! Send SAE for list, together with any wants to: Selektadisc, 11 New Close, Acle, Norwich, NR13 3BG.

CROSBY, JOLSON Brunswick 78's. Fair condition. 01 272 7597.

DEEP PURPLE singles : all with picture sleeves. Offers? Two stamps for lists. Didier Tabourdon, 224 Chaussee de Bruxelles, 1300 Wavre, Belgium.

DELETED LPS/SINGLES our speciality. SAE for details to ITC, PO Box 4, Birkenhead, Merseyside.

FUNHOUSE RECORDS — Massive Feb. list packed with US UK, European deletions, secondhand bargains and discounted new releases. Send large s.a.e. 60's beat groups: send list of wants and prices paid — 136 High Street, Margate, Kent.

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MARC BOLAN rarities — S.a.e. to Stephen, 17 Mostyn Green, North Kenton, Newcastle Upon Tyne.

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RODS 12in, Anarchy (EMI), mint plus Damned Freebie — 0604 491531.

SEX PISTOLS 'Anarchy' Dutch EMI colour picture sleeve 45, new never released. Very high offers (or will swop for early Bowie, Elton, Kinks) to 96 Longhurst Road, London, S.E.13.

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INSTRUMENTS: CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

SO FAR, this column has dealt with axes and axessories up at the top of the price range: gear that I couldn't afford, and nobody I know who isn't already a famous rock star could afford. So now let's abandon the heady realms of the £800-odd guitars and deal with the kind of stuff that you'll most likely be looking at if you've just taken the decision to start/join a band on the budget customarily available to first-timers without a lucrative advance from a gullible record company — i.e. very little.

Unless you've made the acquaintance of an imbecile who's got a Telecaster up in the attic, doesn't know what it is and is prepared to part with it in exchange for an old Meccano set, you'll probably end up checking out a "copy" guitar, which is a British or Japanese-made lookalike of a classic axe like a Les Paul, Stratocaster, SG or whatever.

But unfortunately, these guitars are very rarely soundalikes or playalikes of their illustrious models, which ain't surprising considering the difference in price.

Mind you, these days some Japanese guitars — particularly the top-of-the-line ranges like Yamaha — aren't significantly cheaper than ace American guitars of the Fender/Gibson/Music Man/Rickenbacker ilk. Yamaha, in fact, now make a guitar called the SG 1000/2000 which compares more than respectably with all but the very best Gibsons, is an original design and costs about the same as a Les Paul.

One reason why American guitars cost so much is that (obviously enough) they have to be imported. Therefore you're lumbered with colossal import duties plus the vagaries of the international currency exchange. Since the pound is doing fairly well against the dollar right now that Fender or Gibson might eventually end up a little cheaper, but the difference probably won't be that great, and it certainly won't haul the price of a Strat down to the under-£200 level, which is what we're talking about.

First of all, try and hunt down a good second-hand axe. Scan the classified ads sections of — say — *Exchange And Mart* and if you're lucky you could land yourself a Tele for around £150.

If you're buying something new, the first thing to remember is don't be suckered by flash gadgetry. You could buy yorself a glitter-finish guitar with four pick-ups and 19 switches, but you'd have to be some kind of natural-born fool to do so.

One (or two) clean, powerful pick-up(s) are all you need in the early stages of the game, and a neck that plays accurately all the way up the fretboard and stays in tune even when played hard for an hour-long set is worth all the useless gadgets in the world.

Musicians like Mick Jones, Keith Richard, Chris Spedding and Leslie West have all used one-pick-up Gibson Juniors and Melody Makers because of their sturdiness of construction and the power and range of the old P-90 pick-ups, and it's those same virtues that you should be looking for within your own price range.

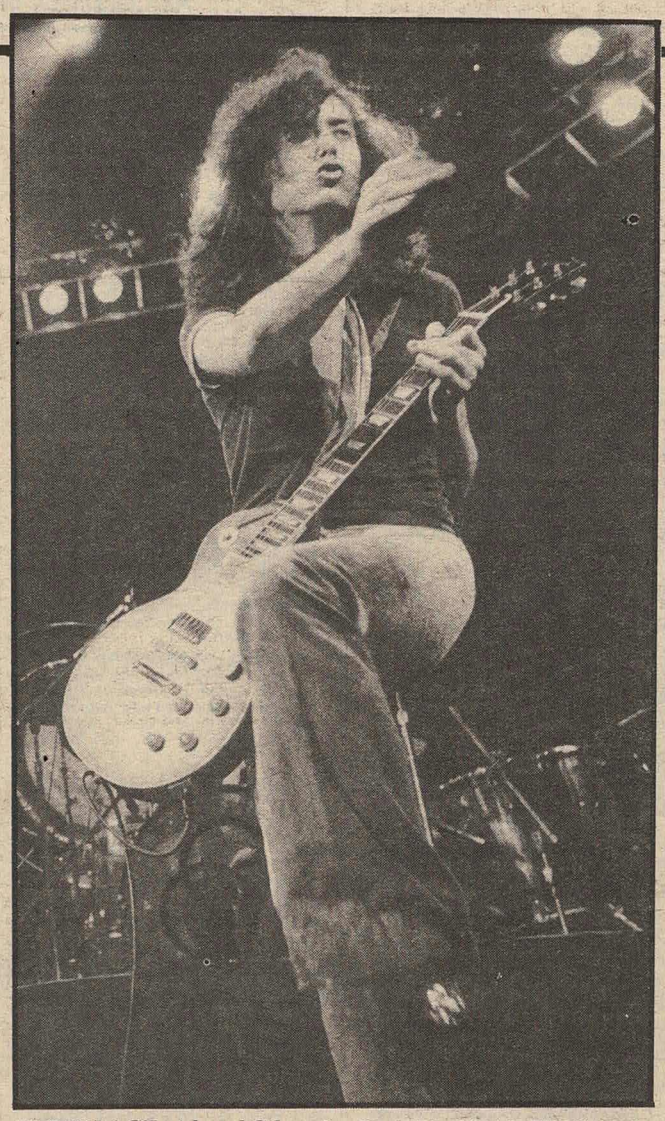
I'VE SELECTED three axes to tell you about: the most expensive is £199.95, the cheapest £79.95, and the middle one weighs in at £99.95. Any of these would make an ideal beginners' electric guitar, or a fine second axe for the pro or semi-pro who's blown his wad on a top-line Gibson, Fender or Yamaha and wants a cheap but reliable spare guitar for those horrible moments when the main machine goes chronically out of tune at a gig or the strings start falling off.

First please: the **Shaftesbury 3414** is modelled on the Les Paul gold-top model. I know one musician who bought one, covered up the trademark with a Gibson decal and regularly fools professional musicians who've seen him play it on stage. You know: "Hey, man, you're getting a really good tone out of that Les Paul. Can I have a look at it?"

The guy laughs like a drain when this happens: unfortunately I'm sworn to secrecy about the identity of this geezer and also the identities of the people he's fooled.

Obviously, it ain't as good as a Les Paul. The neck isn't as finely tooled, the pick-ups aren't as raunchy — you can't duplicate that dirt-and-gold Gibson raunch with anything less than a DiMarzio — and the wood of which the body is made isn't as solid and dense.

It's the combination of ultra-hi-power pick-ups and highly dense wood that gives a



JIMMY PAGE with real Gibson Les Paul. Pic: NEAL PRESTON

You too can have a guitar *almost* like this . . .

Les Paul its incredible power and sustain. You only have to pick up a Les Paul in one hand and the Shaftesbury in the other to suss *that* one out.

But for around half the price of a Les Paul, the Shaftesbury 3414 is certainly more than half as good. And if you buy one, what's to stop you replacing the pick-ups with DiMarzios and the tuning heads with Grovers or Schallers?

(Incidentally, on the subject of spare parts, things have gotten to such a state that in one issue of *Guitar Player* magazine I saw ads for replacement Strat or Tele bodies and replacement Strat or Tele pick-up / pick-guard / controls sets, the latter already wired and ready to be installed? Virtually, a build - your - own - Strat - in - a - day kit. That's not to mention all the direct - replacement - for - famous - makes pick-ups, bridges, frets, tailpieces, fingerboards, tremolo arms, control knobs and necks you can buy. Victor Frankenstein is alive and well and making his own guitars.)

Still, even unmodified the 3414 is a more than respectable guitar. It could certainly do with more cut on the bridge pick-up and more crunch on the back pick-up (I'm sorry if all this technical terminology is confusing you, Fab Readers), but a shade more treble, bass and volume on your amp should at least partially compensate for that.

Incidentally, the Shaftesbury/Avon range also includes two more Les Paul-styled guitars: a red sunburst Custom-alike at £165 and a Black Beauty impression at £89.95. The latter is their best-selling guitar, but its weedy tone and indifferent neck are less than impressive.

EXHIBIT B is the **Arbiter, E235,** unfortunately now out of production but there are still quite a few about — for example at Lyon House, Tottenham Court Road. It weighs in at £99.95 *with case* — always check to see if the price of a guitar includes the case, 'cuz buying a case on its own is *expensive* — and it's modelled after the 1958-style Les Paul Junior (the double-cutaway pre-SG shape, to be precise) with a simple one-tone-one-volume control layout and a fair replica of the old P-90 pick-up.

The model I saw at Arbiter was a particularly bilious shade of puke yellow — for which I docked it five points — but it had a comforting, businesslike neck and body and the pick-up — while not measuring up to the capabilities of its prototype — delivering a more than satisfactory tonal range and response. It's not a guitar for delicacy or subtlety, but it handles easy and delivers a very nice roar.

Which, one presumes, is what you want when you're starting out. You can learn to play like Steve Howe later — if that's your particular perversion — but everybody worth their spare lead started out playing rock and roll with a capital ROCK and a capital ROLL, and that's what these guitars are for.

I'VE SAVED the most outrageous bargain for last. It's another **Avon** job (Avon calling!) and it's based on the Gibson Melody Maker (don't laugh at the name, it's a classic guitar!). Originally the cheap end of Gibson's line, it was (like many of their lower-priced guitars) a masterpiece of economical value-for-money craftsmanship.

The Avon version (coded 3431 and priced at a ludicrous £79.95) is the best guitar I've ever seen for less than a ton. It's light, attractive, accurately constructed and it produces a saw-toothed hot-grit sound that'd suit an under-financed New Wave band down to the ground. It's an especially good purchase if you happen to function well on short-scale necks.

THESE DAYS instrument prices are as high as an elephant's eye (a little phrase I just made up) and therefore it's necessary to economise at the beginning of your career. You may as well start here, and if you do it right you'll be able to afford a Strat by the time you start needing one. Mike Rossi of Slaughter and The Dogs was playing a Les Paul copy right up until their Decca advance enabled him to buy the real thing, so there's hope for you yet.

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MUSICIANS!
See Page 49

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CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

Want to form or join a band — meet the boy/girl in the next street who sings or plays guitar, drums or whatever and wants to meet you? Then place your ads **FREE** in NME. To take advantage of this limited period free offer all you gotta do is fill in the coupon below as indicated and send it too us NOW!

LONDON & SE

MUSICIANS WANTED

BASS, DRUMS, saxes, vocals. Join keyboards, guitar and congas to form funk/jazz influenced band with pro-outlook. — 01-485 8933.

BASS/SINGER or guitar / singer to join singer / writer. Object: start original new wave / pop group with image. — Chris 01-806 6279.

INVENTIVE DRUMMER required by Rumour, Springsteen type band. Original material, gigs forthcoming. — Phone Neil, anytime, 01-459 2379.

STEVE HOOKER and The Heat want bass player and manager/PR man immediately. Record out now. — 42 Oakleigh Park Drive, Leigh on Sea.

SYNTHESISER FOR original progressive band. Must rehearse NW Kent area. No pros. — Phone Swanley 63938.

PLEASE PORTSMOUTH give us drummer for punk band going in a new direction. No experience necessary. — Phone Hayling Island 66301.

LUTON/DUNSTABLE based band need drummer. Anyone (except Barrel!) considered. — Phone Dunstable 65346. P.S. No tappers. Auf Wiedersehen!

GUTSY TIGHT drummer and bassist for high-energy band who are punk influenced. Deadly serious. 15–17. — Con, 01-435 9951. N.W. London.

JACK DIAMOND still seeking vocalist / guitarist plus keyboards. Must be competent. Own equipment (beat/r'n'b). — Ian, 5 Whitehill Road, Gravesend.

PROGRESSIVE BASSIST, for dedicated free music band. All styles. Positive, spiritual awareness of life needed. — 115 Royal College Street, Camden.

FRONT MAN forming band. No experience, no good. New wave, r&r. Just need the chance. Anything considered. — Steve, Potters Bar 43720.

FOUR CHORD guitarist with good feel and enthusiasm needs musicians to practice and write songs with — let's do it. — Ray, 01-267 0877.

"SINGER"/SONGWRITER seeks singer / songwriter to sing and write songs. Into jazz and generally everything. Southampton area. — Ring Mark 84732.

BRIGHTON BASS player seeks band/musicians to form one for Free, Frankie Miller type band. Gig experience, Fender. — Pete, Brighton 503007.

DRUMMER WANTED for strange 'new wave band' no age limit but must be hot! — Ring Paul, afternoons only, Brighton 777614.

FEMALE BAND needs brilliant drummer / vocalist and / or guitarist. New wave / rock / pop. No time-wasters, we're going places. — 01-274 7448 — pm.

GUITARIST SINGER, likes Devo, Iggy, Beefheart and Hell, desperately seeks hellish competents now. — Patrick, 25 Vauxhall Grove, SW8.

PIANO PLAYING human being under 30 with taste for singer / songwriter with chances but nothing else. — Seamus 01-399 6507.

AXE MURDERER with lotsa lyrics and 'orrid blooze voice wants a group, all considered. Feelgood, Beatles, Who. — Dave, Weybridge 45257.

SKIN BASHER, 18–21, for eager hard rock band forming, Havering area. No punks. Good gear and transport helpful. — Paul 01-599 5377.

THANKS N.M.E. now we can have a punk drummer and bass guitarist — Richmond area. — Phone 01-940 6892 and ask for Jo.

FORMING BAND need forming bass player, female, no experience, no posers. — Enthusiastic into punk. — Ring Kev after 6 pm at 01-458 5967.

DRUMMER WANTED for punk band, Epsom area. Gigs soon. — Phone Geoff. Ashtead 72678.

INTELLIGENT KILLER/drummer. London based. Total commitment, we are the future. — John 07842 53369.

LEAD GUITARIST and drummer wanted for democratic band just starting. No morons or egomaniacs. Must be into rock music. — 01-946 2409, Trevor.

SIMPLE TIGHT drummer (Palmolive style), wanted for simple tight 1978 pop group. — Ring Frank 01-407 8127.

NEW BAND must have drummer, others welcome. Never mind experience/ ability. With guts, new wave. — Dave 01-574 0841. Must have own gear!

LEAD GUITARIST plus some vocals wanted by new wavish type band with aspirations. Phone Bill 01-691 1529 now.

CHATHAM PUNKS to form new band. No experience needed, just instruments, booze, fun. Join with this demented singer and destroy. Newington 842686.

FRUSTRATED MUSICIANS male or female wanted by frustrated guitarist/bass/vocalist/writer! Ring now, you've nothing to lose. Littlehampton 7272.

BASS PLAYER wanted for rock band. Must be good. Phone Roy after 6pm. 01-593 3807.

SUFFERING FESTERING lyricist, musicless into best punk. Les Swain, 20 Rowan Crescent, Stevenage, Hearts. SG1 3SF.

ACIDHEAD DRUMMER into Hawkwind, Floyd, Motorhead, wanted by bassist and guitarist. We have PA & rehearsal room. Possible gigs. — Pete 0621-782162.

GUITARIST NEEDED for new wave band into The Dead and charisma. Must have big nose. Ring Alex Sheridan, 01-802 5796.

SKO AND the absolute morons need a bassist. Gotta be good with iq less than 15. St Albans 65432.

DRUMMER WANTED urgently: Work waiting for Southern band moving to London accommodation, providing own material. Ring Steve 03047 7747

URGENT KEYBOARD player, preferably with vocals for standards band to work abroad. Daytime rehearsal. Rhodes if possible. Phone 01-662 5369.

FEMALE PUNK vocals, guitars, drums wanted to join male bass, London area. Own gear, no talent essential. Phone after 4.30 pm. Paul, 01-501 2604.

CRAPPY DRUMMER, bassist, both learners, want others to form band. Male or female. Got any amps? Ring Joe 01-674 7163 (evenings).

FEMALE BASS guitarist wanted for new wave -r'n'r band. Herts / Essex, N.E. London area only. Ring Gina, Harlow 24582.

BASSIST FOR new wave band playing own material. Under 19. Beginner will do. Front room but not for long. Alan, Ingrebourne 41396.

LETHAL GENE want rhythm guitarist about 14, into Quo, Zep, punk. Farnham-/Guildford area. Write Paul, Woodlands, Tilford, Surrey.

RHYTHM SECTION for tight guitarist/vocalist. Competent player into Rods, Ramones, Pistols, R'n'B. Also good writer. Noel, evenings 01-546 4890.

VOCALIST & BASS player for band forming, must rehearse. No Pro's. John, Tunbridge Wells 38850 (reverse charge call).

REMEMBER 77 new wave. Get up and play. Gimme a drummer with kit. Other punk musicians welcome too. Dave 01-574 2115.

REAL DRUMMER wanted. Age/sex immaterial. Aliens, robots considered. Phone John 01-2214255 daytime.

PUNK BAND wanted by female vocalist/songwriter. Young, original, enthusiasm, power, bloodlust, everything. No miseries. Vee, Room 4. 01-370 4821 anytime.

WE'RE STILL looking! Bassist, vocal-/guitarist. Local preferred. Starters considered. Other musicians welcome. No time-wasters. Ian, 5 Whitehill Road, Gravesend.

FOLK ROCK band needs drummer. Experience unessential but must have enthusiasm and be willing to rehearse. Colin, Ilford area. 01-989 8005. 6-8 pm.

CARLOS THE Jackal needs bass for nuclear, bluebeat combo rude boys with drink problem. Ring evenings 01-720 4873.

SICK OFpunk, bass and vocals wanted, must have place to practice. No professionals. Camberwell area. R'n'B, Blues, H.M. Chris 01-636-1686 Ext. 223 (daytime). 01.701-7099 (evenings).

BASS/DRUMS/vocalist wanted by guitar/writer to form new wave band. John 01-370 2762. Sense of humour necessary.

DRUMMER WANTED to join band in Guildford area. No punks. Phone Dave, Woking 64986 after 6.

GUITARIST SEEKS amateur bassist and drummer to practice (and improve) with, into new wave, Kingston. Transport useful. Andy 01-337 7466.

ADRIAN IS forming a new group. Needs guitarist, keyboards, bass, drummer. Like Bowie, Bolan, punk, Rubettes, reggae, Gabriel? 01-673 6659 after 6.

VOCALISTS WANTED

SINGER / FRONTMAN for heavy rock band. Must write lyrics. — Phone Mick 01-743 4281 after 6 pm.

WORK WANTED

FRETLESS BASSIST, 19, wants working heavy metal outfit urgently please. Vocals and lyrics also. — Rob, 135 Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, London W2 2RX.

GUITARIST SEEKS band. Power pop for tomorrow people. — Phone Dave 01-868 9514 after 6 pm. D Ford, Uxbridge 36408.

REALLY GOOD guitarist seeks excellent punk band. Good gear, some writing. — Austarir 01-673 8118. 6–7 pm only.

RHYTHM GUITARIST 20 into The Who, R&B, new wave wants to join or form band. Own material. Aj. 10a Mountview Road, Crouch End, N4.

EXCELLENT BASS player seeks wild new wave/r&b band. Write or call 18 Edwy House, Kingsmead Estate, Hackney, E1.

GUITARIST (SOME lead) with energy, seeks new wave band in Havering. Also likes AC/DC, funk, spitting. — Scott, Rainham 54871.

VOCALIST GUITARIST. Any new wave rock band need me? Steve (Belsen) Howe. I'm hunky and cuddly. Ring Kimpton 832274.

DESPERATE GUITARIST / bass / vocalist / writer desperately needs band or musicians. Not pro put lotsa experience. Try me anyway. — Littlehampton 7272.

GUITAR PLAYER dedicated, seeks opportunity into bottle neck slide, lead, rhythm, vocals, celestial sound, sorcery, sex, Pistols, British rock. — 01-485 0269.

LEAD GUITARIST into Santana, Zeppelin, Hendrix, wants to join band. Transport, gear, mic. Will travel within reason. — Derek, Maidstone 59877.

LEAD VOCALIST wanted by band. Material, work, transport, p.a. waiting. Experience not essential, just talent and ambition. — Cradley Heath 61539.

FEMALE NEW wave — R'n'R vocalist wanted. No previous experience needed. Herts / Essex / N.E. London area only. — Ring Olga, Hertford 59008.

PUNK VOCALIST wanted for high energy band who want gigs as soon as possible (depends on you). — Phone Canvey Island 63936.

PANTHER DEMAND powerful r&b vocalist to replace dead poseur. Dedication a must! More gigs arranged. — Erik, Byfleet 40878 after six.

TEDS ETC. M/F, musically inexperienced yet can sing and jive! Write 43 Nutbourne Street, London W10 4HN. Elvis R.I.P.

ELVIS CUDSTELLO and The Attrocians (or ? as NME called us) still need vocalist. — Phone Fred Cud (guitarist supreme). — 01-525 0212.

DANISH TOP drummer, English speaker, seeks working rock band. — 10 South End Close, London NW3. 01-267 5296. Nens Peter Marquard.

LOUD FEEDBACK lead/rhythm maniac seeks similar high-energy band. Original material and seeks gigs. — 01-435 9951 after 5 pm.

VOCALISTS WANTED

POOL OF musicians Cheddar area need vocalists for stage credibility. Various projects. Drummers and other instrumentalists considered. — Priddy 282 evenings.

EXETER AREA. Excellent vocalist wanted by 1978 rock band. Under fives only. — Call Tony at Honiton 3534, 10 am–1 pm.

ROCK SINGER needed, into Led Zeppelin, Purple, etc. Must have wheels, own PA appreciated. Our band needs someone (male). — Mid-Norton 41285.

MIDLANDS

MUSICIANS WANTED

CLASSICAL ROCK guitarist seeks good keyboard, bass, drums, 2nd guitar for 'Classical Rock' based band. Kevin, 146 Narborough Road, Leicester.

GUITARIST AND vocalist with own equipment and transport required to complete band. Influences Quo, U.F.O., Rush, etc. Phone Nottingham 873323.

GUITARIST SINGER wanted to join two songwriters on the road to fame and fortune. Ring Margaret, Haddenham, Bucks 291328.

LEAD GUITARIST required for working new wave band, to replace real pro — must be good. Phone Paul, Coventry 468211 ext. 33.

GUITARIST, VOCALIST wanted. Varied music including own. No punks. Ages 15-18 preferred. Must have own equipment. Clifton area. Nottingham 215285, Gaz.

SELL YOUR INSTRUMENTS IN THE N.M.E.

It's only 10p a word!

BASSIST WANTS to join / form rock band. Anyone interested, phone (38) 39965 (Erith) between 6 pm and 9 pm.

LIVELY GUITARIST, clean style with class, seeks jazz / rock / blues band with feeling and taste. Pro/semi-pro. — John 01-930 2313 ext 222.

WOULD-BE VOCALIST, 19, seeks forming band. Sorry no transport or gear but some ideas(?) Into Doors, Stooges. — Adrian, Radlett 5465.

GIRL SINGER wants to join original rock / blues band (pref.) Females 20 plus, no equipment but determination, dedication, ambition. — 01-455 8258 after 8 pm.

ALTO SAX doubling bass seeks afro funk or Latin American influenced band including congas or percussion. — Ring Boris Day 01-444 7191.

VOCALIST (18) excellent lyrics, bags of charisma, abhores foul heavy rock. Likes Bowie, Doors, Stones, Television, Clash. — Phone Jonathan 01-226 3531.

RHYTHM GUITARIST 20, into The Who, wants to join or form r/b, n/w band. Own material mostly, little experience. — AJ, 10a Mountview Road, Crouch End. N4.

SOUTH W.

MUSICIANS WANTED

USELESS DRUMMER and guitarist to form band. Into nothing. Equipment not essential, just enthusiasm. Must have practice facilities. — Dorchester 4505.

REALLY FREE: Budding Otway, plays acoustic, seeks good electic lumberjack Barrett for making mad music. — Morgan, Rixlade, Stoke Hill, Exeter.

LEAD GUITARIST needs enthusiastic musicians to form power pop new wave group. Transport and equipment assets. — Phone John, Bristol 678739 after 6 pm.

BASSIST WANTED to form band. Own gear essential. Also vocalist (pref. female). Please ring Topsham 3294. Anyone given a try.

CRUDE GUITARIST (rhythm) wants others to form new wave band. Anyone welcome but 16-20 preferred. Telephone Martin, Bristol 678196.

AMATEUR BASSIST wanted to complete band line-up into everything. Enthusiasm essential. Age 15-18 must be able to sing. Rob, Salisbury 27701.

BASS GUITARIST wanted for newly formed band doing own material. Experience and ability below enthusiasm. Phone Bob, Shirebrook 3470 now.

THINKING DRUMMER required for Stoke based rock band. Must be ambitious and have good gear. Phone Leek 384368.

HARD ROCK guitarist, bassist (19) seek versatile drummer to form band. Nottingham-Loughborough area. Phone Len, East Leake 3590.

WANTED BASSIST and drummer 14-16 into B.O.C., Free, Bowie, Pistols, Television, Velvets and Floyd. Ring Paul Bloxwich 402688 after 6 pm.

VOCALISTS WANTED

SEX PROBLEMS? Cured fast! All hangups forgotten within two weeks! provided you can sing of course. Original material. Rob, 021-706 0452.

E. ANGLIA

MUSICIANS WANTED

MILLSTONE GRIT need a keyboard player with gear 16/17, Luton based. — Telephone Luton 508642 and ask for Simon. 'Nuff said'? — Luton 508642.

WANT FOUR musicians for psychedelic Stones '66-67 band. Your own equipment. — Neil Brooker, 60 Sprowston Road, Norwich, Norfolk. Love, Peace.

HULL BASED player to play Thunders, Dolls, original material ability, equipment, experience and vocals preferred. No old rockers. Terry, Hull 844071.

VOCALISTS WANTED

URGENTLY WANTED: Good vocalist into tunes aged 17/18 living in or near Cambridge to join 4 piece band. Phone Andrew (826) 2629.

ARE YOU into pop r'n'b and tunes and are you a good singer? If you're about 17 and live in Cambridge, don't delay phone Francis 0223 312563 today!

WORK WANTED

VOCALIST / Instrumentalist / Compere. Ex-pro dance band seeks good semi-pro outfit, own PA, transport. Will rehearse. — Doug, Ongar 3950.

EXPERIENCED DRUMMER with Rogers seeks pro recording working band. — Ring 0553 3850 after six.

EXCELLENT LEAD guitarist with gear and transport seeks semi-pro work in Cambridge area. Phone Newmarket 3158.

RHYTHM GUITAR own gear into Blackmore, Zeppelin, Sabbath, Stones, willing to work v.hard. Phone Rob, Thetford 3786. Semi-pro only.

NORTH

MUSICIANS WANTED

THE THRUST based at Pontefract need a drummer with own kit. Phone 702772, ask for Dick The Wimp.

PUNK LEAD guitarist wanted to join-/form punk band, also drummer wanted. Jude 61 Calder Crescent, Whitefield, Manchester.

FIT PUNK (male) drummer to join /form punk band. Also lead guitarist needed. Dee, 23 Farm Lane, Simister, Prestwich, Manchester.

OK PUNK vocalist wants lead guitarist and drums, also female bassist/vocalist to form group. Phone Felling 693832 6-8pm.

INEXPERIENCED BASSIST and drummer needed to join rhythm and lead. 16-18 to form rock band. Phone Chester 24843 after 6pm.

SINGER/SONGWRITER 20, seeks band with view to record contract. Good contacts. Dave Price, 52 Central Road, West Didsbury, Manchester 20.

BASS GUITARIST into Budgie, Rush, AC/DC, Trower, seeks heavy band or musicians to form band. Ring Pete, Bacup 5108.

YOUTH (14), seeks musicians (13-15) into Parker, Stranglers, Quo, Dury, who can get gigs. No experience necessary. Pete, Sunderland 245199.

DRUMS, BASS, VOCALS wanted for punk new wave type band with a difference. Must be serious and mad. Don't hesitate. Gaz, 41 DeLacey Drive, Bolton, Lancs.

KEYBOARDS WANTED for beginners band: Influences, Siouxsie, Clash, Reggae, must be absolutely dedicated, and abnormal. Carlisle or Dumfries area preferred. Annan 3476.

DRUMMER 24 years, seeks band, Middlesbrough area. Telephone 06495-68240 urgent.

VOCALIST, KEYBOARDS needed by Ryder (rock band). Own material, based in Stockport. Interested? Phone Richard 061-427 1997 (after 6.30).

DONCASTER CRAP band need vocalist and bass player. Anybody welcome. Gear would help. Doncaster 855782.

"UNITS" (New wave div. 4 promotion candidates) require the World's best drummer for the new era. Write to 160d Drake St, Rochdale.

POSITIVE HULL '78! thus city needs kicking. I'm willing, you too? Psychos with energy/ideas/ability, ring Alan P. (0482) 795600 move!

BASS GUITARIST wanted for punk band, own material, must have own gear, we're good, contact Ian, 79 Eglinton Street, Sunderland.

WORK WANTED

KNACKERED DRUMMER seeks group into Bowie, Reed, Quo, new wave etc. Anything considered. Write or call 51 Mill Lane, Treeton. Terry.

PAY ATTENTION. Non-human rhythm guitarist, must join newer wave band. Supreme being, 113 Neville Walk, Suzgrave, Washington, Tyne & Wear.

LEAD GUITARIST wants to join-/form blues rock band into Lizzy, Winter, Free. No time wasters. Phone after 4.30 pm 061-436 4993.

DIABOLICAL GUITARIST wants to join punk band, Sheffield area, into Stooges, Models, Ramones, phone Dave on Ecclesfield 61833 after 6pm.

SCOTLAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

KELLOG & THE Cornflakes, Teds! own instruments needed, idiots welcome, no poofs, punks. Preferably Hearts supporters. No Hibbies. Bath 54898, John Kelly.

CRAP GUITARIST with plenty of enthusiasm seeks male/female guitarist to form band into new wave, Stones, energetic music. Write to John Paton, 7 Boswell Drive, Oakley, Fife.

RHYTHM GUITARIST seeks band into American West Coast, Ronstadt, Fleetwood, Poco, Browne, etc. Glasgow area. Phone Bobby 041-770 4072.

R & B BAND preferably girls, no experience necessary. Influence, Beefheart, Mothers, Original ideas. Phone Diane, Cardenden 721019.

DRUMMER 23 wants rock band or club group for weekends and odd nights through the week. T Burns, Falkirk 28028.

BASSIST/DRUMMER to join guitarist who has gigged 6 years. Form rock r/b band, must have gear/transport. No piss artists. Ian, No 6 Fairnington, Kelso TD5 8NT.

BAD IMPRESSION require keen, hard working bassist, aged 17-25. Experience preferred. For audition phone Carol, Lochgelly 780951.

RHYTHM GUITARIST and drummer want to form or join punk group, Edinburgh area. Jim (031) 664 8120 or Craig (031) 664-5981 after 6pm.

WORK WANTED

IF YOUR band lacks genius, I'm available. Have strat and will travel. Into writing original material. — Phone Willie, North Berwick 2254.

WALES

MUSICIANS WANTED

NON-MUSICIANS needed to form band influenced by Iggy, Ziggy, fun, new musik. Phone Gerald Williams, Newbridge 244284 9-4.30 pm.

VOCALISTS AND drummer (16–19) required for rock band in Swansea area. No wasters. — Swansea 24876.

SHITTY VOCALISTS (learning lead / bass) want to join band. No equipment / experience. Punk / new wave band preferred. — Jackie / Tracey, Cardiff 395469.

VOCALISTS WANTED

WRITER, SINGER 24, needs female 18–24 to sing folk. Gwent area or Bristol. — Kevin, 10 Grahamstow Road, Sedbury, Chepstow, Gwent NP6 7AD.

WORK WANTED

TAKE ME THERE! Tired of doin' day jobs. Modern thinker needs outlet. Moves well. Some fools think I can sing! — Mike, Kemfig Hill 741082.

OY! OY! unemployed, into Dury, Codgers, write songs. Good stuff. We compose on electric mandolin, punk. Phone, Ian, Bangor 2622.

ELVIS PRESLEY soundalike seeks work, also willing to join group. Have no transport. David Parry, 76 Eastville Avenue, Rhyl, Clywyd, N. Wales.

IRELAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

THE BATTERIES require punk drummer. Into hard core punk. Preferably living Ormeau-Castlereagh. Age 15–18. — Phone Brian between 6–7 pm. Belfast 59603.

KEYBOARDIST AND drummer (16-18) for original student band, into Yes, Crimson, Colesseum, ring Belfast (0232) 27782 on Saturday or Sunday.

POSITIVE, FRIENDLY bass player with amp heavily into nu wave. Needed cos Andy's broken. Phone Belfast 659350 ask for Johnny R..

WANTED: GOOD drummer for (new wave) band. Also bassist. Must rock!!! Phone Belfast 662082, totally original material and gigs soon. (O.K.)

VOCALIST SEEKS rock musicians to form wild electric skiffle/jug band. Mark, Dublin 281278.

VOCALISTS WANTED

FEMALE SINGER who almost joined Talking Heads, Bowie, Adverts, Television or Sex Pistols, but decided to wait for us instead! — T Jackson, 40 Newgrange Road, Dublin 7.

OTHERS

MUSICIANS WANTED

JOHNNY FUCKS is bored and wants to be a vocalist in IOW. Punk band no gear / experience. — 101 Old Road, E Cowes.

WANTED: MUSICIANS all types, write with full details and photograph: Orange Grove Knitts, Box 224, Bentley, Perth, W. Australia 6102.

GOOD SONG change your life? I am I write them lyrics but tunesmith lacking. Please contact even if it's W. Germany. JoAchim Modes. Phone 07735/2891. Dorfstrasse 15, 7766 Hemmenhofen, W. Germany.

WORK WANTED

PUNK (SPOOF?) Vocalist wants work, Hereford area. No experience, no equipment, who cares? 14–17 political? — Phone Pontrilas 568 after 4, Dil.

NME FREE CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

FILL IN THIS FORM (USING BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) AND SEND TO: PETER RHODES, NME FREE CLASSIFIED OFFER, ROOM 2529, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

To appear next week this must arrive by last post Friday otherwise it will appear the following week.

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14

OH, BAG UP YOURS!

WHAT'S THE point now, eh, everyone's a star, all the fun's gone? In the beginning it was a real laugh. Something was happenin', something I could be part of. Now it's just a rip off. Gold plated safety pins, Zandra Rhodes, £10 for holidays in the sun with a pic sleeve and everyone makin' punk singles, especially old hippies.

So we used to get hit but at least we were gettin' some kind of positive reaction. Now people just look at us or laugh, "Oh, he's a punk rocker". You're still championing the Pistols and The Clash but even they're bloody stars now. The Pistols don't let no-one see 'em or talk to 'em. Apart from Sid, they're paranoid and The Clash go off to Jamaica. I can't afford to go to Jamaica and never will but that's my tough shit. I ain't saying what they're doin' is wrong, but it certainly goes against what was said originally. It ain't worth it anymore. PUNK IS DEAD. But it was fun. Support Sham 69.

Bowie will reign supreme once more.
SHAG, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.

AT THE start of '77, new wave was still new. It didn't really matter that the bands couldn't play, they were fresh, different and exciting. Ordinary decent people were still outraged (remember all those articles in the *Sunday Express).* But now, at the start of '78, things are different. New wave bands are ten a penny, and far too many have nothing original or interesting to offer. Dressing up in silly clothes and so on was a means to an end in itself. If things are not going interested again, it certainly can't be an end in itself. if things are not going to return to a pre-new wave level '78 has got to produce more and more good music not just the same old cliches dished up again.

More happened in '77 than in the previous 20 years. What happens now is up to us.
I. ROBERTSON.

WELL! We're not standing for this; music critics and co. looking forward to '78. Fave bands seem to be
1) Rich Kids
2) Magazine
3) Sham 69

Better say something before we start listening to (1), posing to (2), and actually believing (3).

Sham 69 are appalling (the Alberto's do it so much better). A third division band who were asleep when CBS signed The Clash and have just thrown up "Ulster", "Factory" and "Dole". Original boys. Shit tunes too. You and Polydor deserve each other, you really don't understand.

Rich Kids — big future for these boys.

Magazine. Now here's a combo! Great excuse to read Beckett. Journalist- manufactured group, don't even have to gig; just stand there with obscure literature dripping from Devoto's pockets. Talented band, witty, no voices, lots of free tickets, charm and character..

One band created perfectly, timed well. They mean business. That's it. We've had our say.
SPONTANEOUS SAXOPHONES LEAGUE, Stockport.

Mass debate in '78. The only thing which appears to be agreed upon is that everyone disagrees about everything. Same as always. — MS.

I AM A FAN of most good New Wave music except for this band wagon trash, but stuff me, your bleedin' paper thinks it's in vogue to knock most new punk bands. It even took you lot a bloody year to get up off your arses and recognise it, and before you could say bollocks to Bob Geldof you're knocking it.

Here we have fresh, raw, new faces in the buiness, their first records may be a load of crap so they need encouragement. The last thing they want is some wanker that listens to the first ten seconds, says he's heard it all before and can't wait to get behind his desk and write a load of bollocks on the centre pages peppered with smart-arse one-liners, cynical bastards.

In case you have forgotten all snug in your little crappy office — pinching the secretaries arses — we are the ones who buy the music so let us decide what to do with our hard earned cash, and if we didn't pay 18p for a paper unworthy of a place in our bog, we would have more money to do so.

And what's all this about new wave going off the boil. Some of us don't get the chance to feel shagged after pogoing, because with a few exceptions all the new wave bands are playing in crappy little pubs in and around London, playing to illiterate (sic) wankers with cropped hair and skinny ties, who have watched *So It Goes* once and think they're God's gift to pogoing, and can't appreciate the band for posing.

Let's remember London is in Britain not vice-versa.
PISSED OFF, St Helens, Merseyside.

Chance would be a fine thing. — THE SECRETARIES 'ARSES.

HAVING GIVEN up baby sitting as the thinking man's way of spending New Year's Eve, I spent six quid in train fares and two quid fifty on the ticket to see the Ramones at the Rainbow. What I saw of the Rezillos was bloody good (cunning trick that, starting twenty minutes *early*), Generation X were ordinary, but the Ramones were amazing. It was the best band I've ever seen (an' I've seen 'em all, even David Essex).

Anyway, after four days of telling my friends, enemies, dog, etc. how incredible they were and waiting for the *NME* so I could read the review and maybe see a few good live pix what do I get from you lot? A bunch of piss-taking, opinionated crap. No proper review (no don't tell me, you're working on one ready for next Christmas). You just give Tony Parsons a lyric sheet and tell him to see how many cheap jokes he can cram into a two page hatchet job.

How many times do you have to be told, it's supposed to be a bloody music paper. When I saw a pic of Johnny on the cover I thought I was going to get a reasonable (and by that I don't mean the grovelling adulation that Bangs goes in for) objective review of a devastating concert. The moronic drivel that Tony Parons puked up is a bloody insult. Parsons is the real cretin. Up yours Tony, now I know the score.
THE BURGER KING, Portsmouth.

TONY PARSONS, you're insulting us all, crediting us with nil intelligence, and I hope to God that anyone reading your Ramones article has a broader mind than you, and that they don't take your words as seriously as you obviously do.

Love and peace.
JIM the ZIM
PS Don't under-estimate America. Richard Nixon's already tried.

TONY PARSONS must be incredibly short sighted if he really believes his audience at an Eddie and the Hot Rods gig acknowledge the lyrics as being anything more than the biggest haul of crap they've ever heard in their lives. We're not that gullible. Any Hot Rods fan will tell him, if he lowers himself to ask them, that Ed Hollis' lyrics are either laughable or cringe-able depending on how you look at them, and are best forgotten as soon as possible.

Personally, after an album full of songs encouraging the healthy youthful rebellion theme that the Hot Rods projected so well in their earlier days, I felt sympathetic yearnings towards parents, teachers, police, elders, and anyone else in authority.

But forget the words, the dry ice, the hands reaching up to Barrie Masters like he was some sort of Messiah, the embarrassing appearances on *TOTP,* the teenybopper tendencies, and the general "look at me, I'm a rock star" image, and you have, still, one of the best live bands around. Tony Parsons may call them superficial, I call them fun. Fun is written behind every note of their music and always has been. If Tony Parsons can't understand that, he must be getting old.

It's been nearly eighteen months now, the longest love-affair I've ever had, so please, Hot Rods, don't let it end like this. Throw out these rubbishy commercial lyrics, and that rubbishy commercial image — Tony Parsons was right in these respects — otherwise I and many others may become completely disenchanted.
A FAN, who hopes Eddie and the Hot Rods will play Guildford Civic Hall again sometime.

WHAT A collection of sycophantic arseholes you are. You self-righteously pat yourselves on the back for refusing to print Virgin's tasteless ad, of Hitler saying "The Motors are a gas", and now when the Pistols are planning a single in equally bad taste all you can do is titter obsequiously. You mindless bastards make me want to puke!

If a few whales are slaughtered, Ms. Burchill just about pisses herself, but several million of your fellow human beings are only good for a giggle. Wait a minute, perhaps I've got you all wrong, perhaps it's just that you wonderful tolerant people don't like Jews. In that case, apologies, but I'd like J. Rotten to know that so long as he plays at being a prat, he's amusing, charming even, but if he's going to sicken everyone, except pinheads like yourselves whose cretinous adulation isn't worth a *(Thank you — Ed.)*
PAUL SMITH, Worthing.

ON READING a Scottish daily newspaper I noticed a piece on a new punk band. Their name, The Moors Murderers, and the title of their song, "Free Myra Hindley". Christ, what on earth are they trying to pull? If the band cannot get success by their music do they have to try and get recognition by bringing back some news headline of years ago, which I must add is very, very sick indeed.

It's bad enough with an idiot like Lord Longford trying to get her released let alone have a bunch of tits singing about it. Don't get me wrong, I don't dislike punk music — some of it is excellent, but the media really prey on punks doing dumb things and that song is just a good example of what I am talking about. Most punk groups just want to play their music and some just want to get in the papers. I think groups like the above could very easily ruin what could be a very enjoyable phase of rock music in Britain.
DAVID ILLEGIBLE, Greenock, Renfrewshire, Scotland.

Whether or not people find things offensive depends largely on what we call the Outrage Quotient, which is either highly developed or not so highly developed. If in doubt, consult your GP — A DOCTOR

SO IN NEIL Spencer's considered opinion "Plastic Ono Band" is an artistic expansion of Janov's agonizing primal therapy — who would have guessed? I must confess I have not heard "Plastic Ono Band", but so what. The point is in 1977 there was a re-emergence of social consciousness in the UK and I started to buy the *NME* and developed a passion for punk. What interested me wasn't the music but the message and the honesty and commitment of the exponents. What I mean is that numbers like "Bodies" and "Borstal Breakout" are also artistic expansions of Janov's primal therapy and that Johnny Rotten and Jimmy Sham are doing their 'primals' on stage which is a lot more than Lennon ever had the courage to do. The title for the article should have been "Start the primal revolution without John Lennon".
BRIAN RITCHIE, Glasgow, Scotland.

First off, listen to "Plastic Ono Band", then send a copy of your letter to Pseuds Corner. — MS

IN THE Xmas / New Year edition Charles Shaar Murray reviewed a Howlin' Wolf album of old blues recordings. In it he said he didn't know why more people hadn't made the connection between the blues (black ghetto music from the USA) and punk (white ghetto music). Well, this is really true; I feel more related to black Chicago blues and R&B than to those poseurs in London. I don't mean the *real* punks, the ones out of work and on the dole, like myself; but those middle-class nurds who like to dress up at night. They don't realise that The Sex Pistols and The Clash are playing real, live *blues,* maan! What did Jim Morrison write, *"I'm and old blues man, and I hope that you'll understand we've been singing the blues, ever since the world began".*
JO ZERO (THE ANDROIDS) Belfast, N. Ireland.

Woke up this morning, still had half a bag to do . . . — BLIND M.S.

I REMEMBER Charles Shaar Murray when he was a Jewish Pantheist who didn't turn on because he had weak lungs. Now he's a narrow-minded slob who talks shit.
MICK GLADDEN, Bradford
S'funny, I don't remember you at all. — CSM.

TO SCHNURDO Joe Dostoyevsky,
There is nothing whatsoever inconsequential about schoolgirls — least of all me — and the sooner you get that into your thick skull, the better for you and your sex life (you mean no-one's told you about us schoolgirls yet . . . ?)
MARY, Form 4b
What exactly do you propose Joe should get through his skull? — LEON TROTSKY.

WHAT DO you mean "Footballer of the Year (again): Trevor Brooking"? Look back to *NME* 1st January 1977 and you'll find "Footballer of the Year — Stan Bowles". Anyhow, this year's footballer of the year is Jackie MacNamara.
JEAN CREAMER, Edinburgh.
OK, but Brooking won it in '75 and '76 — as if Don Revie could give a toss. Anyway, I'm more concerned with the current form of Charlton's Dick Tydeman and Gillingham's Danny Westwood. Or I should be — RON GREENWOOD.

WITH REFERENCE to "Don't Touch That Dial" *(NME 7.7.78)* by Roy Carr, I feel that I must point out that although he gave some great tips on record care he made a blunder at the end of the article (as I found out to my expense). I had just bought Derek and Clive's "Come Again" album and before I played it I put some neat Cossack Vodka on the stylus. After about 5 minutes I was shaken out of an earful of obscene jovialities by a terrible noise.

My stylus had hiccuped right across the track about Joan Crawford's intimate parts and scratched a few grooves. So may I point out to you and the readers that rather than using Vodka on your stylus, pick a vintage port or a good burgandy made between 1923-1956. (1947 was a particularly good year). After the aforementioned incident I put my inebriated stylus in a cup of black coffee but it just farted and fell asleep.
MYSTERIOUS, Cheltenham, Glos.

MALCOLM MCLAREN —
Prophet of '76, profit of '77.
TWO CYNICS, West Hendon

PLEASE CAN you tell us how to get the singer and the guitarist in Raped off the stage and into bed.
2 PUNKETTES WITH BIG TITS, Bebington, Wirral, Cheshire.
P.S. We like anything.

Knock on the trailer door after midnight and ask for Clint Eastwood — CLINT EASTWOOD.

THE RICH Kids —
Next year's last year's thing.
BORIS the BOF, Edinburgh

THE NME COVER pic award goes to Iggy Pop with three cover spreads followed by Bowie, Stranglers, Clash, Pistols, Dury, Vanian and Lynott with two each.

Special mentions for Wayne Kramer and Rob Tyner.

Black Minimalisation award to Joan Armatrading, Muddy Waters and Bob Marley.

The 'They're big names so we'll sell more copies even though they haven't done much' award for Zep, Stones and Who.

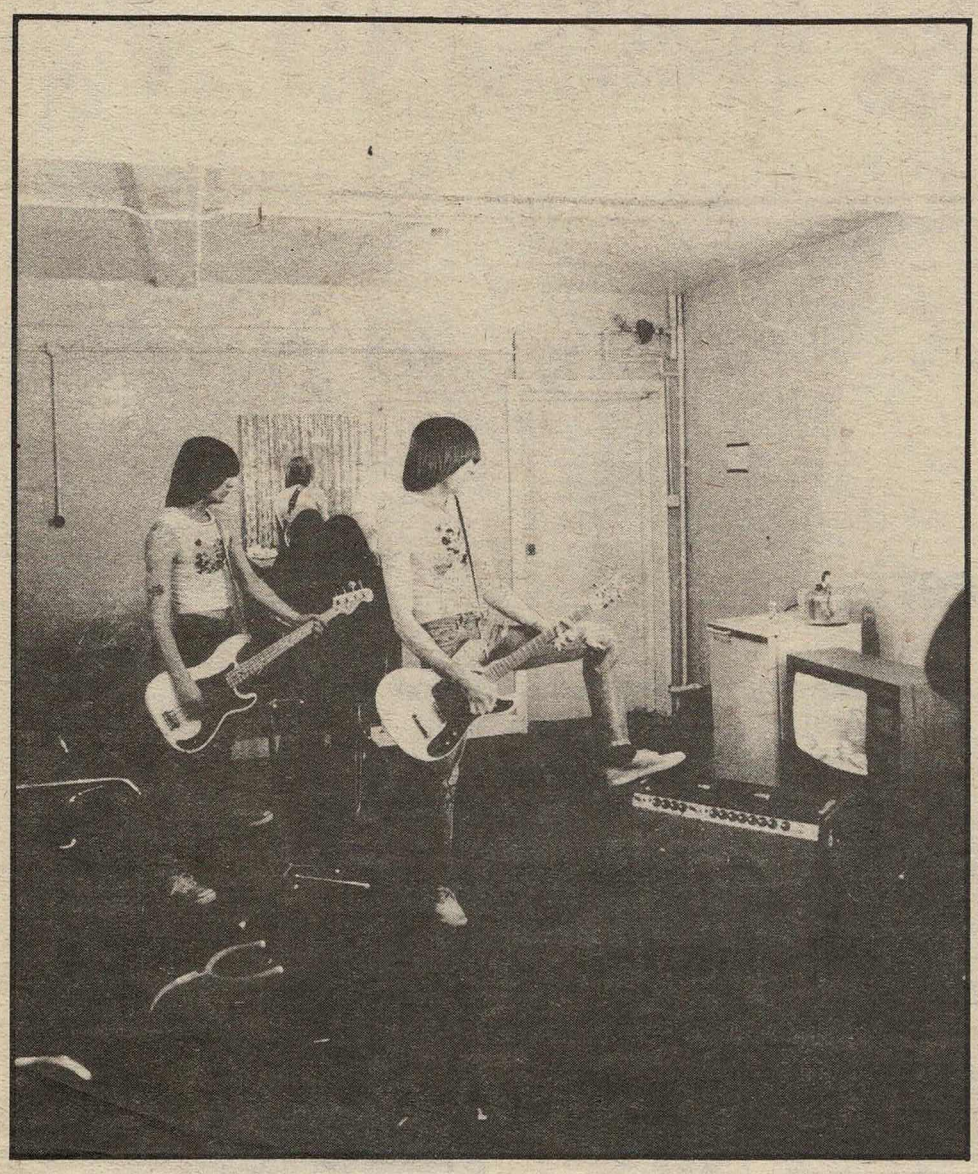
The 'Jimmy Page Next Year Will Be Better' award to Bob Dylan and Patti Smith.

The 'He'll Never Appear On The Cover Again (Hopefully)' award to Elvis Presley.

The annual 'Waste Of Time And Money' award to Stuart Tappin, for sharing this information with you.
STUART TAPPIN, Southampton
The LP Token Winner Award to — M.S.

Bagged by M. SMIFF

t-zers



GREAT SECRETS OF ROCK, No. 1. At least seven photographers are known to have perished attempting to capture this particular scene in various dressing rooms around the world. Now, for the first time, from the camera of Pennie Smith, who spent two hours hiding in a cramped wardrobe waiting for this moment, the evidence is a matter of public record. Pennie's photograph finally provides irrefutable proof that — as has long been suspected — The Ramones do tune up to The Muppets.

A CLOSE CALL with the Grim Reaper for **Motors** guitarist **Bram Tchaikovsky** during last week's blizzards and gales and stuff. After The Motors had recorded a TV show appearance in Manchester, Tchaikovsky (real name Sir Benjamin Britten) was driving alone through Lincolnshire when a falling tree smashed through the bonnet of his MGB convertible.

The 26-year-old Motor wasn't seriously hurt but had to be cut free by police using circular saws on the offending tree. His MGB was a write off.

"I'm not a religious person," said Tchaikovsky, "but I shouted Hallelujah when I realised I wasn't dead!" Prompted by his manager **Richard Ogden,** he added: "The noise it made when it hit the car was the only thing I've heard recently that sounded louder than The Motors."

God told *T-Zers:* "Personally I quite like The Motors" . . .

The power of the press is a wunnerful t'ing, muses *T-zers* as it presses on with this week's goodies from the wacky world of showbiz. On a bleak wintry night in Stockholm last Saturday, where you'd expect passions to be as low as a dachshund's dangler, the turnip heads jam-packing a **Boomtown Rats** gig insisted on regaling **Modest Bob Geldof** and his cohorts with gallons of gob throughout the entire set.

Presumably, the little Swede-lings were merely aping what they'd read about in the wicked media, and would that it had stopped at that. but during the very first number - "Close As You'll Ever Be" - one dumb ox managed to scale the stage and attempted to duff Geldof a la last year's Music Machine incident. Roadies to the rescue as the would-be thug was led away, but it didn't deter another vegetable-head from flinging a pint beer mug at the stage about 20 minutes later. It careered off a cymbal and hit drummer **Simon Crowe** in the jaw, causing shock and bruising.

The Rats came back on stage five minutes later and finished a fine set to a rapturous reception, including a new song - "It's All The Rage", about violence in general and the Music Machine incident in particular - which was dedicated to "the arse-hole who threw a glass at *my* drummer!" A convivial chat with Modest Bob appears in next week's *NME* . . .

More on flob in the E.E.C. **Big Al 'Koran' Clark,** wandering around Amsterdam with **XTC,** startled when Virgin's Wiltshire pop group received the Order of the Green Gilbert from the Paradiso clientele. But he only got really angry when the same treatment was meted out to **Talking Head Tina Weymouth.** "How dare those doped-out Dutch dumbos etc etc . . . "

The clash of teeth should be deafening this Sunday when **X-Ray Spex** (with **Poly Styrene** on brace) appear in the *London Weekend Show* **(Janet Street-Porter** on fillings). The Spex appear the same day on BBC-1's *Everyman,* as ambassadors of the now generation, man, in an examination of youth cultures wittily titled "Where Have All The Flowers Gone?" . . .

"Never mind the Rich Kids we're the Sex Pistols" it sez. Kevin Cummins took the pic.

Farewell **Declan MacManus! Elvis Costello** has done an **Elton John** and changed his name by deed poll. Whaddya mean, what to? Elvis Costello of course . . .

Bar **Nick Mason,** rest of **Pink Floyd** reputedly working on solo albums . . .

Tom Waits landed himself in court in L.A. recently after a scuffle over who was the rightful occupant of a certain table in a coffee shop. Waits just happened to have picked an argument with what turned out to be an undercover cop . . .

The Ramones and **The Runaways** currently co-billed on ten-week tour together in the USA. Will **Dee Dee** succeed where **Rat** blew it?

Which reminds us . . . seems we got carried away last week in Blow Business, *T-Zers'* guide to pop person couplings. The bit about **Brian Eno** shacking up with **Julie Christie** turns out to have been a non-ongoing reality situation *(It's a fair cop. We made it up — Ed.)* Truth is, and it gives *T-Zers* a very warm glow in the tummy to be able to tell you this when disloyalty and back-biting is so commonplace, that Brian and photog person **Ritva** are still very much esconced with one another, and that the slightly balding one is/nor ever has been asclosesthis with Miss Christie. Aaaaah . . .

Not so **Rod Stewart,** who had rejected **Bebe** for **Marcy** last time we wrote but has since rejected **Marcy** for **Bebe** once more. Worra cad! . . .

These people should take a leaf out of the **Four Tops'** book, writes a sentimental older *T-Zer.* In 1978 the Tops have been 25 years together . . .

Foul-mouthed punk rock group the **Sex Pistols** deny they cancelled their scheduled appearance on U.S. TV's top-rated *Saturday Night Live* prog because they wanted more money. "What they did surprises me," producer **Lorne Michaels** told *Rolling Stone.* "They've been so outspokenly critical of the big money rock bands are getting and how overly rich they are." The Pistols' American representative **Rory Johnson** accused programme producers of "lying when they say we did it for money. We could have made more on increased album sales from the show." The group, Johnson insisted, is interested only in playing for its fans. As for *Saturday Night Live:* 'they're supposed to represent an honest counterculture, but they're as bad as the people they think they're exposing with their satire." . . .

Joe Strummer, Billy Idol, Wayne County in the audience at the Speakeasy last Friday to catch teen rockabilly band **The Whirlwinds** from Middlesex . . .

Elvis Presley's bible (with the man's name embossed in gold letters on the cover) fetched 1375 dollars at an auction in Nashville . . .

Alice Cooper back in circulation (of a sort) after his self-imposed cure programme in an alcoholic rehabilitation centre. The moustachioed Cooper *(T-Zers — Best For The Detail That Counts!)* was the guest of honour at a 'dry party' thrown for him by his friends, who included **Ringo Starr** and **B. C. Roller Les McKeown.** Now we know why he went on the booze . . .

Buzzcocks' new single "What Do I Get / "Oh Shit" has run into pressing problems. EMI, who press up United Artists' product, are said to find the B-side offensive. See *Thrills* for full story . . .

Hello Saskatchewan, *Family Favourites* calling. Belated thanks to all our readers who sent us seasonal greetings from home and abroad, and especially to Canadian reader **Terry Gibson** who not only sent us a lufly card but enclosed a three quid money order so that the staff could have a drink on him down at our local. Aw shucks, *T-Zers* has gone all warm in the tummy again . . .

So what was **Elvis Costello** doing the other day buying up old **Beatles** singles? *(Gawd, how do we know! Go and find out — Ed)* . . .

One good prat deserves another: the unctuous **Peter Powell** tipped to replace **Noel Edmonds** on Radio 1's breakfast show . . .

Following last week's shock horror expose of one of the 'Moors Murderers' as ex-*NME* correspondent **Chrissie Hynd,** the lady in question rang *T-Zers* to disassociate herself from the group. "I'm not in the group, I only rehearsed with them," she said. **"Steve Strange** and **Sue Catwoman** had the idea for the group, and asked me to help them out on guitar, which I did, even though I was getting my own group together and still am. The name didn't mean anything to me — I just thought they were good songs. I played on the tape and I'm in the *Sounds* pic but I wasn't trying to cash in, which you made it look like." Ms Hynd directed further enquiries about the Moors Murderers to Steve Strange, adding, "I dunno, I kinda like him but he's a pretty weird guy" . . .

Steely Dan will not, as previously reported, be touring this autumn. "We were speaking out of turn," they say. And on recruiting **Eagles'** manager **Irving Azoff, Walter Becker** says, "Going out and looking for a manager is like going out and looking for a rattlesnake. Irving impressed us with his taste for the jugular" . . .

On Monday's edition of *The World Tonight* (BBC Radio 4) a doctor of linguistics from University College, London, was invited into the studio to interpret the lyrics of **Althia & Donna's** "Uptown Top Ranking." He said it was about dancing. Amazing what you can do with a PhD these days. Get educated, punk . . .

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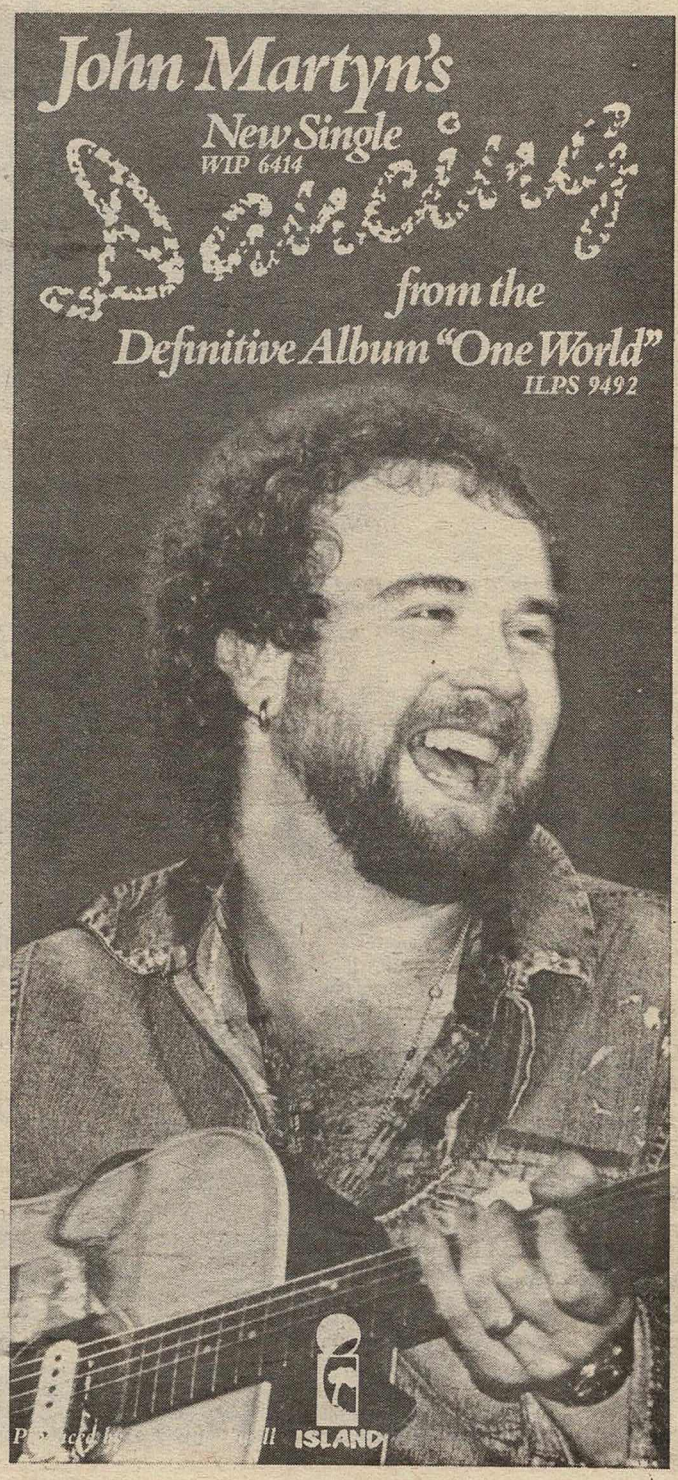

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Rolling Stone's
Most Promising Band of '77
On Tour in England
TALKING HEADS

In Concert

20 January	Sheffield University
21 January	Manchester University
22 January	Eric's, Liverpool
23 January	Outlook Club, Doncaster
24 January	Friar's, Aylesbury
25 January	Southampton University
26 January	Leicester University
27 January	Newcastle Polytechnic
28 January	Huddersfield Polytechnic
29 January	Roundhouse, London
1 February	Top Rank, Brighton
2 February	Swansea University
3 February	Civic Hall, St. Albans
4 February	Oasis, Swindon
5 February	Greyhound, Croydon
6 February	Leeds Polytechnic
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